ORIGINAL and GENUINE

LETTERS

SENT TO THE

Tatler and *Spectator*,

During the Time thoſe Works were publiſhing.

None of which have been before Printed.

VOL. II.

Interdum ſpecioſa locis, morataq; recte
Fabula nullius veneris, ſine pondere & arte,
Valdius oblectat populum, meliuſq; moratur,
Quam verſus inpes rerum, nugæq; canoræ. HOR.
Vid. Spect. N° 85.

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W. Musgrave.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

ORIGINAL and GENUINE

LETTERS

Sent to the Author of the

Tatlers and *Spectators*,

During the Time thoſe Works were publiſhing.

[N° 1.]

The hiſtory of my MUSE, to the Spectator.

In imitation of Mr. PRYOR.

MY aged father, good Sir, when he dy'd,
gave me a muſe, and half-a-crown beſide.
Dear Jack (ſaid he) near twenty years ago,
The hiſtory of this muſe you ought to know.

A bard of Greece firſt brought her to this iſle,
Who rid Pindarick, leap'd o'er ev'ry ſtile ;
But money ſpent, Couz. Merlin bought the muſe,
To carry thy Naunt Maud his rith'ining ſpouſe.
Then ſhe wou'd jump o'er all the hills in Wales ;
There's nothing ſurer in the Britiſh tales :
And if we may believe the country people,
She often rid her o'er the higheſt ſteeple,
And ne'er was hurt, ſave once ſhe tore her ſmock,
And broke her ſhins againſt a weather-cock.
But when old Merlin and his gammer dy'd,
They left her me, raw-ſpur'd on every ſide.
I've rid her ninty years from poſt to pillar,
And give her thee, but charge thee not to ſell her :
She's old and lame indeed, but trots and ambles ;
She never gallops, and ſhe ſeldom ſtumbles :
She'll live, my boy, with little meat and drink ;
The bridle's all —— though it is ſtrange to think.

My ſire departed then, —— believe I cry'd ;
But was impatient till I'd took a ride ;
And mounting ſoon to turn my muſe to graſs
The bridle off, I found the muſe an aſs !

Hey-

Hey-day, quoth I, in miſchief's name, what's here?
Are aſſes poets guides? I thank my ſtar!

But were I, Sir, anew to ſtring my lyre,
Or tune my voice, your works ſhould now inſpire
My raviſh'd breaſt; your charms inflame my mind;
No muſe I'd ask, but what in you I find.

[Nº 2.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE heard ſome great ladies lately complain of terrible colds they have caught through the too great concavity of their petticoats, which they ſeem to dread may end in rhumatiſms or ſeyatica's; if ſo, perhaps the reſt of the ſex may be ſooner reclaimed by their ſad example, than by all your excellent precepts: but if you ſtill find that they retain a fondneſs for this favourable faſhion, pray deſire them at leaſt to have more regard to our domeſtick trade, than to that of Greenland, and in lieu of whalebone, to ſuffer themſelves to be encom-

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* *Vid. Spectator*, Nº 127.

paſſed in wooden-hoops. We make here in England of three ſorts, white-hoops, rind-hoops, and ſmart-hoops, ſo that they may be all fitted to their own liking; but I believe the latter ſort will beſt ſuit with the generality of the ſex, who being ſenſible that they are but weak veſſels, and too apt to be leakey, ſhew their judgment in deſiring to be kept well and tightly hoop'd, which if performed with the materials above-mentioned, may prove of no ſmall benefit to the nation in general, and by enhancing the price of timber, raiſe the yearly income of the eſtates of the fathers, husbands, or brothers, of ſuch females, as ſhall moſt endeavour to extend ſo uſeful a mode; which in a little time, may bring a plantation of hoops up to the value of a plantation of hops, beſides the manifeſt encouragement it will give to all artificers in this ſort of ware, one of which number is

Your admirer, and

humble ſervant,

HENRY HEWWOOD.

[N° 3.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

IT is with that judiciouſneſs which generally reigns throughout all your remarks, that you juſtly obſerve in your paper of the eighth inſtant, that a perſon appears in a very ridiculous light, who labours ſtrenuouſly to aſſert what no man yet ever went about to contradict. How then muſt he look, that takes unneceſſary occaſions of commending another for not doing what it was poſſible for him to have done, had he never ſo much deſired it? This, I doubt, is your own caſe in your ſpeculation of the ninth of this month: for, (not to derogate from the long eſtabliſh'd glory of the D of M) pray tell me, how could he poſſibly contrive to ſhed blood, when none ſtood to be ſhed, in that march where he paſs'd the French lines? and which (in my opinion) if ever memorable to poſterity, will be only ſo, as being taken notice of in thoſe records of yours, that will not only out-live the common fate of things, but deſervedly laſt as long as Engliſh ſhall be underſtood.

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 128.

Yet give me leave to wiſh that this ſingle ſheet were left out of the regiſter, ſince it verifies too much the old ſaying, that it is far eaſier to preach than to practice. What admirable leſſons did you lately give us about party-zeal? yet certainly nothing elſe could betray you intothe ſlip above-mention'd and cauſe you to advance ſuch wrong notions of thoſe two great men, (as you call them) by blaming the one, and commending the other, far more than either deſerves: but panegyrick and party-topicks almoſt inevitably lead to partiality. Avoid therefore for the future, ſuch ſubjects as only can cauſe any diſlike to thoſe excellent inſtructions that daily flow from your pen; and be farther aſſured, that this friendly caution no ways proceeds from the ſpleen of a tory or high-flier, but from the real ſentiments of one that knows you enough to value you more than he can expreſs.

I am,

Dear SIR,

Your very humble ſervant,

R. W.

[N° 4.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

I LOOK upon the chief deſign of your daily ſpeculations is ſo to expoſe to publick view the many follies and enormities that are incident to and ſo frequently committed by mankind, that your readers may be induced thereby to make ſuch obſervations and ſo reflect on the paſt occurrences of their lives, as may incite them to endeavour the avoiding any miſmanagements in their future conduct; but inſtead of receiving this benefit by one of your late ſpectators, it rather gives me cauſe to labour under the uneaſineſs of ſuſpecting my future felicity.

I am a gentlewoman of a good fortune, young, and unmarried, but am the very reverſe of that gay airy temper, that you are pleaſed to ſay (in your paper of friday laſt) is a gift of nature our ſex is endow'd with. Notwithſtanding my fortune and condition, my gravity and ſedateneſs (if I know myſelf) is not inferiour to that of the moſt thoughtful man amongſt you, if he be free from the ſpleen: nor can I at any time,

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 128.

though I endeavour it, indulge myſelf in that levity and volatile humour, which you ſay is radicated in the whole ſex.

But finding you have laid it down as a general rule, that the temper of each ſex ought to be counter-ballanced, that the ſprightlineſs of the one may relieve the care and anxieties of the other, it hath put me upon conſidering how to alter the meaſures I had taken, and look out for ſome fine gay gentleman, as a counterpart to my own grave temper, that his vivacity may alleviate my gravity. But as I have a very great averſion to thoſe coxcombs, I ſhall proceed very cautiouſly in my choice, and deſire a little more of your advice in this weighty affair, having always given your ſentiments of matters of this kind the preference to my own.

I am, with reſpect,

Your friend and admirer,

July 30. 1711. IRENE.

[N° 5.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

IF you think the following letter is dreſt well enough to appear in the town, it will be an honour done to your admirer,

G. B.

I AM a young Cantab. and am ſurpriz'd at the vitiated taſte of ſeveral perſons in this town: my ſtudy has been divine reveal'd truths; but they are wholly decry'd: human learning is the great Diana: nothing will paſs with theſe men of ſenſe, but what is agreeable with niceſt reaſon, and every man's reaſon is his own underſtanding; for, if you examine them to the bottom, theſe have no truer grounds to go upon than other men: they only affect a liberty of judging according to themſelves, and, if they could be allow'd it, of making their judgment a ſtandard for others. They plead for right reaſon, but they mean their own, and talk of a reaſonable religion, whilſt their falſe notions are miſtaken for it; and whilſt they ſeek the goddeſs, embrace the cloud: they endeavour to take us from our ſureſt guide, and religion

gion ſuffers by their contentions about it. I don't endeavour to diſcredit the uſe of human learning, but only would conſider the inſufficiency of it: no perſon ever did otherways without diſparaging his own underſtanding. It is an old obſervation, that knowledge has no enemies but the ignorant. I am acquainted with ſome ſmart gentlemen, that pretend to demonſtrate the moſt abſtruſe metaphyſics; but by them ſacred writ is allowed no more credit than any common hiſtory. By their caſuiſtical skill they endeavour to rob God of his infinite goodneſs, or elſe deny him almighty power; becauſe infinite goodneſs can't poſſibly be the author of any perſon's miſery. So like the Sceptics maintain, That there's nothing either good or evil, and ſo place their happineſs in a perfect indifference. It is worth the obſervation of thoſe perſons, who value themſelves on the account of their own underſtanding, that reaſon unaſſiſted has not been able to carry the cleareſt philoſopher very far in practical truths, and much more difficult in ſpeculative ones. If we ſee ſo dimly into phyſical matters, which are near our ſenſe, how much more muſt we be bewildred in our ſearch after ſpiritual abſtracted truths? In the conſideration of univerſals, and things of tranſcendental nature, metaphyſical truths may be certain enough in their nature, yet not uſually ſo to us, no perſon being

being capable of underſtanding them. Ariſtotle wrote fourteen books on this ſcience; and if any man could ever underſtand him, Avicen had the beſt plea, who was a ſubtle philoſopher, and read his metaphyſics forty times over, and then laid them aſide as unintelligible. No man can write clearer than he thinks, he wanted light in theſe matters; which is one reaſon of the obſcurity of his books of metaphyſics. We have moderns ſanguine enough to imagine every thing reconcilable to their own reaſon. In natural philoſophy it is a diſpute whether the earth reſts or moves, which is very ſtrange, that we don't know whether we travel a daily circuit of ſome thouſand miles or not. We are ſtrangers to our own frame and make: we are convinced we conſiſt of ſoul and body, yet no man has ſufficiently deſcribed the union of theſe, or has been able to deſcribe how thought ſhould move matter, or how matter ſhould act upon thought.

I belive, if ſome people ſaw the order of the univerſe, ſuch as it is, without obſerving the virtues of numbers, the properties of plants, and fatalities link'd to certain periods, or certain revolutions, they would not be able to forbear ſaying of this admirable order, what! is this all?

I believe in theſe lines I give a proof of the weakneſs of human underſtanding: I can make no apology for them, only, that the

the ſhorteſt errors are moſt likely to be pardoned, and that is the reaſon why I added no more.

Your humble ſervant,

G. B.

[N° 6.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE variety of thoſe ſubjects you handle for the inſtruction of your countrymen, is ſo very great, that no taſte, no vice, nor virtue has eſcap'd you; and as you are always new, you never fail to entertain. But even this good fortune may be clog'd with inconveniencies; for hence that numerous train of idle correſpondents come, who, becauſe they read your papers, believe they have a title to inform you, how heavy time lies upon their hands, and a right to be angry, if their letters are not anſwered.

This often makes me fancy your caſe too like a young gentleman's of my acquaintance, that had a tuneful voice, and very agreeable manner of ſinging; which, with ſome other talents, introduc'd him to many good families.

Amongſt

Amongſt others, it was his fortune to be more particularly known to three ſiſters, beautiful ladies all, and great admirers too of muſick. My friend, whoſe caſe was harder much than that of Paris with the goddeſſes, ſung himſelf into a conſumption in their ſervice, for he was very ambitious to have pleaſed them all; yet the unconſcionable creatures diſcarded him, becauſe he pleaſed Bellinda oftner than the other two, or rather indeed, becauſe he could not ſing their ſeveral favorite tunes at once.

But nothing I aſſure you is deſign'd in this, by way of application to my ſelf, for it is the firſt letter I ever had the honour to write to you, and may very probably be the laſt; nor had I taken the liberty now, but that you lately ſtruck upon the key of my imagination, by commending fables: Æſop I confeſs to you is my paſſion, and I think he has loſt nothing of his original beauty, in thoſe pretty tales of his, which Phædrus has repeated. The ſixth fable, being that of the frogs and the ſun, is my preſent favourite: give me leave to repeat it, 'tis very ſhort and elegant.

Vicini furis celebres vidit nuptias
Æſopus, & continue narrare incipit,
Uxorem quondam ſolem velle ducere;
Clamorem ranæ ſuſtulere ad ſidera;

Convi-

Convitio permotus, quærit Jupiter
Cauſam quærelas; quædam tunc ſtagni incola,
Nunc, inquit, omnes unus exurit lacus,
Cogitq; miſeras, arida ſede emori:
Quidnam futurum eſt, ſi crearet liberos?

I durſt not aim at a tranſlation, for fear of injuring my author: but if you will do me that favour, you would infinitely oblige me; and in return, I promiſe you to pray to Jupiter, that your health may be ever vigorous and flouriſhing as your fancy; your poſſeſſions in England, large and fruitful, as thoſe you enjoy in Parnaſſus.

I am,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

Monday, Nov. 12. 1711.

and gentle reader.

[N° 7.]

To the Author of the SPECTATOR.

AT a meeting of ſeveral wealthy and learned citizens in this neighbourhood, the other evening, the ſubject matter debated on, happened to be the merit of the Spectator, on which head I aſſure you, their was great elocution, and propoſitions, and wiſhes ſo much in your favour, that I was ordered to ſend you the minutes of the board.

Your paper for the day being read as uſual, previous to all other affairs, a member, after a laborious attempt to do you juſtice, ſhook his head and ſaid, It was a thouſand pities that a man of your parts ſhould be buried in a garrat, and that he was certain ſuch an underſtanding would make a compleat bookſeller, and that for the encouragement of trade, he would very gladly contribute his part to lend you a lift from the upper region down to the ſhop; but this motion was ſoon quaſh'd by one, who undertook to ſhew the improbability of its ſucceeding, unleſs their could be authors found out to write what would be fit for the Spectator to ſell.

The next thing ſtarted in favour was, that as you are a very merry man, and had wrote

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in favour of Brook's and Hilliar's neat wines, that intereſt might be made to have you ſet up in a tavern, from which conjunction of wit and wine he undertook to prove, that you muſt very ſoon arrive to a plumb, ſince, beſides the profit of the wine-trade, you could not fail to get great ſums by retailing out your Wit, which every one was very fond of buying, and which the citizens would much rather buy by the piece of their neighbours (if any of them dealt in it) than to be forced, as they now are, to purchaſe it at ſecond-hand at a dear rate. To an objection that was made againſt this, viz. that Wit was a commodity that would go off here but in very ſmall parcels, and at low prices, it was anſwered in favour of the project, that the ſmalneſs of the price given, would be amply made amends for to you, by the vaſt numbers of cuſtomers that here are in daily want of it; but the reply to this, and which was the overthrow of the propoſal, was, that Wit, like Mercury, which is a noble medicine in the hands of judges, but proves deſtructive in thoſe of quacks and pretenders, ſhould only be ſold privately, and with great caution, leſt numbers of people, ſetting up for their own judges, ſhould undo themſelves with one, and poiſon themſelves with the other: upon which it was reſolved to addreſs you, to keep your repoſitory at the other end of the town, and to let us be

ſup-

ſupplied with your ſpecifick in papers as uſual, bateing, that it was agreed, you might raiſe them to ſix pence per paper.

The next project, which was rather for your honour, than your profit, was, that you might be recommended to be made a colonel of the city-militia; but here a doubt aroſe how you would behave in ſo magnanimous a poſt, becauſe having wrote ſo ſeverely againſt duelling, it was ſuggeſted, that very probably you might not know the uſe of the ſword; and likewiſe, that if you ſhould adhere to the ſtrictneſs of a dreſs handſome, genteel, and becoming only, that it might be a means to deprive our wives and daughters of the delightful and ancient ſhew of ribbons and bravery, that are exhibited on training days.

One man extolling your notions of juſtice, wiſhed, for the advantage of the city, as well as for your ſake, that you might be made a cole-metre: this had certainly gone, but that it was urged, that tho' the city would certainly be gainers, that you would not (for want of right notions of trade) be able to make the beſt of the place.

At laſt, having travelled rom Aldgate to Ludgate, in ſearch of ſomething, either of honour, or profit, or both, to be beſtowed on you as a reward for your labours, it was carried by a great majority, that we had ſo very little honour, that it was highly neceſ-

ſary for the name of the thing to keep what we had amongſt us, and not think of trifling it away on ſtrangers; and for money, (or places and trade, which is the ſame thing) our underſtandings depending meerly on the force of it, it was cunning to keep that alſo, ſince in the eyes of one another, it makes us all paſs for juſt, wiſe, witty, and valiant.

I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

R. S.

[Nº 8.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM a plain man, and go to church for devotion and edification ſake, but very often miſcarry in both: firſt, as to prayer, which when I would cordially and devoutly attend to and anſwer with a hearty Amen, I

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* *Vid. Spectator*, Nº 147.

am

am with ſome indignation diverted from, by either a ſcandalous, negligent hurrying it over in the desk, or a formal whiſpering of it in the pulpit; where, of an audience of two thouſand people, ſcarce two hundred can with any conſcience ſay Amen to it; and ſo very frequently for the ſermon, the preacher's too great care of his voice and lungs, or ſome other cauſe, perhaps, leſs excuſable, renders his diſcourſe altogether unprofitable to the greateſt part of the auditory; ſo that I could with more compoſure of mind ſit in a ſilent meeting of the Quakers, than gape after a long harangue, and not catch above one word in ten.

Your ſentiments, Sir, and modelling of this matter, may (I am perſuaded) greatly tend to the amending the error.

Your admirer, and

moſt obedient ſervant,

May, 25. 1711. L. M.

[N° 9.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

WITH ſubmiſſion to Andromache and other ancient heroines, I dare tell you that I am a woman who in this age (degenerate as it is) can boaſt of a lover that has as much of the raptures of a chriſtian and a man of honour, as ſhe repreſents her's to have had; and I could prove it, as ſhe does, by many of his letters, which I have received from him during an acquaintance of many years ſtanding. I ſhall content myſelf with only one, which I have copied to ſend you.

MADAM,

I AM going now to perform the higheſt and moſt ſolemn act of devotion to that power that knows the inmoſt receſſes of my ſoul; and I hope I go with a heart duly prepared to part with every guilty thought, and firmly reſolved to live agreeably to the religion I profeſs: yet even in this diſpoſition of

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 142.

mind,

mind, I can retain the thoughts of you without offence to the God of purity it ſelf; nay, it would be ſtrange, if at a time when my ſoul is moſt devout and ſerious, I ſhould not think of you in the moſt particular manner, for my lovely charmer. I am proud to own it, 'tis to the influence of that generous and noble paſſion which you inſpire, that I owe (under heaven) every good and every worthy inclination I have in my ſoul. Till I knew you, I was, like too many others of my years, careleſs and unthinking, inſenſible of the charms of virtue or religion; but it is love, love of you, my good angel, that has taught me what I ought to be, if I pretend to merit your eſteem: and as often as I remember you, which is every moment of my life, and eſpecially at this time, it is impoſſible I ſhould forget to pay my thanks with the utmoſt ſincerity and devotion, to that almighty power, who, as he ſaw the make and temper of my mind, was pleaſed, in mercy to me, to employ ſuch an inſtrument to call me to my duty, as he knew I could not reſiſt.

Theſe are ſome of the obligations I have to you, theſe are ſome of the ſentiments of a man of honour; and I appeal to yourſelf, whether they are not ſuch as you ought to wiſh for in him whom of all the world you would chuſe for your husband, though

you only know beſt who that perſon is: I only know, that I am and always muſt be,

MADAM,

Your moſt faithful, and

Chriſtmas-day, 1710.

humble ſervant.

Thus far my lover: no body knows who I am; but, dear Mr. Spectator, inſert this in your paper, that when I hear it read or ſpoken of, I may have the ſecret ſatisfaction to myſelf of obſerving (as I doubt not but I ſhall) how much leſs the world will envy me the heart of a man of this character, than of one that made a better figure, or had a greater eſtate.

I am

Your humble ſervant.

Mr. SPEC-

[N° 10.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

UPON reading your paper of the eighteenth of the laſt month, concerning the well-reading of the common-prayer, I went the Sunday following, and every Sunday ſince, to Garlick-hill-church, to ſatisfy a curioſity that your deſcription had raiſed in me, and I aſſure you, Sir, that the writer of that letter (or yourſelf if it was your own) has fallen as far ſhort of doing juſtice to that excellent miniſter, as he by his pious and juſt manner, his beautiful behaviour, and becoming ardency, outdoes all or moſt of the readers of prayers that I ever heard. But I ask pardon for attempting to find fault with any thing that has but gone through the Spectator's hands, and will proceed to the deſign of this, which is to ſhew how very uſeful a number of ſuch divines would be towards the bringing over ſuch of the diſſenters to the church of England, as are not ſo falſly prejudiced, that they will not hear the ſervice of the church from obſtinacy and

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 147.

pride, and the fear of their being brought into its arms only. For my own part, I have been brought up to this my ſeven and thirtieth year a diſſenter, (and in the pariſh of Garlick-hill) notwithſtanding which, I have gone as often to church (my own pariſh-church excepted) as to the meeting, with an honeſt reſolution to ſtay with the one or go over to the other, when I was ſatisfied on which ſide truth, virtue, merit, and order, lay; and now I thank Mr. Spectator for his hint, and Mr. S——s for his powerful and religious force upon me, which has had the effect of fixing me in the church, and bidding me take a farewel of a ſett of people, who (however honeſt in their deſigns) can never pretend to ſerve God with that decent form and rapturous holineſs, that is to be found here.

As I am a gainer in this important affair, I cannot help deſiring (in kindneſs to the diſſenters in general, and for the ſervice of all the ill-taught or untaught clergy of the church of England) that you would be ſo good as to let us have one more paper on the ſubject of praying juſtly, with ſome directions (by way of rule) for ſo doing, and then I doubt not to find the clergy amend, and great numbers of diſſenters (the obſtinate and ignorant excepted) gladly fly into

into the boſom of the beſt regulated and leaſt ſuperſtitious church in the world.

I am,

Your obedient ſervant

and proſelyte,

Sept. 28. 1711. L. H.

P. S. I have thoughts, if ſuch a paper (as I have here deſired) comes out, to get a number of them, and your former paper on the ſame head, re-printed, under the title of, The Spectator's advice to the clergy; and to ſend them (by way of circular letter) to all the inferiour, though well-meaning of the order, throughout the kingdom.

[N° 11.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM one of your conſtant readers, and, amongſt many others, am extreamly pleaſed with the ſubject of your paper of Saturday laſt, wherein you have painted that prevailing indifference in our clergy in general in their manner of reading prayers,

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 147.

that

that they muſt either be abandoned to folly and vain-glory, or be ſenſibly touch'd with a true ſhame of being ſo careleſs in the execution of their office, in the preſence of an all-ſeeing-God; and it would haſten a reformation very much, if you would take upon yourſelf the trouble of making a few publick animadverſions upon their reſpective congregations, that the parſon may not be aſhamed, out of an amendment, by being the only ſerious perſon amongſt them. Churches indeed are filled very full in every place, though it be long vacation; but by their carriage, one would almoſt think them in a playhouſe. Yeſterday in the midſt of the morning-ſervice, upon a married couple's coming into church (with the gaudy ceremony people now-a-days add to it) all the congregation immediately leap'd upon their leggs, from their devotion, to view this famous ſight, which ſerved them to ſtare at during the reſt of the ſervice. It is not only upon this, but upon every occaſion, when a perſon more than ordinary enters the church, or any little accident falls out, the auditory have their eyes preſently fixed upon them, and mind little of their duty afterwards.

This ſhews that their coming to church is not out of a principle of religion, but to ſee and be ſeen; and denotes a levity of mind unfit for the houſe of God. There

are others, that make it their buſineſs all the time of divine ſervice to caſt their eyes all around them, and never give over making courteſies to one another, as if they ſuppoſed themſelves (one would think) in a dancing-ſchool, though the ſolemnity of the place, and the duty they are then or pretend to be upon, requires the utmoſt attention and bent of mind.

Theſe enormities are ſo notorious and epidemical, and tend ſo much to the decay of true religion in this city, that they highly deſerve your obſervation. And if you would but let theſe people know, that it is as much their duty as their miniſter's to be ſerious at ſuch times, and not act as if they were in a playhouſe or a tavern, conſidering they are here under the immediate eye of heaven, and a great God, who will ſeverely puniſh ſuch a breach of duty to his face; and that it would be better for them never to come to prayers at all, than by ſuch a ſcandalous miſuſe to have them turned into a curſe inſtead of a bleſſing upon them, in which caſe, I am afraid, it would be but a trifling plea to alledge, they took example from their paſtor.

It could not want a good effect in your words; and when they both find themſelves in fault, they would be blind to the beams in one another's eyes, and join heartily in a ſincere amendment.

You

You ſee, Sir, by the date, this epiſtle comes from one of the inns in Chancery, and from one too who is but a ſmall proficient in the law, and leſs in age and ſcholarſhip; which I hope will be a ſufficient apology for any failings you meet with in it: and if it be but ſo well expreſs'd, as to afford you a ſubject for a publick ſpeculation, it will anſwer my end entirely. But now I have mentioned one of the inns of Chancery, I am not ignorant (conſidering the bad reputation theſe places have in the mouth of the world) that abundance of people will make a great wonder of it, and be apt to ſay, reformation begins at the wrong end; and that vice ſhou'd not correct ſin: but I can aſſure you, that in all the inns of Court and Chancery, (and in ours in particular) the greateſt part of them are perſons of worthy characters, and both bright and exemplary ornaments to their religion, profeſſion, and ſociety. And that our ſociety may be preſerved in the ſame good order and regularity, I muſt beg the favour of you, to take publick notice of a few of our junior ſparks, who intitle themſelves, the ſinging-club, which they hold commonly once a week, either in a garret of four-ſtory high, or in a cellar underground: formerly they uſed to ſing with modeſty, (and, as the ſaying is, to be merry and wiſe) but of late have left off all order and decency, and, inſtead of ſinging, ſtrive

who

who ſhall be beſt at imitating the braying of an aſs, or the bellowing of a mad-bull, to the great diſquiet and diſturbance of the whole ſociety.

If they do not reform upon your admonition, we deſire they may be joined to the wind-muſick in the Temple. In anſwering this requeſt, you will add very much to the eſteem your incomparable writings have already gained from,

SIR,

Your obedient humble ſervant,

Staple's-inn, Aug. 20. 1711. RICHARD WISHWELL.

P. S. There is a member of this club, lately come out of the country, that offers to outroar any man in England for a fair wager.

Mr. SPEC-

[N° 12.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE taken very great delight in reading your excellent papers, and muſt impartially own, that I have from them received ſuch rules of life, that have altogether taken off thoſe inſipid, pedantick and inſolent airs, which moſt young gentlemen of fortune, give themſelves upon their arrival in London, from the ſeeming ſeverity of univerſity-education. I am brought to own, that noiſe, nonſenſe, lewdneſs, debauchery of any ſort, a playing with religion and things ſacred, a conſtant habitual courſe of life without thought, and a ſort of daring boldneſs in one's countenance, are not (as they have been falſly thought to be) the diſtinguiſhing characteriſticks of a fine gentleman.

There are none of your ſpectators have had more influence upon me, than thoſe many excellent diſcourſes upon a marriage-life, which you have touch'd ſo finely, and have ſet that matter (which has been very little underſtood) in ſo clear a light, that a young fellow muſt be obſtinately reſolved to ſhut

* *Vid. Spectators*, N° 149, 261, 479, 500.

his

his eyes againſt his reaſon and common ſenſe, that won't own, there may be made, and that it is in the power of any diſcerning perſon to make a married life the end of all happineſs in the world.

I'll aſſure you, Mr. Spectator, I am reſolved the very firſt opportunity to try it: nay, I have gone about it in good earneſt, and have placed my affections upon a fine young lady, every way qualified to make an agreeable companion. I went to make her a viſit the other night, with Mr. William Honycomb's * letter incerted in your ſpectator; giving an account, that after the many ſtrain'd pieces of wit and gallantry, whereby he had all along endeavoured to ridicule matrimony, he was at laſt become a convert, from reading the tale of his having married a farmer's daughter, with little or no fortune. We fell into diſcourſe concerning the difference betwixt a good houſewife with a ſmall fortune, and a ſenſeleſs young creature, bred up to nothing, but ſinging, dancing, french, muſick, and impertinence, without being miſtreſs of any other qualifications to make a good wife: and we all concluded, that let her be never ſo rich, if ſhe was not ſomething of a houſewife, the man that married ſuch a woman only added a fine picture to the reſt of his uſeleſs furniture.

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 530.

We mightily condoled the loſs of one of the moſt neceſſary arts which uſed to make our mothers and grandmothers ſo much valued; I mean, the art of raiſing paſte, and making conſerves. But now truly, the young women won't concern themſelves with it, for there are paſtry-cooks-ſhops and confectioners in every ſtreet: and ſince they can have them cheap, and with ſo little trouble, they will never take the pains to underſtand any thing at all of it.

This brings into my mind an obſervation, which I have often made, with a great deal of grief, and ſome paſſion, that the very beſt houſes in the cities of London and Weſtminſter, which make the greateſt ſhew now-a-days, ſhould be employed to no other uſe than to pleaſe our luxurious taſte with ſuperfluities. In one place you ſhall ſee a paſtry-cook's-ſhop made in the form of an amphitheatre, adorned with tarts, cheeſcakes and cuſtards, as if they were the only manufacture of the nation: in another place, you ſhall meet with a great crowd ſtanding about a door, as if there was ſomething very extraordinary to be ſeen; and when all comes to all, you find nothing but fine ſhelves, carved and gilt pyramids, pillars of all orders, even the very baſes, filled with what every good houſewife ought to make with her own hands for the uſe of her family; and if you were but to go abroad of a Twelfth-night,

you

you would bleſs your ſelf to ſee cakes of all ſorts and ſizes covered over with ſugar, and ſtuck full of ſtreamers like a city-pageant.

Pray give us your opinion, whether this does not ſhew a great decay of trade, arts, and induſtry, that in our high ſtreets our beſt houſes ſhould be employed in no better uſes?

I am, &c.

Temple, Nov. 11. 1712.

PHILOSPEC.

[N° 13.]

MRS. Cent-Livre having been promiſed by Iſaac Bickerſtaff, to have a prologue wrote for her, to her play of the Buſie-Body, the day before it was to be firſt play'd, ſhe ſent the following about it.

NO prologue yet come from ſweet-ſcented Charles Lillie ;
Good faith, I begin to look curſedly ſilly :
If I han't it to night, what full tides of ſorrow
Will o're whelm your poor ſcribe, at rehearſal to morrow ?
Take pitty for once on a woman diſtreſſed,
As you hope to be ever by woman careſſed :
And if no compaſſion the Cenſor will feel,
I'll rank him no more with immortal Dick Steel.
Once more ſupplicate him with prayers moſt fervent,
That he would not baulk,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

SUSANAH CENT-LIVRE.

Mr. SPEC-

[N° 14.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE firſt Pſalm (being a moſt pathetic and lively deſcription of the different caſes of good and impious perſons) I have here attempted in engliſh verſe. I have choſen to follow Bucannan's paraphraſe, which I imagine to be the moſt agreeable of any of the verſions which I have ſeen. If you judge it may be of any uſe to the publick (or deſerve ſo great an honour) be pleaſed to inſert it in one of your papers.

I am

Your affectionate ſervant.

THA T man is bleſs'd, whoſe fix'd and ſolid mind,
Is ſtill to virtue's graceful paths inclin'd;
Nor thence by tides of obvious ſinners born,
Their curs'd examples, or audacious ſcorn:
But ſteadfaſt ſtill his better way purſues,
While each ſucceeding thought the ſacred law renews.

He's as a tree fix'd by a river's ſide,
Which (thro' refreſhment of its friendly tide)
Its blooming charge in ſeaſon does provide ;
In chearful green with promis'd fruit it ſmiles,
Nor with a fair and flatt'ring hope beguiles.
But all in wilful error, wand'ring ſtill,
Contemners of heaven's majeſty and will,
A different far and reſtleſs fate ſhall find,
Shall be like chaff diſpers'd before the wind.
When therefore the tremendous judge ſhall come,
To give to the perverſe their meeted doom,
Shall his dread power to diſplay begin,
And the aſtoniſh'd world convict of ſin.
Conſcious of wrath, deſerv'd impiety ſhall dread,
To meet his adverſe look, and hang her drooping head:
Yet to no place for ſafe retreat ſhall truſt,
Forlorn, or dare to mingle with the juſt ;
For he of each well knows the choſen part,
And will repay them to their due deſert.
They then ſhall curſe (doom'd by an angry god)
Thoſe crooked and once pleaſing paths they trod;

Shall

Shall mourn their former choice, and preſent ſtate,
And ſhall all periſh by avoidleſs fate.

[N° 15.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOUR late ingenious eſſays on the married ſtate, have, I think, afforded a general ſatisfaction and comfort; and more eſpecially to thoſe, whoſe meanneſs of education rendred them incapable of defending a point ſo neceſſary to their welfare and happineſs, as that of confuting the witlings of the town in their miſtaken opinion of a conjugal condition.

It was my fortune the other day to dine with two friends, the one a ſtrong abettor of celibacy; the other, through the corrupt notions of the former, though not an enemy to marriage, yet ſo ſtagger'd in his faith, as ſcarce to allow thoſe many bleſſings your ſpectatorial dignity has aſſign'd, as the neceſſary conſequences of that ſtate, though an Eraſtus and a Lætitia were to be found in every couple. For my part, I reply'd little

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* *Vid. Spectators*, N° 149, 261, 479, 500.

at that time, the uneaſineſs of my ſtomach requiring ſomething more ſubſtantial than was poſſible to be gathered from their diſcourſe. The haunch of veniſon being remov'd (for that was our fare, and by the by, as lean as their arguments) the ſame theme was continued; and after many objections on their ſide, the ſtreſs of their reaſoning, (if I may ſo call it) was founded on the natural folly and weakneſs of woman; ſo conſequently a creature unfit to make the leaſt addition to the felicity of man, whoſe more ſolid and judicious ſentiments of things, muſt be rather moleſted by the innate levity of the other: theſe, though they appear'd to me of no weight, have notwithſtanding had ſuch an effect on the unthinking neighbours where this infectious animal dwells, that an honeſt tradeſman poiſoned with his abſurdities, took an occaſion to reprimand his wife ſeverely, becauſe ſhe could not exactly calculate the advantages he might make of ſuch an ordinary courſe of trade: to which the diſcreet woman reply'd, my dear, that I'll leave as a buſineſs more adapted to your better judgment; mine ſhall be to pleaſe you, and take care of theſe little innocents. Notwithſtanding this modeſt anſwer, he call'd her a ſenſeleſs brute, altogether unworthy the converſation of ſo ſuperior a being, as he at that preſent had reaſon to eſteem himſelf, and ſo turn'd her out of doors.

This

This, Sir, as it is matter of fact, I preſume will more readily claim a place in your daily and never too much to be admired ſpeculations; and more eſpecially to expoſe the vanity of ſome of our ſex, whoſe too elated and fond conceit of themſelves, have not only carried them beyond the bounds of diſcretion, but contumelioufly to treat the fair ſex, whoſe inward as well as external beauties, juſtly merit the veneration and eſteem of all other created beings in the univerſe.

I hope you will take it into your conſideration, and make appear, with what little reaſon ſuch heavenly creatures ſhould ſuffer aſperſions of ſo vile a nature; as if the wiſe diſpoſer of all things had diſtinguiſhed their ſuperiority to beaſts in nothing more than form; an imputation, I muſt confeſs, of ſo groſs and malevolent a kind, that nothing leſs than the evil genius of old deſpairing batchelors can contrive, to undermine and ruin thoſe ever-flowing ſtreams of joy and content, the conſtant companion of a nuptial life.

But leſt I tranſgreſs in the length of my epiſtle, I ſhall with all due ſubmiſſion ſubſcribe my ſelf,

Your humble ſervant, &c.

Nov. 10. 1712.

P. S. My ſpouſe (though unknown) with ſome others, return their hearty thanks for the courage you have infuſed into us married men, that now we can hand out our wives in the middle of the day, and look thoſe airy gentlemen in the face without a bluſh.

[N° 16.]

Si damnoſa ſenem juvat alea, ludit & hæres
Bullatus, parvoq; eadem movet arma fritillo.

Juven. ſat. 14.

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

IT gives me much pleaſure, in my diſtant retirement from the town, to ſee your papers, with which a friend does ſometimes oblige me: I heartily wiſh the ſucceſs may anſwer your endeavours, and that you may in ſo eaſy and engaging a manner laugh folly and wickedneſs out of Great Britain. I muſt take leave to tell you, that there is no attempt you have made more likely to have a general good effect, than that which you or your friend have offer'd upon education: a careful and juſt management in that point would go a great way to reform the

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 157.

next

next age; and you bid fair for putting them in the beſt way. But you muſt apply both to parents and maſters.

There is a general neglect of good management in publick ſchools, and there is no care taken at home, to inſinuate the ſocial and uſeful virtues into the minds of children, and to preſerve modeſty in youth. Parents in this age ſeem to have loſt natural affection, and to want love; for their children is the only part of their family they do not think worth their care or cultivating: and ſchool-maſters and teachers are the only profeſſors, that I know of, in any art, that have the leaſt ambition: they ſeem to be afraid to ſhine, by working up their materials to any degree of perfection, or with any manner of diſpatch. I know there are exceptions in both; a few of them might be of uſe, if repreſented to the world with the life and exactneſs of your pencil.

I went the other day to ſee a neighbour of mine, and from his carriage, as I ſhall obſerve to you preſently, I learned the true meaning of your lemma, *ſumma debetur pueris reverentia.* Eugenius (ſo is he call'd, by the by) is the chief of my familiars; and I am not a little proud of the happineſs of ſuch an acquaintance, who is a true ſcholar, without vanity; a good chriſtian, without preciſeneſs; and an incomparable companion,

on, without the leaſt tendency to the looſeneſs of the age.

But I beg your pardon, Sir, I was about to tell you, I went to ſee this honeſt good man: he was not at home, nor had not been for ſome days, but the ſecond part of himſelf told me, ſhe expected him that afternoon. I was eaſily perſuaded to wait his coming: nor had I ſtaid half an hour, when the youngeſt little boy called, mamma, papa is coming; ſo all to the door, where he was received by the mother and children (for he has five fine ones) with that decency, as if a new bleſſing had been ſent from heaven, and they were making freſh acknowledgments to the kind donor. With an inimitable and unfond eaſineſs he received their duty; and at the ſame time told me, he was glad to ſee me; led me into his houſe, and pleaſed himſelf with kind expreſſions of the favour I did him, and in general talk ſpent ſome ſmall time till the young ones having made their modeſt compliments of joy, voluntarily retired. I was ſurprized, when immediately he took more particular notice of the mother, with the tendereſt affection that a kind husband could do; and I could not but take the liberty to ſay, how now, friend? did not you ſee Eugenia all this while? with an agreeable ſmile, he anſwer'd, yes, Sir, but I dare not uſe theſe innocent freedoms before the children, that

I may

I may not recommend to them familiarities, as uſed promiſcuouſly, and they cannot diſtinguiſh, may prove of fatal conſequence; and in all other matters, I am very careful how I act while they are by, that they may neither receive any falſe impreſſion on their mind, or awkward carriage in their body. And it is really charming to ſee the good effects of his management. The young ones may divert themſelves as much as they pleaſe, but they are to give an account of their time to him; they are admitted to make obſervations, not only upon their own actions, but thoſe of one another; but then it is to be without ſpite or reflection, only to amend and avoid what is amiſs, and to commend and imitate what is right. They are taught obedience to others, their ſuperiors in age or quality, by a due obſervance of diſtance to their parents; they are taught reſpect and love to their equals, by the moſt obliging and civil carriage among themſelves; and they learn civility to their inferiors, by an eaſy behaviour to the ſervants; but they are admitted to no familiarities with them. Nothing is done before them, but with the greateſt exactneſs and caution; ſo that you would really think the parents and ſervants were afraid of the children, and looked upon them as ſo many Mr. Spectators and Cenſors of their actions.

When

When I recovered my ſelf from the pleaſure and admiration this ſcene filled me with, I preſſed my friend to help me to ſome rules, whereby ſuch a management might be recommended to the world; but his modeſty put a ſtop to my importunity: He believes every body underſtands to conſult their own advantage better than he; and he is ſure all mankind know, that their greateſt pleaſure and intereſt is to be found in the good education of their children: but our experience tells us other things; and therefore pardon me, good Sir, if I recommend to your ſuperior genius, to form ſuch rules upon this matter, as by your authority recommended to the world, I am ſure will be of the greateſt and moſt extenſive benefit to it.

I am,

Mr. Spectator,

Your very humble ſervant,

NOBILIS JUNIUS.

Mr. SPEC-

[Nº 17.]

Mr. Spectator,

THE regard you have to religion, and the church in particular, makes me deſire your animadverſions on the unaccountable actions of ſeveral of her miniſters, even while they are employed in their ſacred functions. But as my reſentment is particular, ſo ſhall my complaint be.

To a church belonging to one of the out-pariſhes of this city there belongs a curate, who is ſo ridiculouſly particular in whatever part falls to his lot to officiate in, that inſtead of inſpiring his hearers with ſerioufneſs and a becoming zeal, (to him who preſides) he rather affects them with mirth and vanity. On Sunday laſt, in the midſt of his ſermon, he addreſſed himſelf to the fair and tender ſex, with a ſtory out of a hiſtory-book, which lay at his elbow (during his diſcourſe) at which indeed, and other paſſages in his ſermon, both himſelf, and great part of the congregation, were more merry, than either wiſe or good: he is alſo ſo very loquacious, that ſeveral perſons piouſly engaged, are much obſtructed by his impertinence.

If

If you will pleaſe to take notice of this, I doubt not of its producing good effects in general; and it may alſo be a means to reclaim him; but in general your exploding any irregularities of this kind cannot fail to promote virtue, decency, and piety.

Your humble ſervant,

T. F.

[N° 18.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM at preſent one of thoſe which the world calls a forſaken virgin, and, what is more tormenting, my lover triumphs in his perfidiouſneſs. 'Tis not many months ſince he ſwore he thought me the moſt agreeable of my ſex, and that he never could nor would marry any woman but me. I was young and unacquainted with the world; and he always expreſs'd himſelf with ſuch a ſeeming ſincerity, that I began to value him more than a common acquaintance. I entertain'd him with a great deal of civility, and was pleaſed with his converſation, which he no ſooner perceived, but he gave himſelf very

very different airs: firſt, he preached up the pleaſures of a ſingle life, eſpecially how imprudent it was for a man to marry a woman without a fortune; that his profeſſion (which I forgot to tell you is an officer) obliged him to live an irregular life, ſo that he feared it was impoſſible for him to make any perſon happy. I heard all this without any concern; and being free from art my ſelf, did not imagine theſe ſpeeches were deſigned to me: but when he found I was ſo dull of apprehenſion, he thought of a new expedient to put an end to the amour. There happen'd to come out of the country a young creature, that lay at his ſiſter's houſe; her youth and innocence made her a fit object for his purpoſe. He came to viſit me the other day, and in a rapture told me, he had been paſſing his leiſure hours with the charming Maria. Oh! Sylvia, ſays he, how inſipidly have I ſpent my former days, till now I never knew what it was to live?

I now plainly ſaw what he aimed at; and being willing to drop the diſcourſe, I calmly told him, I was glad to hear he had been ſo well diverted; but I deſired him to give me an account of that day's ſpectator, for I heard it was very ingenious: he ſmiled, cock'd his hat, and with a haughty tone replied,

Sylvia, farewell, moſt willingly I part;
Where-e'er my body is, Maria has my heart.

Now,

Now, Sir, though I do not value his love, I cannot bear his ſcorn; and as you have declared your ſelf a guardian to our ſex, I beg you will inſtruct me how to return his ingratitude, and you will oblige the too ignorant

SYLVIA.

[Nº 19.]

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF Eſq;

Dear NYCKIN,

AS thou are a ſworn friend to the oppreſſed, hear my tale. No, but you ſhall not hear it neither, for it's as tedious and as dormative a tale, as old what-do-ye-call-'im's at the Trumpet. Do ſo much then as anſwer me a queſtion or two, and I have done: tell me then, if you was ever intoxicated with friendſhip? if ever you felt the pleaſure of painfully ſerving your friend? if you know what it is to have your ſervices forgot? In ſhort, did you your ſelf (after a thouſand other indignities) ever feel the inglorious revolution (pardon the expreſſion) of a boſom-darling metamorphos'd to a Jack Mercet? That is all, Sir. I am very angry, and in haſt; but if you take any notice

tice of this, I am ſure you will do it in a manner, that will adminiſter more eaſe than all the wine in the Thatch'd-houſe-cellar, where I am juſt now a going.

I am,

Your obedient ſervant.

P. S. I ſhould be glad if you would only oblige me with a treatiſe on the word reciprocal.

[Nº 20.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

I THINK the following hint is worthy a ſpeculation, which I think you paſſed over when you was laſt at Sir Roger's, which is, that all nations take a pride in ſurpriſing the eyes and imaginations of foreign miniſters, in ſhewing them the ſtrength and riches of their country, in one particular or another. France ſhews her palaces; England her ſhips; Spain her eſcurial; and Venice her arſenal: but there is one ſight which our nation can ſhew (not much taken

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* *Vid. Spectator*, Nº 161.

notice of) and what no other in the world can do the like.

Methinks, inſtead of ſhewing your foreigners the armory and lions in the Tower, lead them into our village-churches, and carry them to our country-fairs, to behold our peaſants, and not only when they keep their holidays in all their glory abroad, but their manner of living within-doors; what plenty crowns their tables, and chearfulneſs appears in their looks, and ask them, if they have travelled in France, Poland, or Denmark, &c.

The other day, being in a market-town, I ſtood with more pleaſure to ſee the country-people paſs to market, than ever I did to behold the pageantry of a Lord-mayor's-day. 'Tis common to ſee a farmer's wife, of comely aſpect, dreſs'd in plain, but the beſt of apparel, followed in handſome order by three or four of her daughters dreſs'd in ſilk gowns, flowered muſlin-aprons (but yet to ſhew they are ſtill nymphs of the woods and fields, wear ſtraw-hats lined with green or bloſom-coloured ſilk) that they would adorn a court, or grace a preſence-chamber.

I will end with telling a ſtory, as old as king Charles the ſecond's reign. When Mr. Savage was in France as that king's ambaſſador, the french monarch being then in his riſing glory, the prime miniſter of France took

took occaſion to magnify his maſter's power, by ſurpriſing our ambaſſador with the fine appearance of the french king's guards. Being new-cloathed and mounted, he ordered them to be drawn out, appointing a great officer to attend Mr. Savage at the review. The appearance being very glorious and ſurpriſing, the officer, with a french air, turning to our ambaſſador, asked him, Whether his maſter could ſhew the like? He frankly owned he could not; but that he could ſhow all his ſubjects in ſhoes and ſtockings.

I am,

Your hearty friend

and admirer,

London, Octob. 15. 1711. W. C.

[N° 21.]

Good Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM imbark'd in an affair which has ſo much of real trouble, and ſo little diverſion, that I know not whether I ſhall wiſh myſelf out of it or not; nor will I give my opinion, till I have ſtated the caſe to you, and have had your judgment (which I once before told you I could depend on).

You know, love, almighty love! has much to do with all the world at ſome time or other, and eſpecially thoſe whoſe ages are not a contradiction to it. An engagement of this kind is what I am going to tell you of: it is with one whoſe ſenſe is not of a degree above my own, which (by the way) I think a misfortune; his age not diſagreable; his fortune only eaſy with good husbandry, yet better than mine. It has been depending a year on the pretence of friends, and ſome of thoſe obſtacles are removed, and yet no alteration in him: he has ſo great a mixture of indolence in his temper, and a convenient forgetfulneſs, that the longer I am acquainted with him, the leſs I know him; and what to conclude upon I am at a loſs to know: perhaps you will expect a sketch of my life, and actions, and ſenſe, and all other

ther my endowments of mind or perſon. The one you may gueſs at in part by this epiſtle, the other I am forbid to give you an account of, for two reaſons; and firſt, if it is an advantageous one, modeſty forbids that, and if otherwiſe, I am ſure you know us all too well to believe I will tell you that. All that I need ſay more is, I have given him the hearing of all his addreſſes, and treated him as near the character of a friend as I could, and more than with the diſtance of a lover.

This, Sir, is the true ſtate of the caſe; and I do deſign to ſtand to the award of your judgment, and hope you will not refuſe to give it me with the ſame ſincerity that I have this ſtory. I have this happineſs yet in reſerve, that whatever you would aſſign as the beſt for me to do, I ſhall think no leſs of it.

Pardon, Sir, the length of this, which I did not intend when I begun, and let me have your opinion the firſt opportunity; and you will much oblige

Your humble ſervant,

Sunday-night. ARABELA.

P. S. Pray do not think it a juſt for being dated on Sunday.

[N° 22.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

WITH the utmoſt ſatisfaction I have peruſed your firſt and ſecond volumes, and am wonderfully pleaſed with the brightneſs of your notions on every topick you treat on, which you illuſtrate with ſuch polite language, that as it is intended for refining the age, ſo doubtleſs it will work the deſired effect. I wiſh all your readers were as ambitious of improving as myſelf, who with pride acknowledge the great advantage I have acquired by the frequent reading of your preſent works, and the lucubrations of the late famous tatler; which I look upon far to exceed the works of any of the ancient or modern authors; and am ſure my opinion will be eſpouſed by all who have read or ſhall peruſe your inimitable performances. And as you are a publick judge of occurrences, ſo I appeal to you in the following matter.

You muſt know, Mr. Spectator, I am a country-gentleman's daughter, and my mother having never been in London, has all the rural breeding imaginable; and accordingly, looks upon the perfect uſe of the needle (in all its parts) for the greateſt accompliſh-

compliſhments a young gentlewoman can have: all which are foreign to my genius, who am more inclined to be well vers'd in books, learn French, muſick, and dancing. And having already a tollerable knowledge of arithmetick, would gladly be inſtructed in the mathematicks; all which would be allowed me by my father, but is ſtrenuouſly oppoſed by my mother, who is utterly averſe to ſuch follies (as ſhe terms them). And notwithſtanding my daily endeavours to diſſwade her from ſuch a falſe notion of true education, yet ſhe ſtill perſiſts in confining me to the dull reading of my prayers, with now and then the old ballads of Chivy-chace, the Children in the wood, and Fair Roſamond; and what few authors I have conſulted, was by the dint of ſtratagem: but your papers being agreable to her, ſhe gives me leave to read them conſtantly, which is an argument of ſome taſte, were ſhe brought to a right underſtanding. Therefore, dear Mr. Spectator, as you have always not only declared but demonſtrated yourſelf a friend to our ſex, be pleaſed to ſignify your advice and opinion (in my behalf) in one of your papers; which I hope will prevail on her (who expreſſes a great eſteem for you) to let me follow whatever rules you preſcribe for

Your conſtant reader, &c.

LUCINDA.

P. S. Be as ſpeedy as you can in your advice, for my mother, by my daily importuning her, threatens to marry me to a neighbour of ours, as ruſtick and unpoliſh'd as herſelf, who I am ſure will never admit my having any of theſe perfections.

[N° 23.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE good nature you ſhew to day, in ſome meaſure, attones for the ill uſage of my friend the Caſtle-builder on Tueſday laſt; though I could not forgive you, were not my reſentment turned to pity. You are a ſtranger I find to the pleaſure of a mind abſtracted from matter, and elevated by its own force into the aerial manſions; and know not that ſuch little flights prepare it for the great one of eternity; and therefore applaud yourſelf in ridiculing what you ought to admire. Alaſs! what are all your grovling ſpeculations in compariſon of this noble enjoyment, this ſublime extaſy? how could you ſaunter away your time with Will. Wimble, and a crew of inſipid ſquires? Let me preſcribe to you, and I will ſhew you

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 167.

untrodden

untrodden paths to happineſs. You muſt be rarified and refined ; your body muſt be diſtill'd, that the ſpirits may flie upwards, and leave the ſluggiſh phlegm behind, before you can taſte the ſweets of this ſuperior way of living. Then you may ſoar aloft, and glut your eyes with an immenſe proſpect ; and the higher you go, the more you will be raviſh'd, finding all above wonderful, all below contemptible. When you are thus prepared, the noiſome fumes of this atmoſphere will have no ill effect upon you ; you will be always bright : an inſtance of which I will give you.

This day (though the rain and cloudy weather keeps others from ſtirring out, and makes them dull at home) I, by the help of a few drops of ſal, diſperſed the thick vapors, and enjoy'd the midſt of May with all its fragrant odours ; and, as curioſity led me, took wing to Tunbridge, where I ſaw ſundry mortals tired with the drudgery of doing nothing, packing up their things to come away again. The roads being bad, I pitied them, and went directly to the Bath, and there I found poor wretches waſhing off the filth and pollutions of intemperance and debauchery.

Being ſated with this, I inſtantly convey'd myſelf to France, and beheld the idoliz'd monarch ruminating upon his loſt and forlorn condition ; but at court there was ſo much fulſome flattery, and every where elſe ſo much

much ſlavery and miſery, that I ſoon return'd.

Thus have I a free paſs to all places; and if you will come and ſpend a month with me in the air, as you did with Sir Roger in the country, I will ſhew you ſomething new and ſurprizing to communicate to your readers.

I am,

Yours,

Yeſterday, Sept. 13. 1711.

VOLATILE.

[N° 24.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR.

TO match your ſtory in this day's ſpectator, pray take notice in your paper of a certain ancient rich ſaving gentleman, who having occaſion to go to Kenſington, (to ſave charges) got behind a coach; and when it ſtopp'd at the coffee-houſe-door, out bolts his ſon, who had the benefit of a dry leathern conveniency, whilſt the father, who

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 150.

was

was expoſed to wind and rain, ſaved only his legs. Pray let us have your coment on this.

Aſperius nihil eſt humili cum ſurgit in altum.

Pray try if you can give an eſſay without being ſuppoſed to reflect on late and preſent miniſters.

You tell us much of Sir Roger de Coverly's piety, but you ſay not to what uſe he put the noble chappel in his houſe; though from thence you might alſo take occaſion to reprove the neglect of building a chappel in all our modern great houſes.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble ſervant,

Aug. 22. T. P.

Mr. SPEC-

[N° 25.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM acquainted with a young lady nam'd Silvia, who for ſome time had been courted by Philander, a wealthy old curmudgion. Silvia being naturally averſe to old age, received him with the utmoſt coldneſs and diſdain, was deaf to all his intreaties, and ſlighted his moſt ardent proteſtations of love and affection, inſomuch that Philander doubted whether he ſhould ever have his dear Silvia, whom his heart was wholly ſet upon: however, being reſolved to leave no ways untried to attain his deſired felicity, he made application to her father, whoſe favour he ſo inſinuated himſelf into, that he ſolemnly vow'd either his daughter ſhould marry him, or he would never ſee her more. This ſo tranſported the old miſer, that he leap'd for joy to think there was a probability of his being maſter of ſo much beauty and innocence.

As ſoon as Silvia was acquainted by her father that it was his deſire Philander ſhould be her husband, ſhe burſt into tears, and up-

* *Vid. Spectators*, N° 170, 171.

on

on her knees beſeeched him nōt to promote her miſery ; for of all men living, Philander was her averſion. Notwithſtanding all her tears and ſad pleading looks, ſhe could not move the firmneſs of his reſolutions, ſo good an opinion had he of Philander's conduct and prudence, that he a ſecond time told her, that if ſhe would not permit him to be his ſon-in-law, he would not own her for his daughter. Silvia perceiving it next to an impoſſibility to diſuade him from it, and being ſenſible that where there is not an equal love between husband and wife, jealouſy muſt be the natural reſult of it, by degrees reconciled herſelf entirely to him, and with a chearful countenance told her father, that now ſhe lov'd Philander more than ſhe hated him before, and could not be happy without him. The father, over-joy'd to hear thoſe pleaſing words come from her mouth, went in all haſt to Philander, and told him, he muſt come that inſtant to his houſe. Philander did not ſtand to ask queſtions, but waſh'd his hands, put on his beſt apparel, and had his beard ſhav'd to make him look ſmug, and ſo went along with him. As ſoon as he entred the room where Silvia was, he made her a low bow, gave her a gentle ſalute, and then ſeated himſelf by her. After he had ſate a while, the father told him, that he had brought him with a deſign to compleat his hopes, and conſummate all his joys,

joys, for that day ſhould make him and Silvia one.

By their mutual agreement the prieſt was ſent for, at the ſight of whom they were tranſported beyond themſelves, and, as Mr. Dryden expreſſes it,

On either ſide the kiſſes flew ſo thick,
That neither he nor ſhe had breath to ſpeak;
The good old man amaz'd at what he ſaw,
Began to ſanctify the bliſs by law,
And mutter faſt the matrimony o'er,
For fear committed ſin ſhou'd get before.

But to proceed in my ſtory, the firſt month was no ſooner ſpent in mutual endearments and fond careſſes, than Philander began to grow jealous, which was occaſioned by an unhappy dream the ſtrong idea of his own infirmities created. One night he thought he ſaw his wife in the arms of an agreable young fellow, which ungrateful viſion he interpreted to preſage his future infamy. The next day he ſate in a penſive melancholly mood, not a little diſturbed in mind. His wife being concerned to ſee him ſo, with a mournful voice (the tears trickling down her cheeks) asked him again and again what was the matter? but could get no anſwer: when all of a ſudden he ſtarted up and ſaid,

I am

I am ruin'd and undone, born under an unlucky planet. Falſe perfidious woman! can the moſt ſacred rites be ſo ſoon violated? She, conſcious of her own innocence, and in a ſurprize at ſo baſe a return for the affectionate concern of a tender wife, concluded him mad, ſent for a doctor, who feeling his pulſe, found him in health, and calling her aſide, told her it was only a fit of the ſpleen. The husband ſeeing him, cryed out, doctor, doctor, you ſhall not make my wife a whore; you are making an aſſignation, are you? The doctor, who thought the devil was in the man to ſay ſo, haſtened his way without his fee, and never came to viſit his patient after. To this very day the old gentleman continues jealous, though his jealouſy is founded on no ſtronger baſis than the illuſion of a dream.

Therefore if you pleaſe to turn over your Lucretius and Petronius, and give us their ſentiments and your own upon this ſubject, you may poſſibly make Philander wiſe, his ſpouſe happy, but myſelf undoubtedly

Your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

Lincolns-inn, Octob. 26. 1711.

J. P.

[N° 26.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

I GENERALLY obſerve that when ſtory-tellers once make a beginning, that ſome or other in the company is ready to ſecond him, and ſo alternately they all go round until it is time to break up.

I was the other day entertaining ſome friends with the ſtories of a Grinning-match, and a Whiſtling-match, with which I was furniſh'd out of your ſpectators; when one of the company offered us a very agreable country-ſtory about chin-cocking, which he related after this manner.

A wealthy gentleman of the city of London made a conſiderable purchaſe in Bedfordſhire, and when he took poſſeſſion of it, invited all his tenants to an entertainment. Some of the gueſt was very remarkable for their chins, which put the gentleman upon this propoſal, That he that could cock his chin with the greateſt dexterity, and withal make the moſt diverting ſound, ſhould be entitled to a piece of plate of four guineas value, which he would get made for that

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 173.

purpoſe.

purpoſe. The day was ſet (ſufficient time being allowed the practitioners) and the appointed time being come, a numerous aſſembly there was to ſee this unuſual trial of skill. The perſormers had been all ſo buſy in beating their chins, that they had made them ſore, and ſome got ſcabby-chins by the bargain, and were ſo diſabled, that the candidates were at laſt reduc'd to three, two old men, and a boy about ſeven or eight years of age. This boy, with an uncommon confidence, told the company, he was the greateſt maſter in the world at chin-cocking, and that he was ſure none could outdo him. The judge (for ſo I call the gentleman) ſeeing the boldneſs of the boy, put on his angry countenance, who being a black man, look'd very frightful (but the handſomeſt man in England, if his own word may be taken for it) and thus accoſted the boy. Sirrah, you are a very impudent young rogue. Sir, (ſays the boy) I'll ſing you a love-ſong. I never met with ſo much impudence in my life (ſays the judge). With that the boy (to ſhew his modeſty) uncovers his head, and with a paſſionate air throws down his cap, and looking the judge full in the face, began to flouriſh his double fiſts about his chops, not unlike the air of a kettle-drummer; ſo that all the company were amazed at his dexterity, and more ſurpriſed at the unparallel'd impudence and audaciouſneſs of

the boy; inſomuch that they were all mute. The boy ſeeing this, cocks his chin with that art and agility, that he beat any march or tune to an exact nicety, and kept true time.

The firſt tune that he entertain'd the liſtening crowd withal, was round-head-ye-cuckolds; at which, ſome of the company ſeemed to be diſpleaſed. Then with all his might he beat a point of war; then, to ſoften them again, he play'd, Jenny-come-tye-me; then to arms, to arms; and ſo on.

The performance was ſo exact, and manner ſo comical and taking to all the company, that the other two candidates could not be prevailed upon to try their skill; ſo that the boy gain'd the prize, and made good what he told the judge, That in his way he was the greateſt maſter in the world.

Your moſt humble ſervant,

London, Oct. 2. 1711.

JOHN STORYTELLER.

Mr. SPEC-

[N° 27.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

HAVING for ſome time paſt found (and that upon very good grounds) the ſucceſs of your cenſorſhip in every thing which relates to your province in this town, I humbly ſubmit to your ſpectatorial wiſdom ſome ways and means of redreſſing the following grievances.

Paſſing yeſterday by Stepney-church, Mile-end-green, I obſerved a more than ordinary preſs of people crowding about the door, and that in ſuch a tumultuous manner, that without farther thought I immediately ſeized a fellow with a load of water poſting by, imagining that the fabrick was on fire; but coming ſomewhat nearer, I was told, it was Eaſter-monday, which did not at firſt clear up my confuſion, till a man with a ſhew of merriment told me, It was the great anniverſary-day of weddings. This anſwer brought into my head the old obſervation of Chaucer, That

Marriage is like the rabble rout,
They that are out wou'd fain be in,
And they that are in wou'd fain be out.

Such was the ſcrambling for brides, that had their grooms and they been no bet r acquainted, than many people of diſtinction in their circumſtances now-a-days are, who are put together in the Smithfield-way, for the firſt time, on the ſpot of execution, I am afraid ſome of them would be obliged to make uſe of the Gazette to come by their own.

Now, Sir, what gives riſe to this glut of weddings, I humbly conceive to be the prohibiting of marriages in Lent: but, with due ſubmiſſion to our church-governors, I take this prohibition in effect to be a direct miſapplication of that ſeaſon; for ſince it is ſet apart for works of mortification and ſubduing of the fleſh, I do not know why marriages, if duly performed, ſhould not have their place therein. Beſides, the conſequences of monopolizing of marriage to this day of Eaſter-tide, has very venotious conſequences, as that this keeping touch in uſing the means tends to procure the ſame end, namely, propagation at the ſame time: whence it comes to paſs, that a great part of our ſage female tooth-drawers (I mean midwives) are for the whole year, excepting the months of November and December, (which commonly fall out the ninth after theſe marriages) as idle as oyſter-women in July, or the inhabitants of Bath in winter.

And

And then ſo many women lying-in at the ſame time, does conſiderably raiſe the price of ſack, ſugar, chickens, and all other goſſiping-commodities. So many husbands being debarred the innocent converſation of their ſpouſes at the ſame time, naturally fall into caballing about poligamy, and begin to ſupply their wants in an unlawful way.

Add to all theſe, that the ſeaſon of Eaſter being regulated according to the moon, the influence of which planet (the wiſe ſay) is conſiderable in conceptions, it will go far to give people a tincture of judiciary aſtrology, and in conſequence make them depend more upon the virtue of the moon, than upon the conduct and puiſſance of human creatures.

Theſe things, Sir, with many more which I could recount, are of grievous conſequence to the publick: I therefore make bold to deſire you would be pleaſed to communicate them, and ſuch a remedy as you in your wiſdom ſhall think proper, to the world.

I am, SIR,

Your conſtant admirer, and

humble ſervant,

Pall-mall Coffee-houſe, Apr. 22. 1712.

ANTIGAMUS.

[N° 28.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

IT were hard to judge in this ungenerous age, from what motive we receive either applauſe or diſcouragement. The falſhood of human kind is ſuch, we find we deceive even our ſelves, when we come to a cloſe inſpection into the intent of our actions. I was ſurpriſed yeſterday at a table of condition, to hear the various opinions of the Spectator and its ingenious author. But there are a ſort of men, who furniſh out argument more by ſtrength of voice than reaſon. Some with a ſmall pipe, and more harmonious cadence, may gain the aſcendant, while others with flowing eloquence and ſound learning, but leſs aſſurance, loſe the day.

It was the leading queſtion, why you, who are the only Athenian of our iſle, from whom we learn advice, even in our morals and our manners, our ſacred oracle and truth, ſhould flie from the maxims you preſcribe: virtue you teach us to admire, yet ſhew us how to ſhun. Was not the theatre in its firſt innocence the faithful monitor of Athens? was it not the ſublime ſuggeſtions of early piety, and well-digeſted principles?

ciples? the ſtage a ſchool of honour? Plays were ſoft leſſons of good morality, gently to inſinuate on the unwary minds of youth, though now the generous deſign is depreſſed, and merit cannot plead. Elſe why ſhould Mrs. Bradſhaw, who may juſtly claim a ſhare in your thoughts, find none in your pen? If ſhe is a proficient, the fitter ſubject; if ſhe has beauty, you cannot be a ſtranger to its influence; if virtue, you feel the charms, or you could never treat of it with ſo much brightneſs. Why then does your skilful hand refuſe to give the lively laſting colours? none can delineate with ſo ſoft a touch; nor that none deſerved it more than ſhe, was agreed on, and gave the finis to the argument. The ladies promiſed to grace her benefit the firſt of May with full boxes, as a reward for unblemiſhed honour. I hope you will do her juſtice in your next paper, if you will oblige the fair ſex, and

Your humble ſervant.

April the 18. J. P.

[N° 29.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOU have too much ſenſe and virtue to be vain, or if you was not thus guarded, I ſtand too low to make you ſo; therefore there can be no reaſon to conceal from you the influence of your deſign to ſerve the world. I confeſs, I am under a partial biaſs in favour of the Spectator; but I declare too, I am not acted by it now, but tell you a fact, which I think the world ought to know, and that you may ſee what good you have done, and that you may be capable of doing more. We Warwickſhiremen are apt to think, we have not many publick follies to account for: we confeſs, that at Coles-Hill deſerves your cenſure, and it has had its proper effect; our underſtandings are not ſo diſtorted as (after your reflections) to encourage a monſtrous diſtortion of faces; and a greater proof need not be offered of your judgment and ours, than that we have dropp'd a fooliſh deſign, becauſe you condemned it.

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 173.

It

It muſt not be concealed, that this deference to your judgment has been chiefly owing to your fair admirers, who as they are here in great numbers, ſo they are no where under greater concern for virtue, truth, and the Spectator. I have it in command from them, to thank you for preventing this folly, to congratulate you for curing many, and to beg that your influence may yet ſpread wider; that you will only attack the vices and follies of the age, and not ſuffer your ſelf to be engaged in party-diſputes. Nothing ought to leſſen your authority, and nothing will, whilſt you appear diſintereſted, and under no other influence, but that in which you have engaged with ſo much ſucceſs, and in which you may achieve ſo much more.

I am,

SIR,

Your zealous reader,

Coles-Hill, in Warwickſhire, Oct. 13. 1711.

JONATHAN REGULAR.

P. S. The grinning-prize being not diſpoſed of, pray direct what ſhall be done with it.

Mr. SPEC-

[N° 30.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

HAVEING, as I conſtantly doe one time of the day or other, perus'd your Thurſday laſt paper, whearein you promiſe to animadavert on what I never in all your papers obſerved you to doe, and why you ſhould now diſoblige your feamalle readors, to oblige a man, that is, for ought I know, ſcarſe *compus mentus*, or grown lunatick whith his four or five hours ſtudie in a day; he ought rather to be whipt for calling a young gentlewom Jeſebel, for only playing whith her babie, or comeing to her window in her ſhift-ſlves, or ſuch trifells he ought rather to have over-looked. No doubt, Sir, if the young woman was to tell to the world, what it is probabel ſhe knows, how oft could ſhe tell you he has kiſed his lanlordies maide, and his pulling down of the curtains was to hide them, and after wards take up his Plutrach, whith as great earneſtnes, as if he had not ſeen nothing elſe this three daies. It may be ſaide of him, as we ſay by the ſwine, The ſtilleſt eats the moſt. What I would beg of you, Sir, is, that when you

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 175.

write

write of thoſe Jeſebels, you will be pleas'd to be as favorabel in your cenſors as you can; and acquaint the gentellmen of this age, as theare is a parcell of young females would have them preſribe ſome ſet of recreations that may not ofend them, and to get husbands by, if they no of any more innocent then that of a babie, a lapdog, or the like; for to be call'd Jeſebel, for theſe barely, is very uncaritabell part.

Sir, I am but a countrey gairle lately come to town to ſe faiſhons, and I am not as yet learnt any, but retaine my own free way which I uſt to enjoy in the countrey, whithout any moleſtation; but I finde, if I contineu in town, I muſt begin to be ſerious, or elce loſe my reputation. I like the town very well, but I muſt not laugh, nor ſing, nor trie if I have forgot to dance, unles it be in a corner, as no bodie ſees me, or elce they will preſently ſay, ſhe is a Jeſebel; ſo I intend to haſten down againe, whear I can dance, ſing, or laugh as I pleas, and be accounted the beſt humourd garle in all that countey: I leave this behinde, and if you can, you may make ſence of it, and let it be in your next; for I, like moſt of my ſex, learnt to write before I learnt to ſpell. So,

S I R, Your conſtant reader
and admirer is no

Sept. 22. 1711. JESEBEL.

[N° 31.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

AS it is natural for people to be moſt affected with thoſe ſubjects wherein they are chiefly concerned, I am moſt ſenſibly touched with your learned lucubrations upon jealouſy; and therefore begin to think it long, ſince you promiſed to anſwer Celinda in a day or two, with a diſtinct ſpeculation of the ſubject of her letter. For tho' her caſe is not the ſame with mine, yet I was in hopes, that in your promiſed ſyſtem of conjugal morality, while you are recommending to husbands a more regular behaviour, you would not forget to enforce thoſe admirable inſtructions and rules, which the marqueſs of Halifax, (whom I find you have a due regard for) has adviſed, as abſolutely neceſſary to be obſerved by the other ſex, in their conduct in a marriage-ſtate.

I am not ſo much concerned in the cauſe of jealouſy in women, as in their indiſcreet methods of expreſſing their reſentments. How many do we ſee daily, who by their vio-

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 178.

lent

lent invectives and reproaches have utterly alienated their husbands affections, inſtead of reclaiming them !

The lord Halifax adviſes his daughter in this caſe with a particular emphaſis.——" Re-
" member (ſays he) that, next to the danger
" of committing the fault your ſelf, the
" greateſt is that of ſeeing it in your hus-
" band. Do not ſeem to look or hear that
" way : if he is a man of ſenſe, he will re-
" claim himſelf ; the folly of it is of itſelf
" ſufficient to cure him : if he is not ſo, he
" will be provoked, but not reformed."—— But if it be ſo, when there is occaſion given, (as in this caſe is ſuppoſed) what muſt be the conſequence of a woman's railing, when there is no manner of ground for it, but her own bare miſconſtructions and ſuſpicions ? If to expoſtulate in the other caſe looks like declaring war, ſurely in this it will be much more ſo.

'Tis true, that noble author, after hinting at ſeveral of the follies which women are apt to run into on ſuch occaſions, ſays, " The impertinence of ſuch methods is ſo
" plain, that it does not deſerve to be laid
" open." —— But I think, as plain as it is, a great many women want either the ſenſe to ſee or the reaſon to improve ſuch hints to their own and their husbands mutual happineſs.

What

What remains then, but that you, who are ſo much eſteemed in all families, ſhould inculcate the doctrine laid down by an author, who ('tis to be feared) is ſcarſely admitted, or at leaſt is of too little authority amongſt thoſe that have the moſt need of his inſtructions. Mix a little of your wit with his weight of argument and reaſon, and then I doubt not but you may meet with a great many more than two or three happy pairs, without the trouble of going out of town to ſeek them. But do not forget to give the neceſſary liberty to a man beginning in publick buſineſs, who is obliged in point of intereſt to uſe all lawful means imaginable to increaſe the number of his friends. And give us your opinion, whether or no a married man in ſuch a caſe is bound in duty (nay, whether it would not rather be ridiculous) to break off or neglect to improve his acquaintance and intereſt in any virtuous family, becauſe there were an agreable woman in it.

Your ſpeedy anſwer will (I hope) prove of advantage to the publick, as well as be a particular ſatisfaction to

Nov. 1. 1711. SY——R.

Mr.

[N° 32.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM a Welſh-man, and in my natural diſpoſition very modeſt and peaceable. I have never been able to walk the ſtreets of this city on the firſt of March, without a more than ordinary concern, not having aſſurance enough to bear the rudeneſs of thoſe people, who at the ſight of a leek will be hooting at me, and crying aloud, when I have paſs'd them, there goes a Taffy; ſounce, how hur ſtinks of toaſted-cheeſe, red-herring, barley-dumpling, &c.

When I ſee a tatter'd Taffy hung up by the neck, without any ſhoes on, I am in the utmoſt confuſion, becauſe the rogues will have me look upon him as the champion of my country.

I am a man of ſome buſineſs, and am obliged to be at ſome of the moſt publick places about town every day in the week: it happens that I muſt be abroad moſt part of the day on Saturday next; and ſhould I preſume to appear without a leek, my country-men would teaze me as much for that, as others will for my wearing one, ſo that 'tis impoſſible to eſcape the uneaſineſs.

'Tis

'Tis therefore my humble requeſt to you, (good Sir) that you will be pleaſed, in the mean time, to give me ſome inſtructions how I ſhall behave my ſelf that day, and to ſay ſomething in one of your papers that may check the fooliſh cuſtom of ridiculing the commemoration of ſo notable a victory. I ſhall not only punctually obſerve the rules you are pleaſed to give me for that day, as long as I live to commemorate it, but ſhall alſo, as long, be extreamly ſenſible of the favour, and thankful to you for it.

Your moſt obedient ſervant, &c.

[N° 33.]

Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

THE following latin verſes were read in a club of young gentlemen, your admirers, with applauſe. You cannot find it difficult to gueſs for whoſe picture they were deſign'd. And as we know the immortal Mr. Hoadly to be a gentleman, who has an intereſt in your moſt particular eſteem, we were willing to believe you would take ſome opportunity of publiſhing them in honour of your friend.

I am

I am ordered by our club to return you their thanks for all your incomparable and learned lucubrations; particularly for the politicks, which with an inimitable delicacy and ſharpneſs you have delivered.

I am, SIR,

Your great admirer, and

moſt humble ſervant,

From our Club in —— Coffee-houſe, up one pair of Stairs, July 28. 1710.

ERYTHRÆUS.

Qui decor eſt vultûs hâc quem ſpirare tabella,
Docta manus fecit, lector amice vides.
Scilicet Anglorum quem jura æterna Patronum
Invictum agnoſcunt, ora ſerena decent.

The author deſires me to add, that if it would not be too much trouble, he would deſire you to conſider, whether the firſt verſe would not be better thus,

Qui ſit honor vultûs hâc quem ſpirare tabella,

becauſe of the nearneſs in ſound, between *decor* in that verſe, and *decent* in the laſt.

[N° 34.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

BEING well aſſured, that you are not only a ſpectator, but inveſted with the ample authority of a cenſor, and have the character of a very impartial judge, I make my complaint to you, in hopes of a juſt redreſs of my grievance.

It is now the chilling and churliſh month of October, the fall of the leaf, which reſembles old-age and ill-nature, ſuitable to the crabbed temper and hardy nature of my old aunt and four governeſs; and I am as to age but in the green month of April, and that time of the ſpring is commonly a ſickly ſeaſon with young maids, which makes us very tender and unable to bear with cold and bluſtering weather: but tho' I complain never ſo much, my cruel aunt will not bate me an ace of the prepoſterous mode of uncovered heads and bare backs, now ridiculouſly in faſhion; and for my part, I am in an ague-fit when I look upon others in the ſame dreſs, beſides what I really feel in my ſelf, which is very intollerable.

I complained of this hardſhip to a gentleman that is a relation, and begg'd he would perſuade my aunt, that I might have the

the honour of firſt appearing in a warm winter-mode: but he was anſwered, I had a ſcarf; and indeed ſo I have, about as thick as a ſpider's-web, and pinn'd down to my mantua-gown, which is no higher than the middle of my back; and as for my pretty neck, (as ſhe was pleaſed to call it) that muſt not be hid; but ſhe was at laſt prevailed upon to allow me a handkerchief about half as thick as my ſcarf, but with a ſtrict charge not to wear it higher than my gown: and ſhe has vouchſafed to let me have a hood of about the ſame warmth, which is all I muſt be ſuffered to wear, and that but upon particular occaſions. She ſays, it is warm, but all the good I find by it, is to know that I have not loſt my ſenſe of feeling. The gentleman my friend having prevailed no better, ſent me a letter, which I ſhall ſubjoin to this, and beg you will publiſh it.

I wiſh it may make an impreſſion upon my hardy aunt, or ſome body elſe; and if it have the good effect to bring up a warm new faſhion for winter-wear, I ſhall gladly come into it, tho' I ſhould have the mortification to begin it.

If your authority has not the good effect I wiſh, I ſhall deſpair of living to have a husband.

I had like to have forgot my want of a clo-ſer-made petticoat, for the cold air is very of-fenſive that way.

All which, I ſubmit to your wiſdom and juſtice, and hope for relief from your good-neſs and compaſſion. And it is from your favours only (next to God's mercies) that I hope to live, to make farther acknowledg-ments for ſo great a bleſſing as that of life, &c.

I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

Oct. 14. 1712. MARGERY CAREFULL.

P. S. Pardon me, that I borrow a hand to write, being in too great affliction to write my ſelf.

My friend's letter is as follows.

MADAM,

MADAM,

I WALKED this evening in the Park, with a gentleman lately come from abroad, who was a little ſurpriſed, but a good deal diverted, by the proſpect of two very different female-figures, that mov'd on together before us. They were both in the tip of the mode, or ſomething beyond it; for they appeared as bare-back'd as women made ready to be whip'd for petty-larceneys by the hands of the common hangman, and ſhow'd at once all the diſagreable variety of the dreſs in faſhion.

Flobella's plump ſhoulders, with a deep dent between them, ſeem'd as if ſhe were carrying her bare * * * * * upon her back; or as if her head was fixed upon her backſide, and the ſhort ſpace between her bare back and wide-bottom'd-petticoats, made her ſeem to be all bare * * * * * * *, and petticoats hitched on under them, except her chump head without a neck, which looked like a round ball fixed upon a cupulo: and as her ſcarf prevented the appearance of her arms, the whole figure ſeem'd (as my friend makes the compariſon) like a bell-tent, uſed to cover muſquets with in the camp, and thoſe things ſeem to be going quite out of faſhion.

On the other hand, Cranelia's ſmall head, long neck, and bare bones, made as diſagreeable a figure; and as ſhe had a ſort of riſing motion in her gait, ſhe ſeemed at every ſtep to be trying to leap out of her clothes, already half off, and going to dance naked.

I wiſh, Madam, this letter may afford you any conſolation, or that you can find a way to make it ſerviceable to you, and your friends, who ſuffer under the ſame inconveniencies. I leave it to your conduct,

And am,

MADAM, &c.

D. R.

P. S. Sir, my aunt has ſuch an averſion to ſoldiers, and for any thing that is going out of faſhion, that I conceive great hopes from my friend's letter, which I hope you will give her the opportunity of ſeeing, for ſhe daily reads your Spectators. I confeſs I do not love a bell-petticoat, ſo well as a ſoldier, though at this time a day.

N. B. Your granting me this favour may ſave you a great deal of trouble, for I am not the only perſon that complains; and it is

is with much ado that I have prevailed to ſuſpend the ſending you a petition, ſigned by ſome hundreds of complainants: and I had much ado to pacify, Araminta Cold-airs, Iſabella Tender, Betty Thin-skin, Jenny Loveſick, Martha Wou'd-be-warm, Harriot Chill-blood, Amabella Tipet, &c.

[N° 35.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR.

KNOWING your charity and readineſs in relieving and rectifying the doubts and perplexities which frequently diſturb the minds of men, I preſume to addreſs you on the following occaſion.

I have long loved a lady, richly furniſhed with all the agreable graces both of body and mind; the platonick muſt doat on her for her converſation, and the warmer lover muſt adore her perſon. In ſhort, ſhe has charms, that have ſubdued a heart ſtout enough to oppoſe all others but her own.

In theſe circumſtances, I thought it my duty, as well as prudence, to addreſs my friends, e'er I further intangled my ſelf.

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* *Vid. Spectators*, N° 181, 268, 304.

They, like the modern Mammon-worſhipers, whoſe maxim it is, that to be very rich, is to be very happy, rejected my propoſal, for no want of a competency, but of the exceſſive ſum they demanded: and thus by the falſe arguing of a ſophiſtical head, a true happineſs is poſtponed to a fictitious one; and a ſon obliged to owe the origin of his misfortunes to the ſame perſons he does (under heaven) his being. I muſt own (as you have formerly inconteſtably proved) that parents have a negative voice in the primer diſpoſition of children; and when they lay us under the injunction of a poſitive command, in this caſe they exceed their commiſſion and authority.

But what ſhall we ſay, when duty oppoſes love in the purſuit of its moſt darling object? This contradiction muſt certainly create a conteſt for the preheminence in the mind, and then I doubt, love, being the more violent paſſion, and ſtriking the more ſtrongly on the ſenſes, muſt neceſſarily make the deepeſt and moſt laſting, when duty, being weak in its operation, muſt leave, if any, but a faint and languid impreſſion. Our actions are ſo naturally the conſequents of our inclinations, that it is with no ſmall violence, if ever the one acts in oppoſition to the other.

And therefore, Sir, I am very well ſatisfied, that to ſet people right in their opinions

ons of duty, as it concerns this caſe, and to ſhew them how far and in what degrees intereſt is concerned, or can ſtand in competition with a generous love, would be equally a charitable and beneficial ſervice to the publick, and to

Your very humble ſervant,

CORYDON.

[N° 36.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE at preſent two lovers; the one is always ſinging, dancing, &c. he writes me letters full of merry diverting verſes: the other is melancholy, knows not what he does, writes dull paſſionate letters; he is jealous of me if I ſpeak to any other man: the firſt never is, becauſe he thinks no man ſo deſerving as himſelf. Which do you think loves me beſt? you need not ſtudy long to think which I like the moſt. If you will let me know in the next Spectator, you will highly oblige

LYDIA.

[N° 37.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THESE proſe-verſes were writ to expoſe thoſe odd creatures, who think perſons who were born and educated gentlemen, and would have always bore that character in the world, if they had never been wrapp'd in gowns, are by holy orders ſunk into the maſs of clowns, and the loweſt of the people, and that a fine gentleman and a clergyman are things incompatible.

Your conſtant admirer, &c.

An imitation of Mrs. HARRIS's petition.

By Doctor S——t.

PRAY, good Mr. parſon, hands off; methinks you are very free: How dare you?

Who deſires theſe favours, as you think 'em, not I, I aſſure you?

The

The bell rings to prayers, you hear, and know my mother will chide.
To ſay prayers and graces is all the buſineſs of you holy men; you are hir'd for nothing beſide.

Some people ſoon forget their diſtance, and learn, I find, to be familiar;
But were all women of my mind. —— We reſpect your cloath indeed, but you ſhould know who ſtill you are.

I wonder at the C——ſs of P——k, and ſeveral ladies more;
For if I ſet myſelf to think, I believe I could name half-a-ſcore.

What charms they could ſee in old tatter'd crape, a ſanctified fiz, and a band:
'Tis a ſcandal for a gentlewoman to be a parſon's wife in this land.

They

They might in their garrets live for me long enough,
and with pride remember,
That they're the higheſt ſervants in the houſe, but ne'er
ſhould come within my chamber.

Fie, forbear your impertinent airs. What do you think
the people will ſay?
I'll give them no reaſon to call my prudence in queſtion,
and ſuppoſe with the chaplain I'm running away.

Look, the houſe-keeper ſees; mother's woman peeps out
at the window:
O Gad, I ſhall have my tea ſpoil'd every morning if
they once think I befriend you.

Mr. Funn, of fat-gooſe's living, is ſo old and weak, I
heard my brother ſay,
That he now only ſmokes two ounces, and drinks a
quart of brandy in a day.

If the good man ſhould die, the parſonage is deſign'd for
you,
To portion Mrs. Nab; ſhe has but a child or two.

Then

Then you may ſleep, ſtudy diſdain, keep your chariot and a pair:
She can pickle and preſerve; you may drink and ſmoke like other folk, and a ſhining beaver wear.

[N° 38.]

No might nor greatneſs in mortality
Can cenſure 'ſcape. Back-wounding calumny
The whiteſt virtue ſhakes: nothing ſo ſtrong
Can tie the gall up in the ſland'rous tongue.

Shakeſpear.

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOUR *plus aloes quam mellis* hath more malice than truth in it. A man of your ſenſe and generoſity ſhould be very cautious how you laſh at the reputation of any particular man, in inveighing againſt the reigning vices of the age. The way to attack any general enormity is to give us a

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 167.

lively

lively image of this oppoſite virtue: this would engage converts to ſmiling innocence, whilſt uncharitable truths fright us with their ſevere and frowning aſpects. " Almoſt any " kind of wit will ſerve to abuſe and " find fault; for wit is a keen inſtrument, " every one can cut and gaſh with it, but " to carve a beautiful image, and to poliſh it, " requires great art and dexterity". Thus Tillotſon teaches us.

Suppoſing Alice Threadneedle's narrative were true, yet, good Sir, is this a proper method to bring over the delinquent? ſo publick a relation of this kind, " ſerves " not to reclaim but encourage the offen- " der, and precipitate him into farther de- " grees of ill. Modeſty and fear of ſhame " is one of thoſe natural reſtraints which the " wiſdom of heaven hath put on mankind; " and he that once ſtumbles may yet, by a " check of that bridle, recover again: but " when by a publick detection he hath " fallen under that infamy he feared, he " will then be apt to diſcard all caution, " and to think he owes himſelf the utmoſt " pleaſures of vice as the price of his repu- " tation." This laſt paragraph, you ſee, I have tranſcribed from the good-natured author of the Whole duty of man, who hath the utmoſt deteſtation of vice, but charity for the ſinner, whoſe converſion he ſeeks not by wounding him in his reputation.

Beſides

Beſides this, why muſt this enormity of wenching be ſhuffled off of the Engliſh, and thrown on a nation, which through the ill-nature or want of manners in the generality of the Britons, is already ſufficiently deteſted by them, who are reſolved to allow no one good quality in the Iriſh, but take delight in ſullying their reputations, as if they found themſelves (after all their envious detractions) maſters of thoſe good qualities they endeavour to deſtroy in the owners.

So a wild Tartar, when he ſpies
A man that's handſome, valiant, wiſe,
If he can kill him, thinks to inherit
His wit, his beauty, and his ſpirit;
As if juſt ſo much he enjoy'd
As in another is deſtroy'd, &c. HUD.

The compoſing of ill-grounded differences would be a ſubject not unbecoming your pen: and if at your leiſure you handle the unreaſonable prejudices that this nation hath to foreigners, you might take away the only exception that abroad is made to the civility, politeneſs, and good ſenſe, of the people of this Iſland. This by the by.

I can aſſure you I am as great an abhorror of the practice of deluding women as any one, and I would have you ſhew this vice in

in its true light; not palliate nor excuſe this enormity, but on the other hand, not magnify mole-hills into mountains, or expoſe the perſon rather than the crime: for it is not alone the man you point at, but others, will reſent the characters you give, out of fear of their being liable to the licence you take. The little ſlips all men are ſubject to ought to be allowed ſome grains of candour and kind conſtruction; as I hope you will do to thoſe you meet with here from

Your obliged ſervant,

PHILO-MAC.

[Nº 39.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE town of Derby being ſo remote from this city, I thought it poſſible you might not be acquainted with the crimes and miſdemeanors that a gentleman, an inhabitant of that place, is guilty of: and leſt (through that means) he ſhould eſcape your juſt cenſure, I think myſelf obliged to inform you, that he has of late followed that moſt vile trade of kid-napping; and without

without any regard or tenderneſs to the fair ſex, ſeeks to rob and deprive them of thoſe lovers they have lawfully gain'd by no other arts but their natural charms; and by theſe his unwarrantable practices, he propoſes to make proviſion for his own ſiſters and daughters, which otherways he finds is too hard a task for him, there being a ſcarcity of men in the town. I have not heard that any of his enterprizes have yet ſucceeded; but as that is no leſſening of his crime, ſo I hope you will order him ſuch puniſhment as you ſhall think due to ſo great an offender.

London, Oct. 7. Yours, &c.

A. B.

[N° 40.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

IT troubles me to ſee men make themſelves ridiculous by too much civility.

Being lately in company, I could not help taking notice of one, that was reſolved (in my opinion) to pleaſe every man he talk'd to. He offered me his ſnuff-box; and upon my returning it, and telling him I ſeldom took ſnuff, replied, that he ſeldom took any nei-

ther, notwithſtanding, I am aſſured he is one of the beſt cuſtomers Charles Lillie hath. A friend of mine preſent had his perriwig ſhorter than he uſually wears them, and was pleaſed to complain of the maker for ſerving him ſo. Sir, (ſaid the good-natur'd man) I have the misfortune to be ſerved ſo myſelf, though it was impoſſible for any one that viewed him behind, to diſcover one eighth of his back.

Pray, Sir, take this into your conſideration, and convince thoſe fine gentlemen, it is poſſible to oblige by ſpeaking the truth, and not inconſiſtent with good-manners, either to contradict or be ſilent, rather than offend againſt it.

I am,

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

and conſtant reader,

June 16. 1711. E. N.

[N° 41.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

AS you are Spectator of Great-Britain, you will not refuſe to inſert in your paper a reaſonable complaint; and as you are a man, you will pity a young woman made miſerable by the falſeſt man alive.

I was in my bloom when V——s (ſuch was the monſter's name) was admitted into a family, of which at that time I was a member. He wanted ſome years of my age, was juſt ſet up for a gentleman, and withal, was one of thoſe fops who think no woman can look on them but muſt ſtraight admire them.

Whether his vanity inclined him to believe ſomething of that nature in me, or whether out of an affected pride to ſhew his parts, I am not able to determine; but this is certain, it was not long before he let me know I was not indifferent to him. Long did I reſiſt his amorous attacks, long did I withſtand his engaging vows and binding proteſtations, but time and opportunity betrayed me. After a long reſiſtance I was forc'd at laſt to capitulate, and vows of laſting conſtancy did paſs between us. O heavens!

what raptures did he not expreſs? what did he ſay, or rather, what did he not ſay, when he knew he had gained the foremoſt place in my affections? How often did he ſay, how barbarous and inhuman it would be, to betray ſuch innocent and ſpotleſs love as mine was?

But not long after an unhappy occaſion cauſing my ſeparation from the family, then the cataſtrophy of theſe things appeared: he that but a little before was ever reminding me of his endleſs love and conſtancy, now avoided me, and never approached me unleſs with ſhy civility and cold indifference. He publickly diſowns that paſſion which lately he profeſſed his greateſt ornament, laughs at my credulity, and mocks at my reproaches.

I doubt not but he will in this letter ſee his picture, know it, and be aſhamed of it: but let him alſo know, after ſuch baſe and inhuman uſage, I deteſt him, and am reſolved to deſpiſe and abhor him; which I had long ſince done, had my rebellious heart but followed the dictates of my ſounder reaſon.

My ſucceſſor in his affections had neither beauty nor fortune to deſerve or attract him, nor hath wit to preſerve him: a woman, whom (if I may be allowed to ſpeak without preſumption) I am in moſt things ſuperior to. I had not writ this letter, only to make the reſt of my ſex beware of ſuch monſters,

monſters, who love us without reaſon, and leave us without cauſe.

I am now endeavouring (and I hope with ſucceſs) to hate the lover, and deſpiſe the man, that ſo by degrees I may abhor the monſter, and be brought to a ſtate of indifference towards the man: to do which is the fixed and ſteady reſolution of

Your daily admirer,

Nov. 21. 1712. MARY SPINSTER.

[N° 42.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOUR noble, generous, and invincible endeavours to reform the age, by ſetting in a true light the beauty of virtue, and by unveiling vice of its dazling and deceiving appearances, and expoſing its poiſonous and infectious deformity, has emboldened me to ask you the following queſtion: If after a man has been for a long time received and declared an honourable lover, and has faithfully paſſed through the many bur-

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* *Vid. Spectators*, N° 187. 401.

denſome and ſtupid ceremonies of running after, ogling, and leading out in all publick places, and has been freely and cheerfully allowed all the freedoms, familiarities, and favours, that modeſty can well permit, or virtuous love demand, may then a lady ſtop upon pretence of giving no encouragement? and if ſhe ſo do, may ſhe not juſtly and deſervedly be called a jilt, or may ſhe ſtill remain a real virtuous woman, or only a kind of one? or is it to be indulged as one of thoſe faſhionable vices, on which blind cuſtom has ſtampt a certain praiſe and charm, and are ſupported by the arbitrary ſway of legiſlative faſhion, and ſeem to threaten a general inſurrection againſt virtue, by ſupporting one defect with another, and ſupply want of honour, innocence, and truth, by want of ſhame, modeſty, and honeſty, and make vice its own reward?

In other galantries, the fair ſex are often more imprudent than criminal: and I ſee no reaſon why a lover in any affair of mere gallantry ought not to look upon a diſappointment with the ſame favourable eye, as he would do upon the unhappy misfortune of one man's killing another fairly in a duel, being provoked thereto by the other's endeavouring to ruin his fame and reputation: tho' I muſt own, I neither approve of imprudent gallantries, or even honourable duelling; but infidelity in the firſt caſe may juſtly

juſtly be compared to the barbarous inhumanity of murdering your deareſt and beſt friend under truſt.

I hope this hint will afford a theme to your polite and agreable ſpeculations, which at the ſame time will divert and improve.

Be ſo good, for the common advantage of all jilts, to return me an anſwer in one of your publick papers, which will revive the drooping ſpirits of jilted lovers, and awaken them from their imaginary dreams of unhappineſs; and for the future put an effectual ſtop to all ſuch ungrateful, ungenerous, and abominable practices.

I humbly beg pardon for giving you this trouble, and can aſſure you, that I am with the utmoſt reſpect, and all ſincerity,

SIR,

Your moſt humble,

and moſt faithful ſervant,

KILL-JILT.

[N° 43.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

READING yours of the 11th inſtant, treating on the addreſs and reception of court-attenders at the levies of ſome great perſons, it put me in mind of a paſſage relating to my ſelf, when I went from the Exchange to Golden-ſquare, to attend a gentleman of no mean quality, being nobly deſcended, tho' perhaps as little pudding in his bag as his attendant, who went not to him officiouſly, but by virtue of a meſſage from him, that he deſired to ſpeak with me: whereas before, he frequently came into the city to meet me; but unknown to me, he had in the interval of my laſt meeting him acquired a conſiderable poſt at court; and when I came to his houſe, found his attendants increaſed and embelliſhed, and great diſtance kept by them from their maſter.

At my firſt appearance at his houſe, there was ſuch a cluttering up and down ſtairs by his footmen, that I found as much difficulty to ſpeak to one of them, as with a

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 193.

peer

peer of the realm; and perhaps after about an hour's attendance, I got one of the beſt-natured of them to receive my meſſage, and tell his maſter who waited. After which, I ſtaid about half an hour before I could ſee the ſame footboy's worſhip again, (for I thought it in vain to ſpeak to another) who confeſſed he had forgot me, and deſired me to repeat my name again, which I did, when he told me he would acquaint his maſter, tho' he doubted it would be very difficult for me to ſpeak with him that morning, inaſmuch that many attended him, and he was likewiſe poſting to Whitehall, &c. however, I replied, do you but tell him my name, and bring me his anſwer, which at laſt he did, viz. that his maſter would ſend for me up to him quickly. Wherewith being ſatisfied, I waited patiently near an hour longer; but not hearing from him, I went away, leaving my meſſage with one, (who I knew was bound to wait his leiſure) that I could not longer wait, being obliged to attend a certain duke about that very time; which I did, and to whom I had acceſs, and was diſpatched in leſs than half an hour. I had thoughts of returning to my gentleman, which I might have done time enough; but I reſolved rather to go to a coffee-houſe, and write him a letter; which I did, to this effect, viz.

SIR,

SIR,

IN compliance to your meſſage ſent me, I came to receive your commands; but, after waiting about two hours, I departed, to attend a peer of no leſs quality than a duke, who was pleaſed to ſpeak with me, (tho' not ſent for or expected by him) and diſpatch'd me in half an hour. When therefore you want to ſpeak with me again, pleaſe to come to me into the city, as you have been wont to do, or commiſſionate your ſervants to treat gentlemen more civilly, than either to conceal or forget their errants to you, and not preſume to make merchants, or others you have to do with, who value their time to come ſo far (not without charge) and attend ſo long to no purpoſe, and then return *re infecta.*

This modeſt reprimand effected my end, for I quickly heard of my gentleman in the city, with more court-excuſes than I deſired: nor did I ever go afterwards to ſtay a quarter of an hour, without being ſent for up to him, whether in bed or out of it.

Sir, this is my ſtory, which your aforeſaid Spectator put me in mind of; the repeating whereof to you may by your wiſdom be culti-

cultivated for publick uſe and ſervice, which is all my end. Who am,

SIR,

Your admirer, and

humble ſervant,

London, October 27. 1711. J. B.

[N° 44.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE been long obliged to you for abundance of inſtructive pleaſure; but ſince the great, the polite, the witty, and the wiſe, were all under the ſame obligation, I thought that they only could make proper acknowledgments; and that it was not worth your while to know, that I was your admirer. But as the one thing that I am knowing in is friendſhip, I have confidence enough in my skill, in all its movements, to make me ſure, that I can now ſay ſomething acceptable, ſince I can tell you, that even you are exceeded by your friend.

Cato has raiſed me to ſuch a pitch of rapture, that when I thought to continue the unut-

unutterable pleaſure, tho' I varied its courſe by beginning a freſh volume of the Spectators, I found that they could not maintain it; Cato ſtill was wanting. I wiſh I could ſupply that one deficiency in giving you a perfect idea of my friend, from which you might form a character full as admirable as his; but alaſs! I am equally unable to draw the ſublime and the delicate in that glorious maid: ſo I return to Cato to be a-new tranſported, and ſtill I find freſh charms: there I reproach my feebleneſs of ſoul, whilſt I ſee him triumphant over misfortune; there I behold Cato himſelf in more than native greatneſs, when he meets the news, and the remains of his ſon Marcus.

But why do I dwell on particulars, where all is beauty, where the chaſtity of the language is as admirable, as the ſublimity and juſtneſs of the thoughts, and all the ſadneſs it inſpires, is noble? No wicked plots ſucceed in Utica, but all that die, fall juſtly, or happily; quite different from the turn of other tragedies, which leave me ſometimes under that uneaſineſs which I think Dr. More calls a virtuous envy, at the ſuperior force of villainous contrivance: and at others, ſo vexed with the errors that undid the hero, that I have wondered how you could find beauty in diſtreſſes, that gave me ſo much anxiety and horror; till I conſidered, that good nature might exiſt without ſuch an exceſſive mixture of tender-

tenderneſs as is in mine. Yet ſtill methinks reaſon, as well as I, muſt ſure be better pleaſed, to ſee a great man emerge calmly from a world that was grown too mean-ſpirited for his ſtay longer than to imagine him fool'd out of life by ſome deteſtable fraud, or made diſtractedly miſerable in it.

I much wiſh to ſee Paulus Emilius, or Scipio, adorned by the ſame inimitable hand that has given freſh rays to Cato.

The noble inſtance of chaſtity in Scipio ſeems particularly to demand his juſtice.

When I conſider to whom I addreſs this artleſs ſcribble, and the ſtrange liberty I have taken, I am really amazed at my own aſſurance: but, Sir, I am perfectly unknown to you, and ſufficiently certain of being always ſo; ſince I live in ſuch obſcurity, that Cato did not reach me till this week. I perſuade my ſelf too, that if you cannot forbear laughing at my impertinence, you will be ſo generous as to do it alone, and to burn this paper as ſoon as you have ſeen that I am,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

Auguſt the 15th. E. S.

Mr. SPEC-

[Nº 45.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

WHICH is the leaſt to be pitied, a woman married to a man ſhe loves, and ſhe not beloved by him; or one married to a man ſhe cannot love, and of whom ſhe is beloved?

Your ſpeedy anſwer will oblige two of your ſubſcribers, who are in the unhappy circumſtances, and each of us thinking our misfortunes greateſt,

SYLVIA and PHILIS.

Wedneſday, June 29. 1715.

[Nº 46.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

A GENTLEMAN in ——ſhire, of an eſtate of about a thouſand pound a year, which was all in his own diſpoſal, had one only child, a daughter, which he had brought up

* *Vid. Spectator*, Nº 181.

with

with great care and regard, both of which ſhe ſeemed well to merit, by the ſtrictneſs of her duty and love to him. When Amanda (for ſo I ſhall call her) arrived at the age of about 21, ſeveral of the neighbouring gentlemen offered themſelves to her father, as ſuitors to her, amongſt which was one, that in his perſon, underſtanding and fortune, appeared to him as a man deſerving of his favour, and as ſuch he recommended him to his daughter. The time that he choſe for breaking this matter to her, was one morning at breakfaſt; and tho' his love to her was ſuch as would in almoſt every affair in life, have led him rather to the friendly method of adviſing than to the authoritative dictates of a father, yet in this, on which he thought her future peace as well as his own depended, he ſeemed to lay his command on her to receive Mr. Bellamont, as a gentleman he had fix'd upon for a ſon-in-law.

Amanda, who about three months before this had been privately married to Ruſticius, one of her father's diſtinguiſhed menial ſervants, and by whom ſhe was now with child, fell inſtantly into a ſwoon, the conſequence of which had like to have been fatal, ſhe being confined to her bed for near three weeks after; during all which time the tenderneſs of her father was ſo particular, that he never ſo much as once mentioned

the

the affair of Mr. Bellamont, which he believed to have been the cauſe of her illneſs. When ſhe was well enough (for the firſt time) to come to table, Ruſticius her husband, whoſe turn it was to wait, and who had not ſeen her till now during her long indiſpoſition, was ſo overjoyed, that his ſenſe as well as ſtrength failing him, he let fall a diſh of ſoop full upon his maſter, who enraged at what he thought proceeded from careleſneſs, call'd him blockhead, puppy, and raſcal; and (according to the modiſh phraſe) threaten'd to uncaſe him, and turn him out of doors. Here Amanda riſing from table with what little ſtrength ſhe had, (having firſt bid Ruſticius leave the room) threw her ſelf at her father's feet, begg'd his forgiveneſs for what ſhe was to relate, which was, that a repetition of ſuch uſage to Ruſticius would infallibly be her death, for that he was her husband.

Her father thus thunder-ſtruck flew immediately out of the room, and went to his cloſet, where he locked himſelf up, without taking the leaſt notice of Amanda, whom he left grovling on the floor, and near diſſolved in tears and terror; but in about two hours after this he called, and enquired how his daughter did, and ordered her to come up to him. As ſoon as ſhe entred the cloſet he took her in his arms, and wept ſo immoderately, that he had not power to

ſay

ſay more, than be comforted, I am endeavouring to forgive you. As ſoon as Amanda was retir'd, and he had brought his mind to a little compoſure, he ſends for Ruſticius up; and having locked him up with him, he began to expoſtulate thus: Ruſticius, here has been poor unhappy Amanda, who tells me ſhe is your wife; tell me, when and where you were married, tell me who is in the ſecret either of your ſide or hers; and laſtly, let me know what you propoſe to do with her? Ruſticius (who had not yet been able to ſpeak to Amanda, was wholly a ſtranger to the dawn of kindneſs that had broke out from her father to her) was in the utmoſt confuſion, but yet of ſo reſolved a temper of mind, that immediately falling on his knees, in a manner that beſpoke him ſuperior to the livery-coat he wore, reply'd, Sir, it is true, that about fourteen weeks ſince I had the honour to marry your daughter in the chapel in the Tower of London; that no one perſon knows the ſecret beſides our ſelves, except during the late illneſs of Amanda ſhe had diſcovered it, which he could not think ſhe had; and that the ſurprize ariſing from his joy, to ſee her this day well enough to come down to table, was what hurried him into the accident that had now diſcovered it. As to your laſt queſtion, Sir, (continued he) Amanda having declared to me, that ſhe can be well content with

whatever plan of life her imprudent act ſhall throw her into, I have promiſed (and will perform) to make the beſt proviſion that induſtry and care on my part ſhall be able to procure for the ſupport of my wife, though I can never have the leaſt view of rewarding your daughter, nor meriting ſo much as the happineſs of your forgiveneſs.

Here the father bid him riſe; and ringing for Amanda, who immediately came up, he bid her ſit down, and told her that now he had had the fatal ſtory from Ruſticius, he had ſent for her, as a mark of his love, to give her a parting interview with her husband; that he had thoughts of ſaving a child he had ſo dearly loved; but in his preſent diſtreſs he was only able to ſay, that they muſt immediately part (without any queſtions to him) if they had any deſire to meet again, upon a better foot than that of ſtarving.

As for you, Ruſticius, pull off that coat immediately, leave my houſe this night, and dare not on any conſideration to ſtay longer in this country than to morrow; when I command you, without ſaying one word in my family, or to any other perſon whatever, of your good fortune and my diſgrace, to go up to London. In a little time my daughter ſhall write you my thoughts; and if you are wiſe and will merit it, you may not perhaps wholly want my favour.

Ruſti-

Ruſticius in a confuſed joy took off his livery; and laying it at his maſter's feet, threw himſelf on it, and begged that he might at parting have the favour to kiſs his wife. The father, in a diſtreſs that words can but faintly paint, burſt into tears; and going out of the cloſet left them together, but in a few minutes he return'd; and giving Ruſticius a bank-bill for 30 l. and five guinea's in money, ordered him immediately to depart the houſe; and in his going off to give out, that the occaſion of his being turned off was a quarrel that he had with him. Ruſticius immediately obeyed, and went to a farm-houſe about two miles diſtant, where he lay that night, not forgetting to frame ſuch a tale of the reaſon of his coming from his maſter's, as paſſed ſo current in the country as to prevent even a ſuſpicion of the true cauſe.

The next morning he ſet out for London, where he received a letter from Amanda as ſoon as he arrived, by which he found, that if he complied with the directions of her father, that there were great hopes of their being happy. With this firſt letter there came a bill for him for a hundred pound, with orders for him to equip himſelf like a gentleman, to get into the company and acquaintance of perſons of worth and underſtanding, and to omit no opportunities of improving himſelf; and laſtly, for him, in

ſome little time to look out for a vacant colours or lieutenancy in ſome regiment in Flanders, for the purchaſe of which he ſhould have money remitted him; (but he was obliged to go abroad into actual ſervice) and of all the ſteps he ſhould take in theſe affairs he was conſtantly to ſend an account to Amanda.

Ruſticius, who was very much ſuperior in underſtanding to the generality of thoſe in that way of life in which fortune had at firſt thrown him, fell very ſoon into a polite and gentlemanly converſation; and by his behaviour and good management got himſelf, within three months after his being in town, recommended to buy in as a lieutenant in —— regiment, and went over to Flanders, where he ſerved the campaign very much to the improvement of his talents, and to his advantage, by the character he gained of being an ingenious and deſerving man.

Amanda, who at the time of Ruſticius's coming to London was three months gone with child, was by her father ſent to a ſiſter of his in a remote part of Cornwall, to lye-in; though to cover the ſecret ſhe was ſent publickly in appearance to the Bath, for the recovery of her health, which her father gave out was impaired by his too warmly inſiſting on the affair of Mr. Bellamont to her. Mr. Bellamont, who is one of thoſe gentlemen that marry wives by weight

weight only, having at this time an offer made him of another lady with a 1000 l. more than was agreed for on Amanda's part, gladly took this opportunity to break off, without any other trouble than writing a civil letter to Amanda's father in excuſe, and was married to the other lady the next day after. While this accident of Mr. Bellamont's marriage, ſo fortunate for Amanda, happen'd in ——ſhire, ſhe was no leſs happy in her ſelf, by being ſafely delivered of a ſon in Cornwall, with whom ſhe ſtaid at her aunt's houſe for a year after.

The campaign in which Ruſticius firſt ſerved being over, he got leave to come to England to recruit, and got the place neareſt to Amanda's reſidence in Cornwall aſſign'd him for that buſineſs. During three months that Ruſticius ſtaid here, Amanda, who had a conſtant and kind correſpondence with her father, wrote often to him in the commendation and behalf of Ruſticius: nor did ſhe write in vain, for her father, who had made ſeveral preſents to him ſince the time he left the family, now wrote a letter directly to him, and told him, that when he went over to Flanders, he would have him purchaſe a company, for which money ſhould be ready laid for him in Holland. Ruſticius, well pleaſed at this, ſoon made up his complement of recruits, (not forgetting, while he was ſerving his country in that way,

to leave a recruit alſo to his family) and returned to Flanders, where he had not been three months before he exchanged his leiutenancy for a company, in which command he ſerved with very great reputation and honour four years.

Upon the notion of a peace Ruſticius came over to England, and was joyfully met in London by Amanda and her father, who now gave him a ſum of money (which he raiſed by the ſale of part of his own eſtate) ſufficient to purchaſe him an eſtate in a diſtant county of near 300 l. per annum, which eſtate was in the poſſeſſion of a family of the ſame ſirname with Ruſticius. Set out thus with a good eſtate in poſſeſſion, (which was to be deem'd as belonging originally to his family) a company of foot, and the well-deſerved title of a gentleman, he went (by concert between his father, Amanda and himſelf) down into the country to pay a viſit to his old maſter, where he was received and treated like a man of figure, with the hoſpitality and candour of a well-bred country gentleman.

Long before this, Amanda's father had, for the purpoſe of Ruſticius's reception, twice changed his whole ſett of ſervants, that the character of the gentleman might not ſuffer diminution from the remembrance of fellow-ſervitude.

And

And now, to close the well laid-project for the support and saving of a beloved child, the old gentleman seem'd to suffer himself with some regret to admit of Rusticius's courting Amanda; and in a very short time they were publickly married (a second time) at his own parish-church, he having first settled the whole of his estate on Amanda and her children, though he had privately done it two years before.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble servant,

W. H.

P. S. Sir, the melancholy letter you gave us in this day's Spectator, with the agreable story of your own, was what led me to give you the trouble of this history, which I assure you is really and literally true, that you might from hence inforce once more to barbarous (because displea'd) parents, that even when their children may happen to match themselves never so unequally, that by a little kind care they may save them, though it is not expected, that many who shall run the like risque, will either deserve or meet with the good fortune of Amanda and Rusticius.

[N° 47.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOUR remarks on the diſtant notions of the court and the city are very entertaining. You have juſtly obſerved in your former ſpectators the great influence of coffee-houſes, in forming our ſentiments of politicks.

I have with great delight obſerved the advances ſome novices in theſe abſtruſe arts have made; and I have ſeen a taylor that could not read (by frequenting this coffee-houſe half a year) able to argue an hour on paſſive-obedience, half an hour againſt the laſt miniſtry, and to cloſe the whole with a panegyrick on the preſent.

This place is happy for the concourſe of ſeveral polite young traders, who ſpend their pence that they may have an opportunity to diſplay their bright parts on ſome political argument.

Affectation is the reigning vice; but how ridiculous is it to ſee them deciding the moſt difficult affairs, cenſuring or commending after their nauſeous manner? This muſt proceed from a want of diſcourſe and a barren-

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 197.

neſs

neſs of invention. The moſt empty fellow may find enough to ſay to make one appear an able man in the top-coffee-houſes.

Pray let ſuch know, that dealing in Scotch-plads, Colcheſter-bays, and pewter-platters, has no affinity with a barrier-treaty, or the conferences at Utretch.

Your humble ſervant,

Jack's-coffee-houſe,
near Guild-hall.

J. P.

P. S. Juſt now there aroſe a debate here between an old pewterer a politician, and a young enſign. The tradeſman taking a liberty to talk a little too freely on the actions of our preſent general, the enſign anſwered him in this pathetick ſentence, Who would be a general, if every petty-fellow ſhould take a freedom to cenſure his actions? The tradeſman told him, that he had a right to it, ſince it was ſuch as he that maintained them. The diſpute laſted a quarter of an hour, and was managed on both ſides with great bravery, till the man of war gave a fierce cock to his hat, which made the tradeſman retire without any damage.

Mr. SPEC-

[N° 48.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

AMONG your many and uſeful ſpeculations, I find none (as I remember) relates to a family-ſpy: the many quarrels, diſputes, and inconveniencies, that ariſe from ſuch a creature, are inumerable, and cauſes ſo many jealouſies and fears betwixt the maſter and his ſervants, that are inſupportable: nay, ſometimes the heads of families themſelves are for ever diſunited by them.

The remedy of ſo great an evil will oblige many of your admirers. Go on then and proſper in ſo uſeful a work; and for which you ſhall never want the ſincere deſires and thanks of,

SIR,

Your hearty well-wiſher,

Sept. 27. 1711. V. T.

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 202.

Mr. SPEC-

[N° 49.]

Parabilem amo Venerem facilemque. HOR.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

AS I am naturally of an amorous complection, I have always eſteemed it my particular happineſs that I am not too delicate in the choice of the fair one. Far be it from me therefore, that I ſhould pretend to the dignity of intrigue; for as my amours are with perſons of low rank, they cannot be conſtrued to be within the meaning of ſo polite an appellation. I confeſs, the delight of my eyes to be the tall, ſlim, clean, chamber-maid, with whom with remarkable fondneſs I can pour out my ſoul; and I am altogether of opinion with that gentleman who ſays,

The nymph has Grafton's, Cecil's, Churchil's charms,
If with reſiſtleſs fires my ſoul ſhe warms,
With balm upon her lips, and rapture in her arms.

There is one great advantage in the converſation with this ſort of people, which is the being perfectly poſſeſſed of one's ſelf, and the conſtant ability to communicate our idea's

idea's in the ſame full light they ſtrike ourſelves. My addreſs therefore is in the flower of poetry and rhetorick, and my diſcourſe ſo reſolv'd and impetuous, as to admit of no interruption that may throw me out of my own way of dialogue, which I carry on with great triumph. If I am reduced to nonſenſe, I ſupport myſelf handſomly by tenderneſs of looks and geſture; and upon theſe movements have been always confeſſed a moſt bewitching creature.

I muſt obſerve to you, that I am a little unhappy in a ſort of wall-eye, which upon theſe occaſions glares with inſufferable brightneſs. As I was at a gentleman's houſe the other day, an impertinent curioſity led me into his kitchen, where I immediately addreſſed myſelf to the ſcullion; but found this ſalamander immovable by my fineſt periods: and was given to underſtand, that if I had proceeded in this my amour, I ſhould have found a very ſullen and potent rival in the poſtilion.

Now the girl being much upon the obfusk, and the chaplain of the family within reach of my learning, I thought I could not make my exit out of this warm region with a better air, and in finer irony, than in repeating,

Daphne candidior, frigidiorque nive.

When

When I came into the dining-room, I found I was received with ſome ſurprize; and upon examination it ſoon appeared that the united railery of the kitchen had judiciouſly hung an ornamental diſh-clout upon my rear; the bearer of which trophy could not be received but with very particular applauſe.

One of the greateſt advantages ariſing from my humility in love is, that my natural children are very eaſily provided for; and there is not an alley of any reputation in town that is not fill'd with the lamentations of ſome of my progeny, diſtributed upon clean ſtraw by a ſeeming diſtreſs'd mother.

Another advantage is, that as I never viſit a courtier or citizen's wife, I am never occaſionally cramm'd under a bed, or into a cheſt.

I am, SIR,

Your conſtant admirer,

and humble ſervant,

CHARLES EASY.

[N° 50.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM a youth of about eighteen, and am very miſerable in not having been born before that ingenious raſcal Michael de Cervantes had exploded knight-errantry, the ſpirit of which exerts itſelf very powerfully in me with variety of ſucceſs.

I have attack'd moſt of the round-houſes in London and Weſtminſter, ſometimes delivering the unfortunate knights and ladies out of the hands of her majeſty's mid night repreſentatives, at other times becoming a priſoner myſelf to thoſe princes of darkneſs.

The more impregnable this little caſtle with its guard ſeemed, the readier was I always to demoliſh it. Two things indeed ſeem a little incompatible, that as I make it my buſineſs to ſuccour all perſons I find in diſtreſs, I think it neceſſary alſo to knock down every perſon that is not ſo; and thus keep myſelf in due exerciſe, by diverting the ſcene of action from the relief of ſome, and offending others to a defence of myſelf.

I met

I met a bear the other day in Fleet-ſtreet, from the conqueſt of which I propoſed immortal renown; but two or three of my friends ſuſpecting the victory ſomething more than I did, prevented my attack.

I muſt confeſs I differ a little from the ancient knight-errants in point of amour, in which I can by no means ſubſiſt by the meer contemplation of the fair one.

Since my aim is a life of action, I wiſh I could get well recommend to that enterprizing monarch of the North, whom my natural propenſity to exploit and atcheivement, would certainly relieve in his preſent emergencies.

I am,

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

[N° 51.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOUR late diſcourſe on dependance has made me reflect on the character of Lælius, who is the beſt of patrons and the beſt of men. That great good man is the moſt benevolent and obliging to all that have the happineſs to depend upon him: he converſes with them with the freedom and openneſs of a friend, and relieves and aſſiſts them with the care and tenderneſs of a father. He is above the little arts made uſe of by men of power, who keep perſons in dependance to ſupport their grandeur, and feed their pride. Real worth is the only object of his favour, which he employs all his intereſt and power to reward. Under his wing virtue is ſure of a ſafe retreat, is ſcreened from the inſults of the vicious, and placed in ſuch a character, as may make it beneficial to the world. The learned are improv'd by his converſation, as well as relieved by his bounty. The leaſt ſervice meets with the moſt generous acceptance. He does not think himſelf too great to be obliged, or to

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 214.

be

be above acknowledgments. His benevolence, as it is rightly placed, ſo is it very diffuſive. His generous mind is not contented with the many opportunities his high ſtation gives him of obliging, but his private fortunes are laid out in the ſame beneficence. There are many inſtances of men of piety and learning, who have felt the effects of his bounty, when the perſons were ſcarce known to him, and have been as it were retained to expect greater favours from him: an expectation not tedious and irkſome, to be kept up by flattery and menial attendance, but ſweetned with the delights of his converſation, and with that chearful reception, which a good man is ſure to be entertained with. His manner of obliging is ſuch, as well becomes the greatneſs of his mind. Some men do a ſervice with ſo haughty an air, that a man of ſpirit had rather be without it. It is ſaid of the great patron of the world, That he doth good, and upbraideth no man; and as good men are the moſt perfect images of the divine nature, ſo Lælius may be ſaid to be of this god-like temper. His graceful way of conveying a benefit, neither makes a man bluſh, nor raiſes his indignation; it comes from him with ſo much modeſty and ſo ingaging a ſweetneſs, that the pleaſure of receiving a favour is equal to the favour itſelf. In ſhort, Lælius is one

of the moſt virtuous, the beſt-natur'd, and the beſt-bred men in England; and a perſon ſo accompliſhed cannot fail of being the beſt of patrons.

Sir, I ſhall be obliged to you if you will inſert the preceding ſketch in one of your papers. I wrote it with a particular view; but the character being general, I cannot think it improper to be inſerted by you.

I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

Oxford, Nov. 7. 1711.

A. B.

Mr. SPEC-

[N° 52.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE obſerved a very different uſe and effect from bells and ringing: at a tavern, after much pulling the rope, generally follows curſing, roaring, and perhaps a pot or a bottle about the pate. At church, bowing, talking, ſaying prayers, preaching, tipping ſixpences, and ſleeping.

Quære diverſitatem,

X——, a preferrer of R. to C.

P. S. Methinks your ſpectator on mourning ſeems retrograde, inſtead of inclining to the diſmal, it made me laugh.

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 555.

[N° 53.]

To the SPECTATOR.

Moſt Diſcreet SIR,

I HAVE had a great deal of patience to wait till now to ſend you in my thanks for the many editions of inſtruction you frequently publiſh to teach the rude and ignorant, which numerous form you will diſcover me to be in. You may know I have a petition to you by heading my letter with this little piece of inſinuating decency.

I was the other night called to the Park to walk by two idle fellows, who, for want of another, put themſelves into a poſt of intelligence to know every woman that is pretty. They told me they had found out one licenſed to charm by all the arts of beauty, which they could not be eaſy till I had ſeen, for I was the only one of their acquaintance they had not treated with the ſight of her. I would not put them out of humour in denying them, becauſe it is a place reſorted to by many of wiſdom as well as vanity, to lay out that part of their time which brings up the rear of the day. Before we had taken two turns, we met her, with two others of her own ſex, who were learning

learning the ſlow-gait of her, (which ſhe ſteps to perfection). She moved with all the exact managery of a teacher, but careleſs'd it with air and freedom enough to look eaſy and natural. Her ſhape was exact and fine; but as my eyes went up her, upon the aſcent of her frame, they diſcovered a lovely face, but the moſt celebrated pieces in charming in that dioceſs, were her eyes. As we came near, ſhe ſaw me with theſe finders, which (by their frequent airings) had made themſelves intimate by ſight, in ſhewing her, with others, to all they knew, with as much regularity as the clerk of the tombs does the monuments of the dead in Weſtminſter-Abby. She knew their eyes had been in waiting theſe two months; and obſerving me to dart an admiration-ſtare full in her countenance, concluded mine were juſt come in too; but I deceived her, as I uſed to do the clerk of the Abby, by putting by hand in my pocket, and making that way, I ſaw his vanity in the hopes of taking me in: ſo when I came juſt to the gate, turn'd my eyes ſhort, and walk'd by it. This I did upon an obſervation of ſome of her ſex that ſerved me as ſhe did, when they have ſeen a ſtranger walking with two or three men they have known, by an inquiſitiveneſs after them, who take notice of them, they will pay his face a ſhort viſit the firſt time of ſight, with the ſame pleaſing pride as a per-

ſon does a horſe that is brought as a preſent. This they are led to by that dictate of nature to admire what is ſtrange; but the ſecond time they ſee him, he muſt ſuffer with the others by not being look'd at, for when they meet one, they either drop their ſight, affectedly ſeeming to admire the ground in pretence of a ſhame in being too handſome, or elſe clap a tenderneſs in their eyes, and look upon one with an air of chaſtity in compaſſion to conqueſt.

This manner of ſhewing one another a woman we like, gives them this vanity, for when ſhe is coming we intend to ſhew, we muſt give the perſon with us ſome hint to let him know which is ſhe. This they perceive by a cunning they are all gifted with to watch who admires them.

Now, after this rate, who can expect more than what they think is the liſting look, except now and then this tender charitable glance, which may be derived from a miſtaken pride, as pay only to maintain thoſe eyes they are apt to believe are already in their ſervice?

Now, Sir, I am elected ſcribe by the club I am a tippling member of, to repreſent this grievance to you, for it cannot but be imagined, we have a ſatisfaction in being admired as well as they, (though not ſo much) and they as we in admiring; but we are ſincere in our paſſions, and always direct our eyes

eyes to the perſon we wiſh to look at, and think ourſelves happy in the aid of thoſe interpreters by which we ſend our meaning.

Sir, what we ask of you is to prohibit all counterfeit looks that any way deny their inclinations, and exhort the tender glance ladies to get a delicate ſett of plain-dealing ogles, that ſhew their hearts with truth and fidelity. As for thoſe that affect not ſeeing at all, either ſtrongly excite them to look upon us as ordinary ambulating objects, as we meet one another in our motions, or put out a decree enjoining them not to walk the Park without a dog and a directing-pole, for the better counterfeit of being blind.

Sir, if the multitude of my words has not made me troubleſome, I hope to excuſe myſelf by the common compliment of ending, which you know is,

Your humble ſervant,

St. James's coffee-houſe, July 5. 1710.

ROBIN FARCE.

[N° 54.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM, what indeed I allow not altogether ſo commendable in an univerſity, a profeſs'd woman's-man. At thoſe idle hours, when our ſage politicians here are enquiring at the coffee-houſe how matters of a peace go on at Utrecht, and our abſtracted reaſoners are ripening their conceptions at a tavern with proper doſes of enlivening claret, I conſtantly repair to a ſelect ſociety of female-entertainers.

The liquor we indulge over is, as uſual, milk and tea; and our diſcourſe, as you may eaſily ſuppoſe, turns moſtly upon the Spectators.

I muſt obſerve to you, that being reputed the beſt ſcholar of the company at theſe our innocent and friendly meetings, I am ever applied too to read and explain your ingenious and admired performances.

I had gone on in this way with good ſucceſs and general approbation, till the other day meeting in one of your papers with theſe words, Grand Climacterick; in another with theſe, Indigent Lady; and thinking that in both the inſtances you ſoar'd above

bove female-literature, and wanted explication, I preſum'd to vary the phraſe, and put in Sixty-Three inſtead of Grand Climacterick, and for Indigent Lady read it Cambridge-Fortune. I then apprehended no harm at all in this adapting, as I thought, things to perſons; but ſince perceive, that my female-ſociety highly reſent my ill uſage of them, as though they did not underſtand the words Climacterick and Indigent; and in their anger have been heard to ſay, that we men think too meanly of womens abilities, and at the ſame time too well of our own.

Sir, I ſtill hope by degrees to rub thro' the difficulty, and regain the ladies favours. But I beg of you to lay no more traps in my way of this kind to cauſe me to diſoblige my beſt friends; but ſpeak ſo plainly as to leave no place for an interpreter: in which reſpect I am apt to be but too officious, I grant you; yet ever with an honeſt view to the improvement of thoſe I converſe with, neither upbraiding others with their ignorance, nor deſigning my own reputation for learning. To ſay the truth, ſince your papers have appeared in the world, and thoſe of our friend Iſaac, of glorious memory, our ladies here (and I conclude it is ſo every where elſe) are become knowing above the information of any little private fellow of a college.

I con-

I congratulate them heartily on their advances, and your ſelf for your publick ſervices.

If you judge this worthy of a place in your paper, it may be thought an open acknowledgemnt of my late error, and effectually reſtore him to the ladies good graces, who is

Your friend and ſervant,

Cambridge, Feb. 19. 1711-12.

The unfortunate THEASTER.

[N° 55.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE been married ſeveral years, in which time I have been grievouſly tormented by my wife to make her a lady, without any conſideration of my circumſtances; but more particularly of late, that when I was unfortunately concern'd in the preſenting one of thoſe extraordinary addreſſes that have come out of late, I would not make an intereſt for it. Dear Sir, if you have any charity for one in my miſerable circumſtances, I will venture (it cannot be worſe)

worſe) to beg you will come over and talk to my wife, who lives at T——n, near H——n C——t; but if not ſo much at leiſure, do not fail (for God's ſake) to ridicule this vanity of hers, for my good neighbours ſake as well as my own, they being under the ſame ſort of affliction for her pride and vanity as often as ſhe goes among them: and if you ſucceed in your admonition, you may be aſſured, that the next addreſs I am concern'd in, ſhall be one of thanks to your ſelf, ſubſcribed by all the men, women and children in my neighbourhood, and more particularly by

Your ever obliged ſervant,

Colonel HENPECK.

Dear Spec. do not forget me.

Bellum

[N° 56.]

——————— *Bellum ſinciputale.*

——————— *mihi feſtâ luce coquatur*
Urtica, & fiſſâ ſpumoſum ſinciput aure.

Perſ. Satyr 6. l. 70.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM a great admirer of your very profitable and delightful ſpeculations, and think the town is much your debtor for them. I have been bred a little to letters, and do confeſs my ſelf to be ſtrangely ſtruck with what is witty, ingenious, and inoffenfive too; but eſpecially when I find the rules and maxims of prudent and good living conveyed to the giddy and unthinking world, in cloſe argument and ſprightly expreſſion; ſo that if a man be but endued with good ſenſe and integrity of mind, he cannot chuſe but be powerfully mov'd to reflection and inſtruction. And this is what I conceive you generouſly deſign to recommend unto the world in your celebrated lucubrations, to make men at once both wiſe and virtuous.

But there is another good uſe of your papers, which, though it does not ſo directly tend

tend to true and ſtrict wiſdom and virtue, yet it enlarges and improves our knowledge, and eſtabliſhes a true reliſh and ſenſe of what we call human learning; in this I frequently find you a very judicious critick and as ſuch I deſire to refer to you a caſe of my own, in which I humbly conceive I am injured by the ſolemn determination even of the learned.

Mr. CENSOR,

MY caſe ſtands thus. I happened once to fall into ſome company, which I found very eagerly contending about a certain meaning of the word *ſinciput*.

One had ſtartled the more learned part of the company with a monſtrous ſenſe of this word, and affirm'd, that *ſinciput* ſignified a *ſous'd hog's-cheek*.

Your humble appellant having ſome ſignatures about him of having more learning than the reſt, thought it became him to expreſs his ſentiments in the caſe; and indeed I told my very confident friend, that I did not believe any ſuch thing. My friend was very eager to catch me eſpecially, and therefore made his full application to me, and would needs lay me a wager, that *ſinciput* did ſignify a *ſous'd hog's-cheek*, and that he would authentically prove it. I asked him how? he told me from Littleton's Dictiona-

ry.

ry. Wagers I own, according to the admonition of my friend Hudibras, add nothing to the weight of argument; but yet, out of a certain indignation to ſuch a baſtard-ſenſe of the word as I conceived, I did ſhake hands with him, and the wager was laid before the company, that Littleton had no ſuch ſenſe of the word.

Well! away goes my friend to fetch Littleton's dictionary, and having turn'd to the word, this ſignification I own did appear among others at the fag-end, to my great ſurprize and regret; and I proteſt, if he had ſhewn me a Gorgon's-head there, I could not have been more aſtoniſh'd.

Thus in a literal ſenſe I own I loſt my wager, and your poor and diſtreſs'd petitioner was ſeverely laugh'd at too.

What? cry they, are you not now convinced, that *ſinciput* ſignifies a *ſous'd hog's-cheek*, ὦ κατάρατε!

This lay croſs my mind, ſo I was reſolved to retire, and examine further into this matter, and began to conceive, after ſome time, that our learned Lexicographer for once might poſſibly be miſtaken. I conſulted Rider, Cole, Goldman, and the Cambridge dictionary, and ſtill I found my ſelf defeated, they all retaining this adulterate ſenſe of *ſinciput*. Bleſs me! ſays I, has too much learning made them all mad? is it poſſible

poſſible that this ſingle word can ſignify all theſe things? What is there in this *ſinciput* that can properly ſignify either the hogiety, or ſouciety, or, to ſpeak leſs barbarouſly, (in the opinion of ſome) how comes *ſinciput* ſingly of it ſelf to ſignify a hog's-cheek or head more than an ox or a ſheep's-head? or how can it denote that it was ſous'd? it may as well be ſaid, that it was carbonaded, boyl'd or roaſted, for aught *ſinciput* itſelf can ſay to the contrary. Thus my poor labouring mind was miſerably haraſs'd and tormented, till at laſt I toſſed over in a great heat Eliot and Cowper, and here found a little relief, and a new light ſprung up for my comfort and conſolation; which I hope ſo to purſue, that I ſhall make it palpably appear, that this ſenſe of the word is a meer error and miſtake *ex traduce*, born at firſt in ignorance, but nouriſh'd and brought up by inadvertency and an implicit faith: for Cowper methinks does not ſtrictly ſay, that *ſinciput* alone does ſignify a *ſous'd hog's-cheek*; but, as if he was jealous of this interpretation, he drops after it *ſinciput fumoſum*, as if *ſinciput* wanted ſome other words to ſupply and make up ſuch a large ſignification.

However this be, this preſently raiſed in my mind this doctrine, that theſe vocabulary-men (I am reſolved to degrade them what I can) can have no authority of their own, but what muſt be derived from good and claſ-

claſſick-authors, and therefore I reviewed them all once more, and found that they all, or moſt, quoted this interpretation from Perſius. To Perſius I flew like an eagle, and immediately found out the field of battle, and examined the place where this comprehenſive *ſinciput* lay, but found, to my own joy, and the confuſion of my alphabetical enemies, that *ſinciput* did not ſtand alone, but had other words joined with it to ſhew its ſignification; that it had ſeveral auxiliary companions about him which helped him out. The context ſtands thus,

——————*mihi feſtâ luce coquatur*
Urtica, & fiſſâ ſpumoſum ſinciput aure.

Now that which I offer to your worſhip's judgment from hence is this, that *ſinciput* even in this place of Perſius ſignifies no ſuch thing; but ſtill do affirm and allow, that *ſinciput* with his concomitant and contiguous words may by interpretation ſignify a *ſous'd hog's-cheek*; τὸ *ſinciput* has no ſuch ſenſe here, but *fiſſâ ſpumoſum ſinciput aure* may. Take it thus, the circumſtance of *fiſſâ aure* may give ſome probable grounds to interpreters to think, that it was an hog's-cheek, from the old and yet received cuſtom of ſlitting the ear of a hog's-head when kill'd, for the more commodious hanging it up in the chimney, or elſewhere; and *ſpumoſum* (if that reading

reading be right) may poſſibly ſignify its being ſous'd ; but to ſay that *ſinciput* alone ſignifies all this, is what I cannot, I will not own, *credat Judæus :* but yet, if ever it can be made appear from any other approved author (for here it does not) that *ſinciput* ſignifies any ſuch thing, I promiſe to ſubmit, and beg your pardon.

When I was young I was a little acquainted with ſome Academicks called Genus, and Species, and Qualitas, &c. which my judicious tutor Heerebord told me were the different repreſentatives of the different natures of things ; but theſe men ſeem to confound theſe categories, and to reduce different words meaning different things into one chaos-word meaning all at once. *Sinciput* is generical ; that it is a hog's cheek or head is ſpecifical ; and that it is ſous'd denotes a quality ; and for every one of theſe there ought to be ſome diſtinct word or notation, as in the context it honeſtly appears : but to ſay that the poor ſingle *ſinciput* can carry all theſe, is to lay ſuch a burden upon his ſhoulders, as he is not able to bear.

And now, Mr. Cenſor, my humble petition to your worſhip is briefly this :

Firſt, That ſeeing my wager is thus unhappily loſt, my reputation abuſed, and my money abſorpt, you would be pleaſed to reverſe this judgment thus injuriouſly paſs'd againſt

me by Adam Littleton, D. D. and all his uncanonical brethren.

Secondly, That you would order all the ſchool-maſters in Great-Britain, immediately to blot out of all the dictionaries in their reſpective ſchools, this apocryphal ſenſe of *ſinciput*, eſpecially out of Dr. Littleton's, by whom I am more immediately injur'd.

Thirdly, That you iſſue out your imperial edict from your cenſorial office, forbidding and commanding all publiſhers and printers whatever, that they never more preſume or dare to reprint, *ſinciput*, a ſous'd-hog's-cheek, upon pain of having their *ſinciputs* diſgraced with a *fiſſâ aure*.

And your petitioner ſhall ever pray.

Aug. 8. 1712. GULIELMUS PHILOLOGUS.

P. S. Before I leave, I beg your judgment as to the different readings of *ſpumoſum* and *fumoſum*, which laſt I find is quoted by Cowper, and read in the text by Lubin. I quote, you ſee, the common reading *ſpumoſum*, becauſe I conceive it rather gave occaſion to interpreters to believe that this *ſinciput* was ſous'd, and may indeed more reaſonably imply a liquid, but *fumoſum* cannot, but

but rather the quit contrary: but yet I rather prefer *fumoſum*, as ſuiting beſt with the ſenſe of the author and the context too. This *ſinciput* is a hog's-cheek, it is owned on both ſides, whether it be *ſpumoſum* or *fumoſum*; but *fumoſum* better repreſents the cuſtom of *fiſſâ aure*, of ſlitting the ear of a hog's-head when killed, to hang it up to dry in the chimney, and ſo rather beſpeaks coarſe and hard fare, which is here meant, than *ſpumoſum*, which, as it is interpreted to be ſous'd, may ſeem to denote a more delicate preparation.

To conclude, *fiſſâ aure* and *ſpumoſum* ſeem not to agree ſo well together: whereas *fiſſâ aure* and *fumoſum* do plainly eſtabliſh each others meaning. There is no occaſion of ſlitting the ear for the more commodious ſouſing of this *ſinciput*, but to ſlit it for the more ready hanging it up in a ſmoaky chimney, is a much more reaſonable belief, and cuſtom will bear it out.

SIR, I have ventured to ſend you this poor criticiſm of mine, which I own I have been forced to defend againſt a whole coffee-houſe. If you think it worthy of the preſs, I give you leave to print it; and if you pleaſe to add or diminiſh any thing, I ſhall thank you. Read it over carefully for fear I ſhould miſtake, eſpecially in the logical part. If it takes, poſſibly it may be the occaſion of

more ſpeculations of this kind, if not from me, yet from others that may be more ſerviceable to you. I am ſure the field is large and the ſoil fruitful, and I wiſh you a good harveſt from it.

[Nº 57.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM now alive and in good health in this town, and ſell oyſters at Billingſgate; and, contrary to my natural temper, muſt be forced to ſcold.

You, for a mercenary penny-paper-ſcribler, to ſay that men can find no name beginning with an X, but Xenophon and Xerxes. I thought I was as famous as they, and one of them was but a ſchool-boy under my old hen-peck'd fool Socrates.

I do not like to be nameleſs; and therefore expect to hear of it next time you come to our part of the town, and to have a peck of oyſter-ſhells in your flat face, except you put this among your rata's, and before (not after) Xenophon and Xerxes read Xantippe.

Faith, I will be as good as my word.

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* *Vid. Spectator*, Nº 221.

Mr. SPEC-

[N° 58.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THOUGH I am a ſtranger to your perſon, yet I know your character, and am ſenſible that your ſpeculations are of very great efficacy in ſhaking the reſolutions of ſome ladies, who are too nicely bent on the ſordid principles of game, intereſt, and ambition, without one ſerious thought or reflection on their future ſtate and tranquility. A guilded chariot, ſprightly horſes, with a purſe of gold at command, to throw away at ombre, picket, lue, or baſſet, are now-a-days the only load-ſtone and attractive motives to love. When money rules the roaſt, the age of a man is not conſidered, nor his weakneſs in judgment, with all the various ſymptoms that conduce when too late to a ſenſe of a miſtaken tranquility.

We have too many Danae's in this kingdom, who are reſolutely bent to reſiſt the weak temptations of a ſincere paſſion, till almighty gold is pour'd into their lap. By this powerful engine, a lover works a ſpeedy paſſage, and ſeizes on the avenues which lead to the deſired purchaſe, till the invader is become a conqueror: ſo great is the efficacy of gold in love, that iron gates and

brazen towers were too weak to ſecure an innocent harmleſs maidenhead.

The reaſon I make this reflection is, the other day I fell deſperately in love with a lady whoſe merits far ſurpaſſed my deſerts: her converſation was pleaſant and delightful, her perſon well proportioned, her carriage decent, and her countenance amiable and winning: the only objection that could be made was, ſhe is red-hair'd; but her other good qualifications more than recompenced that imperfection.

I was introduced by a letter from a relation who was formerly an humble ſervant of hers: my paſſion was innocent and ſincere, and had, as I thought, ſome encouragement at firſt; but I know not what cataſtrophe gave a check to my deſires, without it was the gilded proſpect of enjoying from another what ſhe thought ſhe could not poſſeſs in me. The only way ſhe had to come off, was to deny her ſelf, without diſcovering the reaſons that induced her to this ſevere reſolution. The more ſhe drew back, the more my love increaſed; for paſſion is heightened by difficulty, and often an improbability of ſucceeding enhances a greater deſire of enjoying.

Quoque minus ſperat, hoc magis ille cupit.

My paſſion frames in my thoughts an advantageous image of the beloved object: her idea is ſtill before my eyes; ſhe often appears

appears to me in dreams! breaks my ſleep! interrupts my thoughts! ſhe makes my ſpirits a ſea in perpetual agitation, and my moſt quiet intervals are ſadneſs and deſpair. I often ſtart in my ſleep, and graſp at the tranſitory ſubſtance of the beloved perſon; but how great is my diſorder, you may eaſily gueſs; when I awake and find my ſenſes deluded, I mourn my misfortune, that, camelion-like, I muſt live on air, and feed on an empty imagination. I could parallel my caſe now with the Centaurs, whom Mr. Oldham laſhes in his ſatyr againſt virtue, but with this difference, his paſſion was luſtful and ambitious, mine innocent and ſincere: his words are theſe:

So was that lover gull'd whoſe haughty love
Deſign'd a rape on the queen-regent of the gods above.
When he a goddeſs thought he had in chace,
He found a gaudy vapour in the place,
And with thin air beguil'd his ſtarv'd embrace.

I deſire the favour of placing this in your ſpectator, with an addition of ſome ſpeculations of your own, that the lady may be ſenſible of her ſevere treatment: and it ſhall be ever acknowledged by, SIR,

Your unknown friend,
and unfortunate,

PHILANDER.

[N° 59.]

To the compaſſionate Author of the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

AS the general benefit of mankind ſeems to be the main deſign of your witty and inſtructive papers, and what I here preſume to lay before you tends that way, be pleaſed to pardon me for humbly offering you a hint for a ſpectator, viz. a declamation againſt both thoſe too fatal vices, that of ſloath, and the other of prodigality, as being generally the two unhappieſt contractors of debts; and that more particularly on this melancholy conſideration, that an Engliſhman's well-being liberty, nay, life itſelf, is not rated in the eye of our law at the value of five ſhillings, when it is ſo notoriouſly known, that ſo many poor creatures, whether from the neceſſity or profuſeneſs of a ſingle joint of meat for the belly, or a ſhift for the back (either of them under that ſum) not paid for, have ended their lives in too many of our petty-gaols in this kingdom, and by a death, poſſibly, none of the gentleſt, as being in truth ſtarved there.

If

If a diſcourſe on this ſubject ſhall be thought worthy your ingenious pen, you may pleaſe to purſue it a little farther ſtill, by a juſt penegyrick on the ſhining charity of this age, in ſo many infant-nurſeries now ſet up amongſt us, for the handing of ſo many young heads ſo comfortably and religiouſly up into the world; and from the merit of this publick charity on one ſide, to take an occaſion of inſinuating as publick a defect of it on the other, from a national want of proviſion againſt ſo ſevere a proſecution in ſo inconſiderable a cauſe of ſuit, for the prevention of ſending ſo many miſerable wretches ſo unmercifully out of the world.

I am,

SIR,

Your admirer, and

conſtant reader,

N. E.

[Nº 60.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I WAS at a tavern the other night, where (according to my ſyllogiſm) I had paſt my time in innocent mirth, till at laſt, one of the company (moved with the heat of wine) extended his voice into thoſe prejudicial expreſſions of backbiting; nay, and in a ſeeming religious manner, which immediately brought into my thoughts an extraordinary piece of advice of my father, which I cannot forbear ſending, and, to the beſt of my memory, word for word.

Of all ſorts of detractors (ſays he) none faſten deeper than the religious backbiter; that formal hypocrite, while he is praiſing God and himſelf, condemns all the world beſides: and when ſlander is attended with ſighs and groans, with eyes and hands that are lifted up, let the cleareſt innocence, the moſt unſpotted virtue, look to its ſelf. For if religion is made the vehicle of the poiſon, it is convey'd ſo ſubtlely, ſo unexpected, that it deforms, if not deſtroys, the faireſt reputation.

Good ſon, as you value the love of your father, be afraid of evil ſpeaking.

Dear

Dear SIR,

Though you have touched ſo often upon this ſubject, I muſt beg you to inſert this; for he has faithfully promis'd that if it meets with your approbation, he will certainly reform.

Yours to command,

July 18. 1712. G. F.

[Nº 61.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM a footman in a little family; and one day ſome company was invited to dinner at our houſe: one gentleman came and he kiſſed both my miſtreſſes, another came and kiſſed neither; and yet was made as welcome as the other: preſently comes a gentleman and takes my maſter about the neck and kiſſes him firſt of one cheek, and then of the other.

I deſire you to tell me why that gentleman did not kiſs my miſtreſſes, as well as the other, and why the gentleman kiſſed my maſter of both cheeks, as if one would not have

have done as well. Pray reſolve me as ſoon as you can; who ſhall be then

Your moſt obliged

humble ſervant to command.

Monday, Feb. 11. 1711. E. B.

P. S. I deſire to know whether it be the cuſtom in any other country in the world except France (from whence I am told we took it) for the men to kiſs one another; and whether the remembrance of Judas's unparalell'd villainy, cover'd under a kiſs, ſhould not be a ſufficient reaſon for all chriſtian countries to deteſt the uſage between man and man.

[N° 62.]

To Charles Lillie,

BEING arrived at ſixteen, I have left the boarding-ſchool, and now having aſſumed the title of Madam inſtead of Miſs, am come home, where I muſt act the ſecond ſcene of my life, under a wiſe (becauſe a very wealthy) old woman that is my grandmother, who having begg'd me of my father for her own, has beſtowed a plentiful education upon

on me, conſidering her penurious diſpoſition; but obſerving in me a profuſe temper, ſhe intends to furniſh me with a cheſt of Pactalian-duſt, in order to get me a ſpouſe, which (ſhe tells me) is better paint than Spaniſh-wool, and renders a young lady the moſt amiable of any thing amongſt our country 'ſquires, who mind nothing ſo much as the weight, becauſe many of us are apt to be too light, and, like frigots that are ill-built, are inclined to overturn; for which reaſon they deſire to have us well ſtor'd with white and yellow Indian ballaſt, as if gold were a guard to virtue. Surely, thoſe wiſe-acres conſider not that we are liable to be laid aboard, but ſo much the ſooner by your London-buckaneers, who ſail ſometimes as far as the Bath, and there fall in with us, and coming up with a full gale, ranſack our hulks, and ſo leave them: but ſhould Dulcianara hear of this, ſhe would call me ſilly coquette for letting Charles Lillie know it, becauſe he is ſuſpected to have and to hold (according to the lawyers phraſe) a correſpondency with a dangerous perſon, who for pregnancy of wit and invention, for profundity of ſenſe, and depth of thought, is deem'd the moſt exquiſite writer that the preſent age affords; but he goes under an ill name, in that he is low-church, and a conjuror for certain, as appears by his diaries, which, though they ſeem pathetical, yet they have a pun-

a pungency in them (towards thoſe of our ſex eſpecially) and they have Steel in their compoſition too, which is a dangerous mineral, and what maids ſhould not meddle with: and this my dancing-maſter, Mr. Iſaac, knew full well, who, out of pure ſpight to my French tutor, that was a Hugonot in his own country, and a whig in ours, deſired me never to look into a paper called the Tatler, for 'ſquire Bickerſtaff was become defunct, and that it was grown an inſipid thing, and that Monſieur was an aſs to ſuffer his pupils to peruſe it. Now this fir'd the little fopp my gallick maſter, who preſently ſwore, *Sur Dieu & ſaint Denis, qu'il fut un papier le plus pretieux que fut extant dans cett' age ecrivant & regne femelle:* in which he affirmed, that the pens and tongues, both of men and women, were looſed by the law, and that we had liberty to read, write, ſpeak, or print, what nonſenſe we pleaſed, and, if we liſt, might prove that the Britons had neither wit nor honeſty, more than they ought to have, or than other northern people were indued withal, who liv'd ſo near the frigid zone under a frozen conſtellation, according to Gadbury, Partridge, and the reſt of thoſe judicious ſtar-gazers, who for ſeveral years paſt have, like two learned loggerheads, gravely told the world, that *urſa major* and *urſa minor* have a mighty influence upon England.

Now

Now this horizontal doctrine of theirs (pertaining to the zodiack of their vain imagination) has crept into my brain-ſick-noddle, and contaminated the *pia-mater* by the peregrination of this wild notion, which I am wondrous fond of, in that it is plain to me, that young people (eſpecially thoſe of our ſex) ought not to be cenſured for any thing that they do amiſs, but the pleiades under which we were born, and the planets that rule over us, deſerve to bear the blame, as Ptolomy tells us, whoſe axioms are theſe, That there is a natural inſtinct or innate quality inherent in man, which forceably bends him to good or bad, as the planets pleaſe which are aſcendant at his or their nativity; and this is the poſition I go upon: and to ſtrengthen my theſis the better, I ſhall inſtance in myſelf, who happened to be born when Mnemoſyne was predominant: and though I am ſaid to walk with as good an air, and dance as fine as Flavia, and can handle my needle better than my teachers, can paint, japan, dreſs, and do every thing that is taught at the ſchools to a great perfection, yet is my genius ſuch as leads me freely to nothing but poetry and muſick: and to fix me there, I have a little brother, from whom I have ſtolen a ſmattering of the Latin tongue, who has helped me to Ovid's works, and promiſed me ſome of Sapho's lyrick ſtrains, which I intend to teach Engliſh,

liſh, and mean to make them keep time with my ſpinnet, and ſuit the ſymphony of my raucitious voice, which ſome are pleaſed to ſay is very charming; and truly ſo it may (for ought I know) to ſuch who are admirers of the carnivorous-flock crocation. But, after all, to ſhew myſelf a good houſe-wife in ſaving candles, ſince the national cabal have thought fit to add a farther tax upon our lights, I muſt end my epiſtle er'e the ſun be ſet, and ſhall ſay no more at preſent, but wiſh you, Sir, to deliver this and the incloſed paper to the ſpectator: and in ſo doing you will oblige

Your friend to ſerve you,

From Birmingham, in Warwickſhire, June 9. 1711.

E. H.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

IF, as the planet-mongers teach, we move,
And are inclined either to hate or love,
Be virtuous, obliging, affable,
Be chaſt, be kind, or cruel, peeviſh, dull,
Or otherwiſe good or bad, as we are
Influenc'd by the angry god of war,

By

By ſullen Saturn, Venus, Mercury,
Sol, Luna, or any fix'd Pleiade,
That hap's to be aſcendant when we come,
Brought by Lucina from the pregnant womb,
To ſteer our terrene courſe, why then ſhou'd we,
Renown'd philoſopher, be laſh'd by thee?
For being vain, impertinent, and proud,
Laſcivious, malapert, or too loud
And talkative, ſince 'tis no fault of ours:
You ought to cenſure rather thoſe male-pow'rs
Which by their aſpects, platique, or partil,
Incline our ſex, ſometimes, to what is ill,
As I am by Urania taught to know.
Now, honour'd Sir, if it be really ſo,
Pray for the future let the planets be
By you reprov'd, and let our ſex go free,
Is the requeſt of

Your moſt humble ſervant,

GALINDA.

[N° 63.]

An ODE to Lord Chancellor COWPER.

1.

TAKE wing, my muſe, take wing,
For I intend to ſing
Some mighty mighty thing;
Let not my artleſs ſong
The noble ſubject wrong.

2.

Mount, mount, with ſpeed on high,
For I'm reſolv'd to fly
Up to the azure ſky!
No lower flight
Can now delight.

3.

But hold, hold, I muſt this ſubject quit;
Nature did only fit
My little ſtock of wit,

To

To ſing the gentle ſcenes of love,
A purling ſtream or myrtle grove.

4.

Yet whilſt my tongue's in chains of ſilence bound,
I hear the country round
Eccho ſome pleaſing ſound,
Heark, heark, Cowper's the happy name,
And every hill and vale repeats the ſame.

5.

'Tis he ſupports the drooping head
Of injur'd juſtice, almoſt fled,
Of all the muſes, almoſt dead!
Prevailing vice he does ſuppreſs,
Neglected virtue does redreſs.

6.

Merit oppreſs'd he ſcorns to ſee,
His noble ſoul diſdains to be
Leſs than her pedigree!
Britons, rejoyce, and to him raiſe,
Your richeſt monuments of praiſe.

7.

Cowper adorns his place
With ſuch a winning grace,
That he does none diſpleaſe:
His native goodneſs ſheds glory
On his acquired dignity!

8.

What can ſuch virtues recompence?
He ſhall in heaven a God commence,
Be deify'd here when gone from hence.
He does all heathen gods outſhine
In arts both human and divine.

9.

The ſky ſhall have another ſun,
When he from hence is gone,
Who'll glitter with his own,
Not with a borrow'd light,
Like her that gilds the night.

10.

Away, thou Epicurean;
Away, you idle uſeleſs men;
Enter your mothers wombs agen.

Can

Can you think God created man
To be a meer leviathan?

11.

Go on, my muſe, let all men know
What he deſerves, how much I owe;
But 'tis too great a task to ſhew.
Say then, O muſe, venture to ſay,
He merits all thou now canſt pay.

12.

Still may he humble virtue prize,
Trample this globe, its pomp deſpiſe,
Till he goes to his kindred skies.
Still may he love the learned bays,
And every infant Briton liſp his praiſe.

[N° 64.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR;

YOU have artificially deſcribed the ſituation of the lover's leap, where Sappho found her fate; but in this age I believe it would be more obliging to your ſex, to tell them where the vale of diamonds lies, that Sinbad the ſailor found (in the Arabian nights); thither all would fly to take a leap. So, good Mr. Spectator, tell them where that valley is, and we ſhall be rid of a great part of the mercenary ſparks, which would oblige more beſides your

Nov. 21. 1711. DORA.

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 227.

Mr. SPEC-

[N° 65.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

THO hur dwelling is near the ſtony mountain in Wales, hur haſh had occaſions of coming to London aſs well aſs hur lofer Taffy, and having read hur paper of the 20th, hur have conceiued ſo creet impreſions for Taffys creife, that hur hart, that was before aſs hard aſs any ſtone is melted at the troples that poor Taffy indures for her late unkindneſs, and rather than hur will ſentance him to trow him ſelf from the top of penmenmaure, hur will reſolf to ſhw hur the fery creet lofe and kindneſs for the future, for hur has fery fery greet antipathy to drowns, preak the neck or limbs; ſo ſince hur cruelty has keep Taffy from her ſight, her deſire her would ſhew hur the creet kindneſs as to tell Taffy, her will chang hur anger to creet lofe, and mary him before her go to Wales, if her will do hur this fauor, her will fery much oplige hur

Moſt humble ſervant,

20 of November. GWINIFRED.

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 227.

[N° 66.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE read your paper of the 13th with great pleaſure, and I can atteſt the truth of it, both by obſervation and my own practice, and yet I cannot ſay, that it has wrought any reformation on me: I have prattled at the ſame impertinent rate I us'd to do, nay, I do not believe I have ſaid one word the leſs this whole week, and I much doubt the generality of my ſex are in the ſame caſe; nor do I know how you can cure us, unleſs you can prevail with your friend, who has undertaken to deſect a woman's tongue, to proceed and deſect every woman's tongue; for I am doubtful we have ſo long accuſtomed them to conſtant motion, that no arguments will allay it.

Therefore, inſtead of working what would be next to a miracle, try if you can prevail on us to move our tongues in ſome thing that may be uſeful.

I am no admirer of a learned woman, I mean, one that fancies her ſelf ſuch. They are always ſo conceited, that their prattle is intollerable, as well as incurable.

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 247.

I am

I am as little fond of a gay accompliſhed woman, whoſe tongue runs upon the wit of a play, or the charming muſick of an opera, with ſuch like uſeleſs (to ſay no worſe) diverſions: but if, inſtead of theſe, you could prevail on us to employ our tongues in the praiſe of him who gave them to us for that purpoſe, to talk of what we hear in his houſe, and read in his word, by which we might benefit and improve one another, then would good men not be offended at our much talking, nor bad men, becauſe they would avoid hearing us; whereas at preſent, the former generally ſhun us, and the latter are too often our companions.

Proceed in your charity to the ſex, and beſtow a paper or two on this ſubject at this holy time, which I hope may benefit many, and amongſt them,

Your humble ſervant,

Dec. 22. 1711. PRATTLE-MUCH.

Mr. SPEC-

[Nº 67.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOUR ſpeculations having very much conduced to the reformation of the town in point of converſation, good carriage, and a decent behaviour, I ſhall preſume, without any farther ceremony, to give you the following account.

There is an honeſt plain citizen of my acquaintance about thirty-five years old, who lately married a very young wife, little exceeding the modiſh age of fifteen: ſhe is very good-humour'd and pretty, and agreable enough; but ſeems to me, by reaſon of her being too full of play, rather to act the part of a child than a wife.

I went the other day to viſit my friend her husband, and there happened to be other company there at the ſame time: my friend and I were converſing together upon ſome little matter of buſineſs we had then in hand, and during our converſation, his lady would frequently with a pleaſant aſpect and a wanton air come and ſit upon his knee, ſtroke his chin, and kiſs him with the moſt amorous embraces, nay, more than once, ſhe left her tea, her coffee, and her company, thus meerly to dally with her husband. I found by

by his looks he was not very well pleaſed with theſe interruptions, but the fond creature not perceiving it, ſtill went on to pleaſe her ſelf with the ſame diverſion, by fits and ſtarts, to the time of my wiſhing them good-night.

Now, tho' this kind of behaviour, this over-fondneſs in this lady, does (as I verily believe) proceed purely from a principle of love and affection, which by reaſon of its ardency exerts it ſelf without regard either to time or place, grateful it ſeems it is to her ſelf, and therefore ſhe thinks it ſo to her husband: but however this ſort of carriage (as I apprehend) is very indecent; it is an affront to the reſt of the company, it looks too wanton and childiſh, and is ſeldom agreable to an husband.

My friend believes there is no way that is likely to prove ſo effectual for the preventing this undue fondneſs of his wife, and putting a ſtop to it before it grows into a confirmed habit, as a publication hereof amongſt your ſpeculations, and which therefore he earneſtly requeſts of you: for ſince he conſtantly takes in your paper, which ſhe reads and admires, he verily believes ſhe will in ſome meaſure ſee her own picture drawn therein, and be aſhamed of it, and from thenceforth forſake all unreaſonable dalliances and publick fondneſs, and take only

only allowable times for playing with her husband for the time to come.

I am,

SIR,

with the utmoſt reſpect,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

T. B.

P. S. There are many other wives (beſides my friend's) in and about the cities of London and Weſtminſter, who have as great need of reformation as ſhe has, whoſe husbands reckon you the moſt proper perſon in the world to undertake their cure, and would very much rejoyce to ſee a Spectator upon this ſubject recommended to their wives peruſal.

Where-

[N° 68.]

Where-ever too much ſanctity you ſee,
Be more ſuſpicious of hid villainy.
Whoever's zeal is than his neighbour's more,
If man, ſuſpect him rogue, if woman, whore.

E. R.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

AS every one of your papers is a ſermon, which is handed about to greater numbers of readers than moſt ſermons, (particular, factious, or politick ones excepted) that ever were printed, and as the good effects they have produced are more publickly ſeen and known than of any thing of the kind that ever appeared, I am not without hopes, that if you think well to take notice of the under-written, that the force of the faſhion, which it is now become to attend to what the Spectator ſhall ſay, will in relation to this high complaint do more good than fifty ſermons on the ſame ſubject.

As

As you have juſtly and beautifully embelliſhed and recommended almoſt all the parts of divine worſhip, and the rites and ceremonies of the church, except that high, that heavenly inſtitution of the Sacrament, my application to you is, that you would give us your thoughts and precepts in favour of the worthy, becauſe well-meaning, communicants, and in your agreable and ſucceſful way to admoniſh and bring to ſhame (to themſelves) ſuch as are conſtant in receiving, tho' known by all about them to live in a continued round of ſuperlative wickedneſſes.

There is nothing more common, tho' it is a moſt melancholy reflection, than that at the holy ſacrament there ſhould be found (almoſt always) ſome of the worſt and wickedeſt livers in the pariſh to which each reſpective church belongs. There are thoſe, who every month, nay oftener, come reeking from the ſtews to the table of the Lord, and numbers of ſuch whoſe hands and hearts are every day employ'd in theft, rapine, cruelty, and oppreſſion, the loudeſt and the vileſt backbiters and calumniators, the drunkard, the hypocrite, and the ingrate, ſeldom or never fail attending at and receiving part of that heavenly repaſt, deſigned only for the encouragement and reward of the juſt and good.

I will

I will not attempt to pronounce ſentence in an affair altogether in the hands of the Almighty: but certain I am, that as ſuch procedure as this gives great ſcandal and offence to the ſincere and devout, ſo it alſo ſerves, under the cover of zeal thus deſignedly blazon'd, to draw in the innocent and the unwary to a correſpondence always wicked and often ruinous.

For a regard therefore, Sir, to the higheſt article of our religion, for the amendment of the guilty, and for the ſatisfaction and honour of the worthy, pray give us your thoughts on this ſubject.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

T. B.

Mr. SPEC-

[N° 69.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE dwelt in London for ſome years paſt, and very probably muſt continue here many more, but am very deſirous to live (if it were poſſible) without the frequent interruption of many noiſes, which in this town are (I think) utterly unneceſſary.

Not to mention the cry of card-matches, which is often to be heard by way of ſonnet, tho' no mortal itinerant can be thought ever to have got bread by it, and is no other than a noiſy way of begging, or the publication of full and true accounts of houſes haunted, ghoſts appearing, &c. which the orators (perhaps half a dozen at a time in a ſtreet) harrangue us with (every three ſteps) as loud as lungs will let them, for the price of a half-penny.

I ſay, not to mention theſe and ſuch like, (which are of equal advantage both to the minds and pockets of ſerving-men and cook-maids) I cannot but think, that ſuch things as are to be had all the day long at markets, ſhops, and ſtalls, might be confined to thoſe places only, without any publick detriment.

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 251.

I am

I am at this preſent writing interrupted with the ſlow march of two tinkers, both exerciſing the handles of their hammers upon two ſpacious ſauce-pans, which is their conſtant manner of giving notice, that they can mend ſuch things as you may ſend to the braziers ſhops and have repaired there.

Why, Sir, ſuppoſe the people who deal in drums and trumpets ſhould take it into their heads to preſent themſelves to you after the ſame manner, muſt not buſineſs of more conſequence be at a ſtand while they were paſſing by.

Theſe, Mr. Spectator, are grievances, eſpecially to men in my ſtation, who are employ'd in figures; and if they cannot be prevented, yet if diſapproved by you, will at leaſt juſtify the complaint of,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

E. S.

[N° 70.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

MY misfortunes are of that nature, I can no longer conceal them from a perſon I hope to meet with ſome redreſs from.

You muſt know, that I and my ſiſter Martha Up-ſtart are excommunicated from church, for appearing there in hoods the ſame colour as our parſon's noſe, which being of the brighteſt red, we thought it moſt agreable to our complections, having none of that colour in our own faces, though there is not a ſhade of that ſort but appears in our vicar's. Had it been our good fortune to have worn our hoods firſt upon a very cold day, we had ſtill been admitted as the genteeleſt part of his congregation; for the ſharpneſs of our Yorkſhire air has that metamorphoſing quality, that while he is in his pulpit there appears variety of blues, from the deepeſt mazarene down to the paleſt purple, which ſhades are very much darkned by a ſettled blackneſs at the tip of his noſe and chin. My milloner, Mary Pert, having been the occaſion of our misfortunes, we humbly beg you will puniſh her, by

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 265.

obliging

obliging our parſon to marry her, we being very well informed he will make the worſt of husbands.

By this means you may put a ſtop to their impudently impoſing faſhions upon us country-ladies, who have not been allowed to appear in our own pariſh-church ſince the 30th of January, king Charles's martyrdom, from which day is dated the misfortune of

Your poor petitioners,

JOAN and MARTHA UP-STARTS.

[Nº 71.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I MUST deſire advice of you what is proper to be done in my caſe, and for the benefit of many of my old acquaintances, who are likely to be in the ſame, unleſs timely prevented, I beg the interpoſition of your authority, for I cannot but ſuppoſe that your ſentiments will agree with mine. My caſe is this: I am an heireſs of a conſiderable eſtate, great part of which I have had in my poſſeſſion and at my diſpoſal theſe fifteen years or more, and have been

looked upon (or have been made to believe that I have been looked upon) as a handſome woman.

You will eaſily imagine that theſe temptations drew upon me the eyes of many admirers, ſome of which contented themſelves with the ſight of me at a diſtance only, and others offered me their ſervice in an honourable way. Now when any of theſe cloſe addreſſes were made to me, and marriage was the buſineſs, my governants immediately would cry out, dear child, you will conſider you have or will have a great portion, much greater than this perſon deſerves; and my female friends too are drawn in, and they would commend my handſome face, my good temper, and all that: ſo I could hear nothing but that my fortune required a better eſtate than that of my ſuitor's, and my beauty might command a more agreable perſon at any time.

But for fear theſe arguments ſhould not prove effectual on one ſide, I was ſure to have a new ſuit of clothes a degree better than the laſt had been. Once upon an extremity I had a preſent of a gold watch with its appendages, and on the other ſide was inſtructed in the art of placing patches on the face to advantage: and by the ſame friend was taught (and I know full well) the true uſe of Spaniſh-wool and beautifying-creams. In ſhort, after I was thus ſet out,

and

and was thought ſufficiently to have learned my leſſon, the lover was admitted to a private conference with me ; and ſome fine things and compliments having paſs'd between us, I uſed to diſmiſs him, telling him I thought myſelf too young to marry, and that I would not have him think any more of it, not forgetting to do myſelf the juſtice to thank him for the good opinion he entertained of me.

Thus equipt, and thus ſpirited up, have I triumphed over many a languiſhing lover, and with no ſmall ſatisfaction conſigned him over to a halter or a purling ſtream. But I do not remember indeed, that any one of them had the courage (perhaps you will ſay the weakneſs) to execute his pretended deſign upon himſelf, though I had the vanity to believe ſome of them would.

Now, Sir, I am turned of twenty five, to ſay no more ; and when I tell you I think myſelf ſtill a young woman, at the ſame time I muſt confeſs that I find myſelf (and I deſire my female acquaintance not to pretend any more not to find) the blue is off my face. And whether it be that my face, in ſpight of art and management, has loſt its luſtre, or that my vain (not to ſay barbarous) uſage of my quondam admirers has frightened the men from my company, or that my fortune, from being too frequently expoſed to view, is blown upon ; whatever

be the cauſe, the effect I feel, that I am no more that adored creature.

Well! one obſervation I have made, the ſolution of which from you would oblige me much, which is, that ſince the refuſal of ſervice from a particular perſon, whoſe character was very good and well known, I have found the propoſals offered me to have fallen much ſhort of thoſe made by him, even though my fortune has received ſince that a conſiderable addition. From his offer I took occaſion to raiſe my expectations; but I could not perceive my followers had advanced my value: I wiſh I could ſay I did not perceive they had abated it.

Under theſe unhappy circumſtances, without lover I mean, or real friend, have I laboured for ſome time; but my preſent more than ordinary uneaſineſs ariſes from an unlucky accident that befel me the other day. One of my former ſuitors (the particular perſon) met me in the ſtreet: he, together with his lady, was in his chariot, and I, poor ſoul! on foot. On ſight of me he let down his glaſſes, and paid me the civility of a bow; and his lady on that look'd out of the chariot, and as my ill-boding mind prompted me to think on me, to ſee him ſo conveniently and ſo happily placed in an handſome chariot, and with an agreable woman, you will eaſily preſume, caſt me upon ſome reflections

that

that were not likely to afford much comfort to one in my condition.

If I ſhould tell you how much I prefer the riding in a coach, with proper attendance, to the plain way of walking, I am verily perſuaded you would from that conſideration only conclude my caſe to be ſo bad as to call for (though not deſerve) your compaſſion. To which if I add, as to my own ſhame and with great regret I muſt, that I had a reſpect for his perſon and merit, ſuch an one as they juſtly challeng'd, and that his circumſtances were ſuch as I could make no objection to other than what aroſe from the fancies of my pretended friends, and my own vain imaginations, you can then do no otherwiſe than agree with me that my misfortune (or rather, in this caſe, my folly) was very great. But that which is the moſt melancholly part of my hiſtory, and gives me the moſt vexation on the account of my own indiſcretion, I mean, his preſent carriage to his lady, anſwers, if not exceeds, his former character, for that he makes the moſt agreable husband in the world, and, beſides that, is already a very conſiderable perſon in his profeſſion. What behaviour I am to make uſe of for the future, I am ſufficiently ſatisfied, though at a rate too dear, and am fully reſolved on: and for the ſake of thoſe of our ſex who are ſtill in their bloom, I hope

to my advice you will add your authority to prevail upon them to accept the firſt good match that offers. If it were known how often I have repented of theſe unlucky words, I have time enough before me, if it were counted how many unquiet days and reſtleſs nights that untoward leſſon has been the occaſion of, and what laughter from enemies and reproofs from friends I have been forced to bear on that account, I am confident your good nature would not permit you to with-hold your authority in this caſe, nor the vanity of the young ladies hinder them from following your commands, and the advice of

LANGUISH MAIDEN.

[N° 72.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

SINCE you take upon you the regulation of perſons in all ſtations and both ſexes, I hope you will pleaſe to take into conſideration a ſort of abſurd creatures, who

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 268.

(I think)

(I think) have hitherto eſcaped your notice, and will, I fear, remain uncorrected without it. Theſe are the wild hair-brain'd ſparks who mightily exclaim againſt the faults and extravagancies of our ſex, while they are guilty of the groſeſt enormities of theirs, and reckon all women ſo much degenerated from what they ſhould be, that there is ſcarce one which they (good ſouls) are not afraid to venture on.

Theſe unaccountable mortals think themſelves ſufficiently qualified for a married life, if they can make civil husbands to convenient wives (for ſuch only they propoſe to themſelves, whoſe fortune may ſufficiently defray the charges of their keeping) without any regard to the delicacies of a tender friendſhip, or the agreable comforts of a ſincere and mutual affection, which they reckon not at all eſſential in a married ſtate, and that the end of that important ſtation is anſwered, if themſelves are accommodated; and that if they do condeſcend ſo far (as they term it) as to marry, a woman ought to think her ſelf over-paid for all the compliances and gratifications they can poſſibly ſtudy, by their incurring for her ſake the many reproaches they frequently meet with from their aſſociates, for laviſhing a fifth part of their time ſo fooliſhly, as in the company of a wife.

Theſe

Theſe things I hope, Sir, you will think weighty enough to redreſs with your uſual impartiality.

I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

London, Dec. 7. HANSERIA.

[Nº 73.]

TO CRUEL CHLOE.

LIghtning and thunderbolts I can deſpiſe,
But fall a victim to your conqu'ring eyes !
Eyes ! which by far more pow'rful darts create
Than Venus or her black Cyclopian mates.
Darts ! which much ſurer wounds impart than thoſe
That formerly were ſhot from Parthian bows :
Yet Parthian-like you run and wound me too,
With ſpeed you fly, but kill as I purſue.

Enough,

Enough, victorious nymph, the day is thine,
Conqueſt and life, and fortune I reſign:
No longer let me ſigh, and ſigh in vain,
And to the rocks and winds, and waves complain.
At once four different paſſions rack my breaſt,
Diſtract my ſoul, and rob my mind of reſt.
Now hope and joy, then fear and ſorrow reign,
Juſt like a ſhip upon th' inconſtant main
By adverſe winds and waves toſs'd to and fro:
I cannot reſt, yet know not where to go,
And only know, I know not what to do.
Then Chloe, deareſt Chloe, pity me!
No longer exerciſe your cruelty;
And then ſhould ſtorms and tempeſts ne'er give o'er,
Should light'ning always flaſh and thunder roar;
No ſun, no moon, no twinkling ſtar appear,
No grateful change of ſeaſons in the year,
But hoary winter, like a tyrant king,
Uſurp the thrones of ſummer, autumn, ſpring;
In any frozen iſle I'd be content
(Whilſt Chloe ſmiles) to live in baniſhment.

Smile,

Smile, Chloe, ſmile : wo is me ! I faint, I rave :
Where ? ſhew me where ? O ! ſhew me where's my grave ?
There I'll embalm my urn with tears, and weep
Till death o'ertakes me with eternal ſleep :
For Chloe's ſtill unkind ; no tears can move
Her cruel heart to pity or to love.

[N° 74.]

Mr. SPECTATUR,

I HARD one of our ſummer-gentry reharſe theſe varſes with great ſattisfaction.

Cocquet I ſcorn, but I deteſt a prude,
One may be honeſt, tother will be leud.

I dont ask the meaning of theſe hard names, tho' they zay one is ipocrit toards God, and tother toards the devil, (God bleſs us!) nor why one may, and wherefore tother will ; but our landlady having two garls which will grow up gentlefolks, (and ſhe being kind to my wife) I deſire to know how

how they may be diſcreet and modeſt, without being witty or ridiclous. I am

Your loving freind,

Near Bathe. COLIN CLODHOPPER.

P. S. Pray ſave them, if poſſible, from being witts, for they hereabouts are the vileſt things in the varſall world.

[N° 75.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM now in the country, and reading in Spencer's fairy-queen. Pray what is the matter with me ? when the poet is ſublime my heart burns, when he is compaſſionate I faint, when he is ſedate my ſoul is becalm'd. This has provoked me to adviſe you (ſince you have gone through Milton) to begin Spencer, and that you would give us a Saturday on every ſtenza in the firſt book ; and then that you would wait on the poet ſo far in print, in a letter like your own face, ſhort but conſpicuous ; for I long to have the Spectator upon Spencer bound in my pocket together. You ſee my advice is like what

what is generally given, my own ends are wrapt up in it.

I hear you preach every day but Sundays, and am therefore,

SIR,

Your moſt thankful

humble ſervant,

Monmouth-ſhire,
July 3.

M. R.

[Nº 76.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

IN one of your late Spectators you declared to the world, you always took particular care not to reflect on any man's character, nor to give the leaſt ſuſpicion of it; but, Sir, give me leave to tell you, that in the Spectator that you commended the ſcornful lady, you were pleaſed to caſt an affront on Dr. Sacheverel. I know you will

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* *Vid. Spectator*, Nº 270.

deny

deny this; but we are five ſiſters of us, and are all againſt you in this affair, and know you to be a profeſs'd whigg, and one that can't contain your ſelf, nor keep your ſelf from touching upon our party. Look ye, Sir, we were whiggs once as well as you, but our father has lately had a place in the government, ſo that we are reſolv'd not to hear the leaſt hint of a reflection on the man that was the firſt founder of our good fortune.

Therefore, Sir, this comes to warn you for the future to examine the letters of his name, before you publiſh any thing relating to him, and you will once more gain the favour of

Your admirer,

Jan. 11. 1712. BELINDA.

Mr. SPEC-

[Nº 77.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOUR paper of this day has ruined all my deſigns towards one, whom I had free toleration to viſit at my own pleaſure; but calling to day, and being ſeated in the parlour next the old gentleman (who you muſt know I never deſigned ſhould be my father-in-law) I very briskly asked him, what was the beſt news? he very gravely told me he had a great piece of news to tell me, which was this, That if I deſigned to make his daughter my wife, I ſhould be welcome to his houſe as formerly, if not, he deſired I would never come over the threſhold of his door. I give you (ſays he) till Sunday to conſider of it. I ſaid little to the purpoſe, finding my ſelf diſappointed in my deſign. At my parting, my miſtreſs ſoftly told me, I might thank Mr. Spectator for what had happened; ſo that I find your paper of this day will be as remarkable to ſome people as the m—— of K—— C—— is to

Your diſappointed ſervant,

Jan. 30. 1712. WILL. GRIBLE.

* *Vid. Spectator*, Nº 288.

[N° 78.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE read over yours of the 8th inſtant, which immediately flung me into a fit of the ſpleen; for ſhould the vain imagination of this fantaſtick officer Mrs. Careleſs ſpeaks of in her letter to you, carry the leaſt weight or credit with it in the world, our ſex would ſtill be more ſcandalous than thoſe villainous fops, thoſe helliſh lumps of ſpleen and vapour only (Oh how I could call them!) have already made us.

Therefore (dear Spectator) for this once, and for the ſake of the better part of our weaker ſex, maul him, make an example of him. Oh! that woman ſhould be thus expos'd, and be the tool for every powder'd ape and empty head to work on. Give it out rather I am mad, a fool, nay, any thing, ſo not in love with rattles and dreſs'd-up babies, play-things only for fools and children; for it is an ill ſign when the devil carries the colours. Believe it rather to be the reverſe, a mere imagination of his own from the good opinion of himſelf, by a vain con-

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 296.

ceit his glaſs has flattered him into that he is handſome, rather than woman ſhould be thought ſo weak and eaſy to be prevailed on, as that every ſparkling image of a man, tho' but of gingerbread, ſhould betray our fancies into a paſſion for it; and do me that juſtice, which I had the happineſs once to do my ſelf, where (in a whole room full of ladies, a violent beau, (as I may juſtly call them) all perfume and powder, and dreſſed like a king in a tragedy,(being acquainted with the ladies of the houſe) bruſh'd in amongſt us, where (after ſome time ſitting, and biting his nails for want of thought) he declar'd the conqueſts he had made over ſome few of the fair ſex, particularly (ſays he) my lady ſuch a one, (naming me) not knowing I was there, who (ſays he) lately conferred ſome particular favours on me, which gave me to believe ſhe had ſome deſign upon my perſon; nay, I have heard it ſaid, that ſhe ſhould ſay, ſhe was in love with me, nay, and admired me to that degree, that ſhe could almoſt find in her heart—— but ladies, I hope you do not think me vain upon ſuch a trifle — I could tell you of at leaſt fifty more, who are of the ſame opinion, but —. I bit my fingers till they bled, and reſolv'd not to ſpeak till he had done, tho' I had burſt; and then I ſwore, by all the juſt returns that woman could invent, to be revenged of that foul inventer. The fop (perceiving my

my paſſion to be much greater than his courage) half dead with fear, and trembling at every word I ſpoke, kneeled down, and publickly ask'd my pardon, which vindicated my honour, to the ſatisfaction of

Your much injured

Hampſhire, Feb. 13. 1712.

CLOE.

P. S. I am reſolved to ſtop up that window and work, take ſnuff, and put my ſelf in thoſe toying poſtures (as he calls them) in a back-room two pair of ſtairs higher.

[N° 79.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

FINDING you the common repoſitory of complaints, I cannot omit letting you know, that all my life I have been more troubled with the wiſe fools (commonly called wits) and the zealots or hot-brained religious fools, than by any other ſets of people. I cannot but think you would do mankind great ſervice, could you procure Bed-

lams to be erected for each of theſe; but in caſe their parties be too ſtrong, and that you cannot get this done, be ſo kind, at leſt, to advertize all ſuch immediately to declare themſelves to be ſo as ſoon as they come into company, that they may be avoided as the common diſturbers of quiet minds. It is true, (according to the proverb) they may ſometimes be known, viz. crooked in body as in mind; but as this ſometimes fails, by reaſon the brain may be right, yet never miſſes when it is affected, as ſuch an one has got a knock in the cradle, or ſome defect in organization; ſo that the brain being affected or wrong form'd, the mind or reaſon will act accordingly.

I can pretend to nothing of poetry, but have jumbled up a few rhymes on that ſubject: if you chance to like them, you may have enough of ſuch, as,

PROUD and partial man alone
Puts judge and party both in one;
Of wiſdom he doth noiſe and bawl,
Vainly he thinks knows more than all.
So inſolent each man is grown,
Allow no knowledge but their own.
In Church-opinions they will pother,
Each ſwears it's he, above the other,

Excepts

Excepts his ſect and other tools,
Condemns them for infernal fools.
It's true, I'm got among the throng,
God knows who's right and who is wrong.
For though I have travell'd every where,
Found t'others wrong, ſtill right was their.
Suſpend your thought, give all fair play,
And hear what each man has to ſay.
An Indian, Turk, or Scythian,
Each calls himſelf as wiſe a man.
The Brute you call the hotontot,
Vows he's as good as you o'th' mode.
No doubt he's ſo: nor is it treaſon;
You muſt allow him to have reaſon;
And values ſheeps-guts and their skins,
Beyond your wigs, top-knots, and pins.
And as a worthy author has it,
I think it's Hudibras that ſays it,
" *The value juſt of every thing,*
" *Is e'en as much as it will bring.*

Throw off your vain conceit and pride,
Fancy you're naked by his ſide,
On ſome wild Libian promontary,
You mount an aſs, he a dromedary:
Each of you ſpeak your mother-tongue,
Then pray, who's right and who is wrong?
He ſwears you're fool, mad, brute; in fine,
You ſwear he's ſuch, worſe than a ſwine.
Who then as judge of this muſt ſit?
Nor one nor t'other can be fit.
Let it be one out of Japan,
Or chuſe ſome wild American.
Says he, what needs ſuch noiſe of wit;
I find you nothing know of it.
Diſpute not of the men of ſenſe,
Says he, we have preheminence.
Perhaps you'd rather have long wig,
Or deck'd like beau, or like ſome prigg;
They'd pull them off and think you were mad,
And then, no doubt, you look as bad
As Æſop's proud and fooliſh owl,
Who needs would be the faireſt fowl.

All

All round about her ſhe does ſet
The faireſt feathers ſhe can get,
And fancies now ſhe's far above
All birds, the peacock or the dove.
When ſtreight the fowls come all together,
They gaze, and each pulls off a feather;
And this being done, you'll find at beſt,
You look no better than the reſt.
And reaſon ſure muſt be all one,
In torrid or the frigid zone.
The ſimpler you find it in dreſs,
May prove the trueſt ne'ertheleſs.
You'll find it in America,
Nor baniſh'd from ſcorch'd Africa;
Either of which, though not ſo vain,
Is e'en as good's in Britiſh brain.
Be wiſe then and believe t'others ſenſe
As good as yours with your pretence:
Think of your vanity and pride,
What's to be ſaid on t'other ſide:

Then judge none fools but thoſe too wiſe,
Think they know moſt in their own Eyes.

From your humble ſervant,

From Æſculapius-hill,
Octob. 31. P. K.

P. S. I know not if it would be acceptable to write you a letter upon the trading and ſtockjobbing religions, as likewiſe that of the phyſical, mechanical, clergical, and land-intereſted lords, eſquires, beaus, ladies, a gentlemanly, religions.

N. B. All according to their different intereſts, for, as Hudibras ſays,

" *When all diſputes are tired out,*
" *It's intereſt ſtill reſolves the doubt.*

I ſubmit all this to the improvement of your better judgment.

Mr. SPEC-

[N° 80.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

BEING your conſtant reader, among many other things, which in an engaging way ran thro' all your papers, one conſiderable one is (I find) that in the great variety of ſubjects which you treat, you do not only hit the true nature of things, in making even trifles ſignificant, but in handling of the ſame ſubject often, 'tis ſtill done in a new, and yet natural, tho' not obvious manner.

A pregnant inſtance of this we have in this day's paper upon love; the reading of which brought freſh to my memory a paſſage that ſome time ago befel me in the country.

I was, Sir, about three years ago in Northamptonſhire buying of dragoon-horſes, and having bargained with an uncouth but rich clown for a couple of geldings, and having given him two broad-pieces in earneſt, I applied my ſtandard to the nags, and found them to be by half an inch too low for our ſervice.

Upon this, I thought I had no more to do than command the ſcoundrel to return me

me my money, and be gone, I never having taken the cattle out of his ſtables. To which he anſwered very ſhort, That he would make me make two words of that; the horſes he had ſold me, and for the reſt he feared it not, whilſt he knew where I was to be found.

I called him, in very civil recruiting language, raſcal, villain, &c. laſhed him ſeverely with my whip: to all which he made no other return, but that he was a free-born ſubject of her majeſty; and let me be the greateſt captain in England, he would ſober me.

When I found it ſo, I mounted my horſe, reſolving to leave money, horſes and all with the fellow: but to my great ſurprize I found him on horſeback as ſoon as my ſelf, leading the two horſes in his hand; telling me, he would not part with me ſo; that if there was law for money in England he would make me pay him, and trounce me into the bargain for abuſing him. I beat him again: he ſtill rode by my ſide for ſix miles, till I came to my inn; there he turned the two horſes looſe, and bid the hoſtler take care of the captain's horſes; demanded the remainder of the money, taking for witneſſes the landlord and drawer.

The landlord being a man of ready turn, took the fellow in to a mug of ſtout, where I did my ſelf the honour of attending him.

Still

Still he was impregnable. At laſt, in diſcuſſing the main point, I obſerved he ſighed very profoundly, which I then took to be the effects of my drubbing. I told him however, I was ſorry to ſee a man in love ſo ſtubborn. Upon which, the fellow, with a new face, ask'd me how I knew he was in love? I told him I had ſtudied the black-art, and knew it by his face.

He then rung the bell aloud, called for ſome red-claret-wine, ſhook me by both hands, and ſwore we ſhould be better acquainted; asked me if I had e'er an academy in my pocket. I anſwered no, but that I could give him a receipt would do better, which I did, and which he with great eagerneſs wrapt up in paper, and then in his comb-caſe, and after with a ruſtick gallantry pull'd out my two broad-pieces, threw them to me, and told me I ſhould be always welcome to him and Jenny, whom he now looked upon as his own by virtue of my receipt; called for half a dozen bottles at once, bidding the hoſtler take care of his three horſes. So that from the meereſt ruſtick I ever ſaw he became the gentleſt ſwain, by mentioning the ſpells of love.

This, Sir, is fact: if you pleaſe, you may lick it into ſhape, as I did the perſon concerned.

Yours,

PARTRIDGE PLUME.

[N° 81.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

AS you continually favour the diſtreſſed, and endeavour to right the wrong, is the cauſe of the ſubſequent lines.

I am footman to a lady of quality, who conſtantly frequents the opera's, and by ſo doing, I my ſelf am become a mighty lover of them as well as my miſtreſs: but the grievance I am going to complain of, is concerning a French or Dutch word, (I cannot well tell which) called *Ancore*, or thereabouts, which when repeated in the front-boxes, the performers immediately return'd and ſung the ſame over again, which I ſuppoſe you your ſelf allow was but their duty to do, and I could not greatly complain of whilſt it was done by them: but they growing weary of it, their ſervants in general have took it up; ſo that upon every extraordinary ſqueak of a fiddle, or any other noiſe vocal or inſtrumental, that either happens not to be in tune, or ſome other misfortune of not agreeing with the reſt, the footmen all in a body immediately cry out *Ancore*, *Ancore*: I at the ſame time, willing that I ſhould not be laugh'd at, bawl out as loud as I can, no more, no more; but am unfor-

unfortunately over-powered by a great majority: whilſt the ſtrutting performer, whoever it happens to be, returns again with his wonted pride, and repeats his laſt ſong or ſaying, though perhaps as harſh and unagreable as the ſqueak of a cat-call. By this they get deſpiſed by the lower-houſe; and when they have ſtrained their lungs (which is a means to deſtroy their livelihood) all they get from above, is, Damn that fool, he is ſuch a blockhead he cannot diſtinguiſh me from my maſter. By this frequent impoſition we are kept at the playhouſe till eleven, from ſupper till one, and out of bed till three. I beg of you, when you are not too buſy with the devil and Milton, you would inſert this in one of your papers, and ſay ſomething at the bottom that is witty and to the purpoſe, to Sen. Nicho. and the reſt of the no-men and women, in order that they may be no longer impoſed upon, and that I may go to bed ſooner, and you will for ever oblige

Yours,

Pall-mall, Apr. 7. 1712.

JOHN GROTT.

Mr. SPEC-

[Nº 82.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I MUST beg leave to ſtate my caſe to the univerſal judge of all thoſe that cannot bring their cauſes before any other court.

I am a young lady that was courted by a gentleman: he ſighed in my preſence, kiſſed my gloves, and ſometimes my hand, with great eagerneſs: he vowed I was the prettieſt woman in the world: he ſwore, he prayed, and, as I found to my ſorrow, ly'd all the while. I, who was young and innocent, ſeeing a pretty fellow at my feet, could not help, from pitying him, to begin to love.

As ſoon as he found the kindneſs mutual, and that he had my affection ſure, he has left me, and went to another woman, who but yeſterday told me ſhe had met with the ſame uſage with me. I own it was ſome comfort to find that another had been deceived by his deluding tongue as well as my ſelf: but I deſire you would expoſe theſe general deſtroyers of womankind. Pray tell this pretty courtier, that it is no honour to have deceived two poor innocent women.

Had he been by a gentleman given the lye, he would have reſented it; and why ſhould he

he ſo baſely give himſelf the lie? Is it an honour to any man to have cheated at gaming? and why ſhould it be more ſo to have cheated in courting? Lies are infamous in all caſes, and deceivers odious, eſpecially when they deceive thoſe who repoſe a confidence in them. Pray expoſe this vice as fully as you can, and you will oblige

Your much injur'd friend,

and conſtant admirer,

LUCINDA.

[N° 83.]

Dear SPECTATOR.

I AM juſt now ſat down to write you a long letter, but faith and troth I can't yet exactly tell what it will be about. * * *
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I had filled up this vacancy in the foul copy with large profeſſions of admiration, love, and friendſhip; but upon better thoughts I do not think it ſafe to give ſuch aſſurances under

under my hand and ſeal, conſidering you have a very ſmock-face, and are equally admired by the gentlemen as well as the ladies; and I cannot ſwear whether you are male or female. If you will be pleaſed to take my word for it, I ſhall be very much obliged to you.

But to come to our preſent buſineſs: faith I cannot tell what that is, for I know of no buſineſs I have with you, but only to enquire what news you have from Sir Roger.

Oh! but now I have thought of ſomething which will, I am ſure, fill up all the reſt of my paper (a want which thou art ſometimes ſeverely under, according to the modern way of epiſtolizing) and without the aſſiſtance of ſcandal too.

It is ——— good Spec. excuſe me, for thoughts are very ſcarce now-a-days, and I can fill up as well by a few interrogatories.

Imprimis, Whereas you ſay in one of your * papers, that when we ſay of a woman's head, ſhe has a fine, a long, or good head, we ſpeak only in relation to her commode.

Prithee, why may we not as well when we ſay a man has a long, a fine or good head, be as well underſtood (your metaphorical way of expreſſing ourſelves apart) to be ſpeaking only about his peruke?

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* *Vid. Spectators*, N° 265, 268, 315.

Item,

Item, Did not you yourſelf ſay that very handſom thing in the laſt letter in ſpectator N° 268, which you tell us the maid ſaid? Madam, you ſhall forbear that part of your dreſs, it may be well in others, but you cannot place a patch where it does not hide a beauty. If you did not, prithee ſend me the name of the virgin, that I may try if I can bring her to ſay as good a thing to me.

Item, Have you diſpoſed of the place of regiſter under you in your new poſt of viſitants to all the boarding-ſchools? if you have not, think of me: but hang it, it is ill-manners to ask ſo many queſtions, and a favour at the ſame time. I deſire therefore once for all, that you will tell me all you know; and if I ask a thouſand queſtions, you cannot tell me more.

Yours in Haſt.

[N° 84.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

A FRIEND of mine has abundance of wit, but no Oeconomy nor common-ſenſe. He begun writing a weekly paper in King Charles the II's. reign, and pleaſed for ſome time, but at laſt meddling with politicks and Dr. Otes, he ſoon ſunk the credit of his amuſement, and was obliged to drop it. In every reign ſince he has done the ſame thing, entertained the town for a while, and then ſplit on the ſame rock. He is going to write again, in ſpite of my remonſtrances to the contrary; but has promiſed me to jeſt no more on the conſtitution. Would he keep his word, he might ſhine in his way, without a rival: but I, who know his foible, dare lay ten to one the coxcomb will not long forbear flirting at Dr. S———'s picture in my fan.

Dear Mr. Spectator, tell me what I ſhall do with this old incorrigible fooliſh witty friend of mine. For my part, I never ſee him but I laugh at him, which he permits, knowing we are a well-natur'd family, and our laughter proceeds from a general benevolence, and not pride.

From my library, May 5.

MARIA TRUBY.

[Nº 85.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I CONFESS the juſtice of your ſatyr againſt the vanity of my ſex, of which, though I have my ſhare, I cannot but lament its ill conſequences, and furniſh you with a ſad inſtance to what an extremity we ſometimes carry this folly.

Aurelia had all the excuſe for vanity that a woman could have, but died in the pride of youth and beauty. Being confined to her bed by her laſt ſickneſs, ſhe called for her glaſs every hour, adjuſted her dreſs, and ordered her poſtures in the violence of her pain: ſhe compoſed her looks, and would not ſuffer a feature to be diſtorted. If her illneſs forced a tear from her, it fell with an artful grace, and every groan was affectedly tender. Her diſtemper was no diſadvantage to her beauty, which made her endure it with the laſt patience. Her conſtant care was the decency of her dreſs, and her room for the reception of viſits. She had her window-curtains changed, becauſe the colour gave a reflection, which ſhe fancied diſadvantageous to her complection. She conſulted no phyſician but what had the character of a well-bred man, whom ſhe

excuſed from preſcribing phyſick to her, and only fee'd them to tell her that ſhe looked very well, and that ſickneſs had not abated the luſtre of her eyes, nor faded the roſes on her cheeks. At the approaches of death, her ſoul ſeemed free from all concern but that of leaving its beautiful manſion to moulder in the duſt. She gave particular orders for the faſhion of her ſhroud and the magnificence of her funeral. In ſhort, ſhe kept her vanity to her laſt breath, and endeavoured to appear charming in the Agonies of death.

Your humble ſervant,

M. T.

[N° 86.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE deplorable caſe of poor Sir John Enville gave me much uneaſineſs; the more perhaps, becauſe it is like, in ſome meaſure, to be my own, unleſs you give me your aſſiſtance.

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 299.

My

My father is of the like (and for ought I know) of the ſame extraction with Sir John; but whether they be allied in blood or no, they are in humour brothers, and of no diſtant relation in circumſtances.

My father, from cutting cloath into ſhreds, is become a trader in whole pieces; and from his knowledge of what would make a ſuit, can now calculate how much will cloath an army, and makes good gueſſes at the conſumption of a nation. As Sir John has got a title of honour added to his name, my father has got one tack'd to his profeſſion, and is now ſtiled a merchant-taylor. He marrying young, and before he grew rich, took a good-natur'd plain woman of the ſame rank with himſelf, with whom he has lived all his life very happily. He has given me the education of the middle-ſort of gentry. And now having (as he ſays) made his ſon a gentleman, he is reſolved his grandſon ſhall be born ſo; and for that purpoſe is juſt now on the point of marrying me to a woman of a family, and is to make abatements in her fortune, and advances in her pin-money, in proportion to the exceſs of her quality.

I read Sir John's letter to him; but he diſtinguiſhes between my caſe and Sir John's, and tells me I am a gentleman. He will not ſuffer me to argue with him, therefore I muſt beg you would give him and me your

advice in this conjuncture, and your opinion of this diſtinction.

I hope I ſhall be able to keep off the match, if you can let us know your thoughts in a little time. I am the more earneſt in this requeſt becauſe I do not remember you have ever conſidered the marriage of people of different rank and quality.

Your inſtructions how one in my circumſtances ſhould behave himſelf in general to avoid reflection, will be of great uſe to many of the youth of Great-Britain, beſides

Your moſt humble ſervant,

FUNGOSO STICH.

[N° 87.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

I CANNOT but admire at the ſucceſs and the reformation which the letter (publiſhed about a month ago) touching the parſon's prayer before ſermon, has effected. Truly, Sir, I am of opinion, that in one part of that prayer there is another imper-

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 313.

fection

fection which is not taken notice of in the aforeſaid letter; for when the miniſter has, with a great deal of devotion, gone through the firſt part of it, he begins his thankſgiving with theſe words, And leſt our unthankfulneſs for mercies already received ſhould put a ſtop to the current of thy bleſſings, &c. From whence (in my humble opinion) it plainly follows, that it is not the mercies themſelves, but the prevailing fear of loſing them, which occaſions the thankſgiving.

I am, dear Spectator,

with great deference and reſpect,

your moſt obedient and

moſt humble ſervant,

London, April 1. 1712.

RICHARD CAREFUL.

[N° 88.]

Jupiter intumuit, quâque eſt non uſa modeſtè,
Eripuit linguam, mercuriumque monet.
Duc hanc ad manes, locus ille ſitentibus aplus,
Nympha, ſed infernæ nympha paludis, erit.

OVID.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

AMONG the ſeveral advantages the publick reaps from your papers, we, the diſtreſſed at leaſt, think it not the meaneſt that we have an opportunity of conveying through thoſe canals (as it were) our thoughts to thoſe we moſt deſire to pleaſe, and to whom we are denied the liberty of acceſs.

I am a young man, and have ſuffered much by Mrs. Tattle, of the family of the goſſiping tale-bearers. It cannot indeed be ſaid of her that ſhe ever wore out a pair of horſes in ſcattering her ſcandal, becauſe ſhe never had them; but her tongue muſt inevitably have been worn to the ſtumps long ſince, had it not been enormouſly long. Of all womens tongues I pity hers the moſt, (I wiſh it deſerved pity) it being the general opini-

on

on of her neighbours that it is never at reſt, even though ſhe be aſleep, either through the rapidity of motion the ſervice of the day put it into, which keeps it ſtill in agitation, or becauſe it is practiſing in the night the tale it is to tell in the morning. So much is certain, that ſhe reaſſumes this work firſt in the morning, as it is the laſt ſhe does at night. In a word, her life has been hitherto one continued tale, which it is hoped, will at length be told, much more to the advantage of all upon the place, at the end than at the beginning.

I always made large allowances for the talkativeneſs of the ſex; but when they ſtrain this liberty allowed them into a licentiouſneſs, it is my humble opinion, that it ought to be reſtrain'd; nothing in the world being dearer to me than my reputation, who, when I ſhall have been turned out of the eſteem of good men, and thought unworthy of belief, ſhall think it high time to be turned out of the world too.

If thoſe earwrigs then (the tale-bearers) fancy themſelves innocent, becauſe they break open no cheſt, or break no bones, they are miſtaken: goods may be recovered, and bones may be ſet, but the wounds of ſuch ungenerous enemies as ſtab one behind one's back are incurable, which, though we are not ſenſible of them at the preſent, leave long and racking pains.

As

As for your part, Mr. Spectator, I have ſo good an opinion of you, as to think you not only abhor the practices, but even to have renounced the name of Tatler. As for my own, I proclaim an utter deteſtation to every thing of that nature, except Mr. Bickerſtaff's lucubrations, ſo intitled.

I will conclude with recommending to the world the example of Plato, who being told, that Xenocrates (one of his ſcholars) had ſpoke many unjuſt things againſt him, preſently rejected the accuſation: the informer perſiſting, asked him why he would not believe him? becauſe (ſays Plato) it is not probable that he whom I loved ſo much ſhould not love me again. If this pattern was cloſely copied after, we ſhould have fewer tale-tellers, and conſequently not ſo many miſunderſtandings between us.

If you honour this with a place amongſt the next letters you publiſh of your correſpondents, you will oblige

Your admirer,

Eaton, Jan. 24.
1711-12.

T. H.

Mr. Spec-

[Nº 89.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

EXCESSIVE drinking is become ſo univerſal of late among the younger ſort, (eſpecially ſince the vintners have lowered the price of their wines) that unleſs you interpoſe your ſpeculations on that ſubject, it is to be feared the deſeaſe will become too epidemical to be rooted out by a ſingle hand.

Our youth, poſſeſs'd by a drinking dæmon, ſeem to have laid aſide all their former and more polite diverſions of gallantry, to devote themſelves to the bottle. Old age indeed may be allowed to ſupply their want of natural heat with free compotations, and to muſter up all their fiery auxiliaries againſt their phlegmatick enemy the radical moiſture; but for young fellows to employ the intervals between buſineſs and ſleep in handing about the ungodly brimmer, is ſo prepoſterous, that I ſhould never have believed it, had I not been convinced of the truth thereof by ocular demonſtration: for going the other night to a ſpacious tavern near the Royal-Exchange, the drawer brought me to a little dirty box, ſaying, all the rooms above ſtairs were full, which at another time would have

have obliged me to go to another houſe, but being then minded to divert myſelf with a tranſient view of the ſeveral companies in that noiſy tabernacle, I propoſed to the drawer to change clothes, and to ſtay in the box while I went round into the upper apartments, which he readily accepted, being glad of a ſhort intermiſſion from his continual tripping up and down ſtairs. Having then put on his frock and blue-apron, and taking his ſnuffers in my hand, which, with a gentlemen d'ye call ? introduced me into all the rooms on the firſt floor, the firſt of which I found full of beardleſs-boys, ſome with napkins about their heads, ſome without either cap or peruke, and all giving ear to a lewd ſetter, who, the better to ingratiate himſelf into their company, was ſinging a baudy-ſong to them. In the next room was a parcel of noiſy young coxcombs, who were toaſting of healths, and talking by innuendo's of all the celebrated beauties both in town and country, every one pretending that he had received favours from ſome or other of them. In the next room I found a large company who had formed themſelves into ſmall parties ; theſe were very ſilent and attentive to the courſe of the ſtoppers, which, in the city-cant, ſignifies cards, for they were at whisk, and after every deal they drank a bumper round, to make amends for the loſs of time. In the next room were half-a-dozen of ſtory-

tellers

tellers and ſmoakers, who made ſuch a ſmothering with their mundungus, that put me into a violent fit of coughing, which obliged me to terminate here my review, and I was glad to run down to my dirty box, and waſh down the ſmoke with a glaſs of ſherry, which I ordered my drawer to fetch me.

This growing evil ought to be check'd in its ſource; and none being more capable than you to ſtem this tide of wine, which every evening overflows the underſtandings of our youth, I have ſent you theſe undigeſted hints, that you may animadvert on them, and remain,

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

Sept. 12. 1711. ABSTEMIOUS.

Mr. SPEC-

[N° 90.]

Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

GIVE a word of comfort or advice to what your knight-errants call a diſtreſſed damſel. As to my perſon, I am neither young nor handſome, being turn'd of twenty, and, to my thinking, ſcarce agreable; yet it is my hard fortune, I may ſay, (for I cannot term it any thing elſe) to be more troubled with your ſex than I deſire. They are whiſpering what they call fine things in my ears, and will let me take little reſt. But leſt you ſhould think I am ſome rich heireſs, and therefore flattered to commit folly, I muſt acquaint you, that my parents, fortune, education, and company, are very mean. I know nothing of the gallantries of the age, that is, can neither dreſs, game, dance, ſing, or talk ſcandal. Then what can be the meaning I may not be quiet, when it is the only thing I ſeek? I muſt tell you now, that among many pretenders there are but three that give me diſquiet in their abſence: one I love, one loves me; the other I have promiſed, with much perſuaſion, when I was too young to make choice; of which I heartily repent. As I grow in years, I ſee faults in him that I cannot like, and he hath offended me in many

ny reſpects; yet ſtill upbraids me with my raſh promiſes, that I dare not go back, tho' I am ſure to be miſerable with him: more than that, my friends do not like him, and I would not willingly diſpleaſe them.

Now, what to do in this caſe I cannot tell, unleſs you aſſiſt me: teach me to hate him I love, as being unworthy, and to love him that loves me, as being moſt worthy; my paſſion having not ſo far blinded me as not to know it: and tell me what to do with him I promiſed, ſo as to come off honourably without offending God or man; or inſtruct me in a method to become diſagreeable to all mankind, and contrary only to my own ſex. If you can do this, you will more confirm me in the opinion I have of your inimitable wit, goodneſs, and all other rare qualities, that I believe the world this day can ſcarcely produce your equal, and give unſpeakable conſolation to the

AFFLICTED ROTALDA.

Mr. SPEC-

[N° 91.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

IT was the ſaying of a wiſe man, that a thouſand evils daily afflict that man which hath to himſelf an idle and unprofitable carcaſs, amongſt which, I think, this is not the leaſt, that he is a burden to himſelf, and feels the weight of many a day, becauſe he knows not how to ſpend it; for if he did, he would not be driven to ſuch pitiful ſhifts as ſometimes he is to avoid himſelf. They are ſoon weary with their own company, and cannot ſupport its converſation for an hour together. They are very unlike that noble Roman, (I think Scipio) and act very contrary to his opinion, which was, *Nunquam minus ſolus, quam cum ſolus.* They are like a becalm'd ſhip, they never move but by the wind of other mens breath, and have no oars of their own to ſteer withal; and, in my opinion, it is very contradictory in human nature, that men ſhould love themſelves above all the reſt of the world, and yet endure to converſe leaſt with themſelves.

I deſire you therefore to put ſuch into a method of employing themſelves in their ſo-

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 316.

litary

litary hours, that they may have no cauſe to complain that time *feſtinat lente*: by which you will much oblige

Your new correſpondent,

but old admirer,

INCOGNITO.

[N° 92.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE journal you gave us in your laſt Tueſday's paper was very diverting, but methinks a little imperfect without the account of his Sunday's behaviour. I cannot imagine how that day was ſpent? though I have beſtowed ſome hours in conſidering of it, therefore if you know, pray inform

Your admirer,

CYDARIA.

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 317.

[N° 93.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

IN order to put in execution my intended ſtroke, I have juſt made my eſcape to town from a near relation's, who has the misfortune of having a great eſtate in a country ſo unpoliſh'd, that the ſpectator is very rarely or never ſeen; and upon my looking over thoſe which have come out ſince I went, I am not a little ſurprized to find myſelf outſtruck by that old-faſhioned blade Sir Roger de Coverly. I have been under ſome apprehenſions from my two youngſters in the city, with whom I am in a ſtate of war; but I think Sir Roger would have been the laſt man I ſhould have ſuſpected to have done me any prejudice in my way. How the whim of ſetting up a beard came into the knight's head I cannot conceive; but he has, I believe, outdone all the barbers in Great-Britain, for, in ſhort, he has taken off mine at one ſtroke, whereby he has broke all my meaſures, and I ſee no proſpect of my appearing in publick theſe ſix weeks, except I will take up with ſome ſecond-hand ſtroke, which

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 319.

the

the many ſucceſſes I have lately had have very ill prepared me for.

That my misfortune may no longer be a ſecret, you will pleaſe to obſerve, that, beſides the cherry-colour'd-hat (which I mentioned only as a trifle) I deſigned to have made my entry at White's in a full-bottom'd flaxen beard, for which expedition I have had one by me ſome time, and have practiſed upon it beſt part of the winter. I ſtruck likewiſe a pair of very odd muſtachoes at the ſame heat; but I had no deſign of publiſhing theſe till my beard had taken root, and began to ſprout out pretty thick, at this end of the town.

If you can think of any thing that will make me look different from the reſt of my ſpecies, and will communicate your thoughts to me thereupon, you will lay me under a particular obligation: but if you have any real deſign of obliging me, my requeſt is, that you will do it with all expedition; for if the enemy take the field before me, they may inveſt ſome conſiderable female before I ſhall be able to give them any diverſion.

This diſappointment has ſunk me into ſo deep a melancoly, that I can but very improperly ſubſcribe my ſelf,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient, &c.

WILL. SPRIGHTLY.

P. S. If you ſhould hit upon any whim that may be of ſervice to me, if you pleaſe to lap it up in a ſheet of paper, and direct it to White's for the tall ſlim gentleman with the whimſical ſnuff-box, I ſhall certainly have it, and will not be unmindful of the favour.

[N° 94.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

THIS M. Teazer, Jan. the 29th. 1711-12, made us a viſit; it being cold weather, he forced us to romp, contrary to our inclination, and has ſince ſent this threatening letter, the fright of which has occaſion'd us poor ſchool-girls to beg you will adviſe how we ſhall revenge the injury done, laying things to our charge we are not guilty of, which may be a diſadvantage to the preferment of

From Hackney-ſchool. April 5.

Your humble ſervants.

N. B. Adviſe Tim. to ſpell better.

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* *Vid. Spectators*, N° 324. 347.

LADIES,

LADIES,

WHEN I have little to do I write letters, and this is in earneſt to tell you, that ſince her majeſty has been ſo generous as to offer in her gracious proclamation the reward of 100 l. for the diſcovery of any perſons, who have beat, wounded, bound, collor'd up or ſpoil'd the noſes of any of her loyal ſubjects, I am juſt now reſolv'd to make a full and ample diſcovery of thoſe mohocks who ſo barbarouſly treated me at Hackney, which is within the bills of mortality; but to ſhow how little I am govern'd by a covetous ſpirit, upon condition the mohocks will write a Jeremiah-like lamentable and penitential letter to me ſubſcrib'd by all, asking me pardon and God forgivneſs, I may alter my ſteady reſolution, but fail not at your perils, from

Your very much injur'd

humble ſervant,

St. Aſaph,
April 4.

TIM. TEAZER.

This is the beſt Welſh paper.

[N° 95.]

To the SPECTATOR.

The humble petition of J. P. in behalf of himſelf and the reſt of the Templers,

SHEWETH,

THAT whereas a ſcandalous report, with as little ſenſe as honeſty, and worthy the military inventors, has been ſpread abroad, importing, that the mohocks are gentlemen of the Temple, and from thence make their nocturnal ſallies;

This is to ſatisfy whom it may concern,

That, the Templers are lovers of peace, and know what it is to break it.

That, their actions are of aſſault and battery.

That, for offenſive weapons their words are the only ſwords they uſe.

That, as to ſlitting of mens noſes, they profeſs themſelves wholly innocent, and vow they ſhould be very cautious how they even touch ſo tender a part of a man's compoſition.

Vid. Spectators, N° 324, 347.

That,

That, as to putting out eyes, literally they plead not guilty; but if the plantiff is in his modes and figures, they plead privilege, and confeſs ſo neceſſary a part of their profeſſion.

That, for carbonading and cutting, they are in that reſpect enemies only to a buckler of beef.

That, as to ſetting women on their heads, they think their chamber-practice is evidence ſufficient againſt it; and that if they do change the poſition or poſture of a woman, 'tis not her head they ſet her on.

That, as to ſtabbing of men, they plead the ſtatute and their ſenſes.

That, they are againſt ſudden death, leſt the perſon die inteſtate.

That, as to ſucking of the blood of the defunct, (conſidering how many murders are laid to their charge) they plead the conſequence, which had been poiſon; ſince few Engliſh bodies of eighteen years ſtanding, that ſtalk out at twelve at night, are ſafe to be tapp'd.

That, they have a natural antipathy to a rope, which has been improved by their ſo often hearing the ſentence of condemnation paſt upon others.

And laſtly,

That, thoſe civil gentlemen, who were ſo obliging as to take upon themſelves

the protection of the town againſt this terrible generation of mohocks, are themſelves liable to ſuſpicion; ſince it is a common and known trick of a thief, when the cry is againſt him, to join with it.

All which premiſes your petitioners pray you to take into your conſideration, hoping from your ſagacity and judgment a ſentence in their favour.

And your petitioners, &c.

[N° 96.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

IN your ſpectator of this day I find a complaint from Rebecca the diſtreſs'd, againſt a ſett of female-rakes by whom ſhe is teiz'd and plagu'd without any profit. Now as you are looked upon (and that very juſtly) as the amender as well as the ſpectator of our faults and follies, I could not omit ſending you an account of a different ſett of high-in-birth females, who call themſelves the biters and hunters, who are lately ſprung up a-

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 336.

mongſt

mongſt us: theſe differ from thoſe above complained of in this, that as they puniſh other people to divert their ſpleen only, ſo theſe, intirely free from that, throw all the people they practice on into the ſpleen, only to raiſe a ſilly laughter amongſt themſelves from the exceſs that attends their new-faſhioned way of hunting. The times that they chuſe for entering on the chace abroad is when almoſt all other people are at home, for they can only hunt with any view of ſucceſs when there falls an immoderate rain or ſnow. At ſuch times three or four of theſe hunters take a coach (which is often diſtinguſhed by a coronet) and drive furiouſly through the ſtorm like making haſt home, but at the end of almoſt every ſtreet ſtop, and call out tradeſmen or their wives under the pretence of buying, though their only deſign is to keep them talking at the coach-ſide till they are wet through, and then, O, gad! it is ſuch bitter weather that we muſt call another time: then draw up their glaſſes, fall into a horſe-laugh, and ſo drive on to the next that they have mark'd to be bit.

As for the manner of their hunting, it is different from all other kinds that I ever heard of, for inſtead of purſuing their game, their game follows them; for the coachman (who is always huntſman) drives ſoftly up ſuch a hill, or through ſuch a lane, when one of the hunters lets down the glaſs in a very

very precipitate manner, and then, with her hand, her fan, or her head half out of the coach-door, beckons (which they call rouzing their game) ſome ſhopkeeper ſtanding at his door, as though ſhe knew him, and wanted him, and at the ſame time makes a ſhew of calling out to the driver, John, ſtop, ſtop, John; but John having his cue, drives vehemently on, while the hunted tradeſman induſtriouſly following the cry, is dragled and half drowned before he takes the bite.

Now, Sir, conſidering that you have had but little ſucceſs in your attacks upon the hoop'd-peticoats and ſugar-loaf heads, (which have extended and dilated the more for your preſſure, which can only proceed from a ſpirit of contradiction innate in the wearers) I am very doubtful whether I ought (for the ſake of the hunted, of which number I have been long a mark'd one) to ask you to make mention of this, leſt the hunters enraged to be oppoſed, ſhould ſo ſtrengthen themſelves upon it, that we muſt unavoidably be run down whenever the weather is favourable, or they for their paſtime have a mind to roze us.

Yours, diſtreſs'd,

though undeſerv'd,

March 26. MERCER ACTEON.

P. S. A ſett of hunters deſign to ſet out on Saturday next at one of the clock (if the almanack does not deceive them) to hunt in Ludgate-ſtreet, where Mr. Spectator may catch them in the fact.

[N° 97.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOUR Monday's paper puts me upon ſending you a paragraph taken out of a ſermon preach'd at Whitehall for the victory at Audenarde, and which (in my opinion) deſerves the honour of your notice, as that heroe, who never was equall'd but by one man, does the character Mr. Stanhope has there given him: it is thus, The action for which we at this time render glory to God, is ſo peculiarly owing to the duke of Malborough, that I am obliged particularly to mention his grace, and admire her majeſty's wiſdom in making choice of ſo finiſh'd a heroe; one who is fitted for the camp by his courage, diſciplin'd for commanding by experience, worthy of his great miſtreſs's favours by his faithfulneſs, and Britain's unalterable veneration by nobleſt actions and more ſignal ſervices.

Yours moſt obedienly,

St. James's, April 5. 1712.

J. C.

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 340.

[N° 98.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

IF the following lines are thought by you any ways worthy to be inſerted in your moſt ingenious ſpectator, it will greatly ſatisfy a conſtant encourager and admirer of your works.

A gentleman that pretended love to a lady of a conſiderable fortune, by his making intereſt to her accomplice, had ſo far got the lady's favour (after ſome time) as to partake of an entertainment at his houſe, and at other times at her houſe; had ſent for a pint or ſometimes a bottle of wine. The lady no ways liking his perſon, rejected him: he, like a man of honour, had from time to time ſet down in his book what he had ſpent upon her, and upon her denial, reported that he was ſorry he ever knew her, for he had ſpent ten guineas. She hearing of this, immediately ſent him five guineas, which he very willingly embraced. Now the lady has ſince married another gentleman, and the former ſues him for fifty pounds which he has disburſt for his wife (and has arreſted him) though he never made her any manner of preſent, nor never ſpent two guineas only

that

that night he made the entertainment, which (he ſays) coſt him four pounds.

Now if this has the honour of being put in a good ſtile, and by you launched into the world, it ſhall always be acknowledged as a favour conferred upon

Your humble

ſervant unknown,

May 2. 1712. D. D.

[N° 99.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM a citizen and a man of ſubſtance, and am deeply in love with a beautiful young lady my neighbour's daughter, but deſpair of obtaining her. I underſtand ſhe is courted by one of the moſt formidable ſparks of the town, who, with his fellow-ſocia, alarms our congregation every Sunday, and diſturbs the ladies at their devotions.

WHOSE

WHOSE eyes being bent upon the fops,
The ſacred page unminded ſcapes :
Their thoughts diverted from the ſcriptures,
Fall down in vile terreſtrial raptures.
Their admiration's fix'd on droſs,
On earth rejected, ſcorn'd, and baſe
Their obſervations on a pageant,
A human figure with a buſh on't :
A ſenſeleſs creature made for ſhew,
That moſt prepoſterous thing a beau ;
An Ideot with a baboon's face,
In apiſh habit and grimace :
Affecting ſtrange ridiculous geſtures,
And placing all his heaven in poſtures.
His joy is in his air and dreſs,
The god he bows to is his glaſs ;
Himſelf the deity he adores,
Which ev'ry morn he rubs and ſcours ;
His hope in dear complexion lies,
And ſhape he values more than skies.
The man of ſenſe he ridicules,
The reſt are aſſes, bats and owls :

And

And tho' the moſt egregious elf,
Thinks none talks reaſon but himſelf.
In ſongs and jigs his talent lies,
In oaths, impertinence and noiſe;
In weak unprofitable rage,
And jabb'ring like a bird in cage:
And yet believes he pleaſes more,
Than all the world has ſaid before;
And that in eloquence he vies
With Tully and Demoſthenes.
On this their raviſh'd eyes they turn,
For this our ladies ſigh and burn;
For this let go their hold on heaven,
And ſcorn th' injunctions Chriſt has given;
Againſt the preacher ſtop their ears,
And bid adieu to hopes and fears.
Th' appearance ſtirs their appetite,
Their fancy's tickl'd with the ſight:
In whiſp'rings and endearing glance,
They 'plaud this finiſh'd man of France;
And gigling in the houſe of prayer,
Miſtake it for the theatre.

What

What ſtrong enchantment's in the nice,
What wond'rous magick lies in dreſs?
How beneficial 'tis to ſhine,
How neceſſary to be fine!
What ornaments rich habits are,
How ſoon they facinate the fair!
What power ſhape and motion have,
To charm, to captive, and enſlave!
And what reſiſtleſs vertue's in
Plump viſage and a beardleſs chin!

The wiſe in vain may ſigh and love,
And ſtrive with angels tongues to move;
The fop has won her heart before,
The nymphs in him themſelves adore.
To ſenſeleſs ſtocks he makes his moans,
And breaths 'em on regardleſs ſtones.

In vain melodius Thyrſis ſtrings
His harp, and like Apollo ſings.
In vain the bard his ſufferings tells,
In notes more ſweet than Philomel's;

And

And warbling in ſoft Waller's ſtrain,
For Amaryllis mourns in vain.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

B. T.

[N° 100.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'TIS as hard to find a catholicon for all the diſtempers of the mind, as to pretend to tell whether the number of the glittering lights above us are even or odd.

Oedipus being in company with his dear crony Titus, who was at that inſtant vaſtly out of ſorts, accoſts him thus: What is the matter? why ſo hippiſh, pluck up your ſpirits: he ſpends an ocean of figures to induce him to abandon his corroding thoughts, arguing very handſomely of an inevitable flux and reflux of ſecular affairs; points out to him the wretched nonſenſe of oppoſing the ſtream, inſinuating, that when it is

at the loweſt ebb it would flow again; backing his aſſertion with a poetical obſervation.

Si fortuna volet fies de rhetore conſul,
Si fortuna volet fies de conſule rhetor.

By chance a fidler may commence a lord,
By chance a lord may touch a ſtring or cord.

This world is a lottery where there is thirty blanks for one prize: but however, be not too much dejected. What if you have hit away a fourth part of your age in toys and fooleries? what though you have been as profuſe as any wenching-rake or beau in town, and have ſacrificed both time and talent to Bacchus and Venus, frugality, the beſt trade to thrive by, will ſoon fetch it up again.

Ah, Oedipus! thou wants nothing but a pulpit; thy harangue is clever and clean, but not wholly exact. I am plagued with an incurable diſeaſe, I am run into another extream, but that is not all, nothing but Alderman, or the pleaſing and diſpleaſing Ideas of my lord conſtantly run in my eaſy and uneaſy mind, the very name of the laſt is engraven on my heart; I laughed at it formerly indeed as a piece of meer pageantry.

If

If it be ſo, then indeed, reply'd Oedipus, there is no remedy: were you the laſt, then nothing would ſerve but member of parliament, thence to the helm, or no quiet. I know not how to bid you adieu, whether I muſt ſay, your worſhip's, your lordſhip's, or grace's moſt humble ſervant.

But before I bid you farewell, do you hear what a complaint is made about the Exchange?

Titus. No, what is it I pray?

Oedipus. Why the ſhops are almoſt perpetually full, and for all that they grumble bitterly of a dull trade.

Titus. A perfect riddle, full ſhops and no buſineſs, what do you mean?

Oedipus. If you have a fancy to hear, I will tell you, and leave you to judge.

A modeſt young lady very lately going to buy a Wits-common-wealth, a ſet of the neweſt ſongs, and a Don Quixot (as I have been informed) ſhe, upon ſeeing a ſhoal of ſnuff-men, ſtarts back with a crimſon colour in her cheeks, the complex idea's of what ſhe was going about, and the ſight of thoſe fine wits dreined her heart to fill her face, which was far from pleaſing her, as was legible by her masking immediately upon it; and going off, our friend behind the counter calls after her, but all in vain.

Titus. It was pity indeed, this was owing to the idle crowd: if you have got another, away with it.

Oedipus. I have; the like misfortune befell Cleopatra, a lady of the firſt rank, who whilſt ſhe was cheapening gloves, and trying a pair on, diſcovered upon the back of her hand an antiquated piece of gallantry; it was only a grain or two of gun-powder: upon the firſt ſight, ſays a hawk-eyed-gentleman, who thought himſelf a wit, Madam, your hand is ſoiled, and very officiouſly or rather impertinently, offered her his fine cambrick handkerchief to rub off what he knew could not be taken out, and which ſhe perhaps eſteemed as a beauty. At this, Cleopatra, who ſaw with what a ſilly and familiar air this coxcomb attacked her, with a ſcarlet countenance and ruffled mind drops a curtiſie to the ſhopkeeper, and immediately went off without buying any thing.

Titus. Really theſe ſort of men ſpoil all manner of buſineſs.

Oedipus. There is another thing enlightens the matter, theſe perſons do not only fill up the ſhops, ſtop the free paſſages, but weary others with their noiſy ſtuff of Turky, Sweedland, praiſing and diſpraiſing, worrying and baiting the names of grandees, men of fortune and wit; a putting about the modes of eating and drinking well; what price wool, hobnails, old ſhoes and ſmall-coal

coal will bring beyond ſeas; and after a deal of jargon, about two, the watch is conſulted, (though their are fifty clocks around them) which ſay, to dinner: then we go puffing home, where the firſt queſtion is, is dinner ready? You know what time I come off of Change, where he had as much buſineſs as at Japan, viz. none at all, his time being ſpent to give him a ſhew of buſineſs there, though the only thing he does, is hindring trade, and doing damage to his neighbours.

Sir, your opinion and animadverſion of theſe ſort of gentlemen-tradeſmen, or pretended trading-gentlemen, is moſt humbly deſired by

Your humble ſervant,

C. H.

[Nº 101.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

AS we ought not to tranſgreſs the rules of honour in the common practices of life, ſo, as I think whoring to be one of the moſt common, eſpecially at this end of the town, I would put the queſtion to you, if they do not forfeit theirs, who bilk the poor ſtrumpets of the town: they make uſe of them as ſlaves for hire, and yet defraud them of what they earn at ſo dear a rate, (I mean, their future deſtruction) only for the preſent enjoyment of food and rayment. Pray let thoſe ſparks know, who think the name of cully ignominious, that a bilker and a bully are at leaſt as ſcandalous, by which means either the expence or ſhame may drive them from their folly, or at leaſt they may pay for what they have.

Your admirer,

and humble ſervant,

From the hundreds of Drury, Feb. 4. 1712.

Z. X.

[N° 102.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM too much your friend not to inform you, that your paper concerning the effects of the month of May, has given great offence to the beſt part of our ſex; indeed I expected both more wit and more manners from you: but ſince it is done, I adviſe you either to make an excuſe, or if you are above that, make us amends ſome other way, if you intend to keep the good opinion of your female readers, eſpecially

Your conſtant admirer,

JENNY CHAST.

Every month in the year.

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 365.

[N° 203.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

UPON reading your paper of the 14th inſtant, I remember'd I had ſome time ſince attempted the putting the 55th chapter of Iſaiah into verſe; ſuch as it is, I here ſend it you. I do not pretend to poetry, but I think I have kept pretty cloſe to the words of the text. Some entertainment of this kind, if it were only for variety, may not be unacceptable to part of your readers now and then: I wiſh therefore you would oblige us with ſomething of this nature.

I am, with great reſpect,

SIR,

Your affectionate

reader and ſervant,

London, May 26. 1712.

A. B.

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 378.

ISAIAH,

ISAIAH, Chap. LV.

Verſe 1.

HO, every one whoſe thirſty ſoul doth pant,
Come to the waters where they freely flow,
Nor ſtay from hence becauſe ye mony want;
Come buy, and eat, no money here will go:
Buy wine and milk your drooping hearts to chear,
No price nor money is expected here.

2. *Wherefore do ye your money idly ſpend*
To purchaſe that, alaſs! which is not bread?
Your labour for that wherewith in the end
You cannot be to ſatisfaction fed.
Hearken to me and eat that which is good,
And let your ſoul delight in fatt'ning food.

3. *Come unto me, your ear to me incline:*
Hear, and your ſoul ſhall be of life ſecure,
And I'll an everlaſting Cov'nant ſign
To you, ev'n David's mercies ever ſure.

4. *Be-*

4. *Behold I've giv'n him for a witneſs to*
The People, and he before them ſhall go,
And alſo ſhall command them what to do.

5. *Behold, thou ſhalt a foreign nation call,*
Unknown to thee as thou to them unknown;
Who yet ſhall under thy dominion fall,
Becauſe of God, whom thou thy Lord doſt own,
And for the holy One of Iſrael,
For he hath made thy glory to excel.

6. *Seek ye the Lord and call upon his name,*
While he is near, before his anger burn.
7. *Let wicked and unrighteous men diſclaim*
Their thoughts, and ways, and to the Lord return,
And he'll have mercy, to our God, for he
Will pardon and forgive abundantly.

8. *For neither may your thoughts with mine compare,*
Nor, ſaith the Lord, are your uncertain ways
9. *Like mine. For as the lofty heavens are*
Above the earth, from whence you wondring gaze,

So

So are my thoughts, and ways above all yours,
Tho' you contrive and build fantaſtick tow'rs.

10. *For as the gentle rain comes from on high,*
And ſnow from heav'n not to return again,
But watereth the earth when it is dry,
And makes it bud, and bring forth fruit amain,
That to the ſower it may give his ſeed,
And to the eater bread whereon to feed.

11. *So what I utter from my mouth ſhall be,*
And every word ſhall ſure and firmly ſtand,
It ſhall not void return again to me,
But ſhall accompliſh all that I command;
And it ſhall always proſper in the end,
To do the thing for which I did it ſend.

12. *For with tranſporting joy ſhall ye go out,*
And be led forth with undiſturbed peace:
Then ſhall the hills and mountains round about
With their loud ſongs the charming noiſe encreaſe;
And all the trees of ev'ry pleaſant field,
Shall clap their hands and joyful ecchoes yield.

13. *Where*

13. *Where thorns before incumbered the ground,*
The uſeful firr-tree now ſhall them ſucceed;
The ſhady mirtle in the place be found
Where rivers grew and come up in their ſtead;
And to the lord it ſhall be for a name,
And endleſs ſign of everlaſting fame.

[Nº 104.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

AS one is naturally more ſenſible to any diſpleaſure a friend does one than a ſtranger, I have been too long uſed to eſteem you ſuch, and have received too much pleaſure from you not to complain when you, give me ſo much pain in the miſtake and wrong application of this day's Roſicrucian ſtory. What you relate I remember to have read a great while ago, in a hiſtory of the invaſion of Spain by the Moors, to have happened to their laſt king of the gothick race.

Roderigo, upon opening a ſuppoſed enchanted cave, in hopes of finding vaſt treaſures,

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* *Vid. Spectator*, Nº 397.

as

as the rumour went, were hid there, (if I remember right, for I have not the book by me) there was this farther particular, That the cave and all vaniſhed upon extinguiſhing the light, and left the king ſo deſpirited with his diſappointment and the conſciouſneſs of his crime in raviſhing Count Julian's daughter (who in revenge brought in the Moors) that he was eaſily overcome.

It happens I have juſt done reading the Roſicrucian ſtory in the Fame and Confeſſion, a book publiſhed by the fraternity. If it be not writ by one of 'ſquire Bickerſtaff's anceſtors in the gay or ſcornful thought of amuſing the world about nothing, they do not deſerve the cenſure of ill-nature and pride you lay on them as concealers of uſeful knowledge, ſince they offer theirs to all candid men and ſincere lovers of truth, only wiſhing to exclude the unworthy. The occaſion of finding their founder's tomb was thus, One of the adopted brethren, upon his friend's deceaſe, repairing to their college, (and being ſomething of an architect) had a mind to alter his apartment; attempting to remove a large braſs plate faſtned with a ſtrong nail to a ſide-wall, with the ſame force he pull'd down part of a ſlight plaiſter that concealed a door: telling his brethren of it, they with great eagerneſs cleared away the reſt, and opening the door, upon which was writ, After a hundred

and

and twenty years I ſhall be revealed, they diſcovered a large nonangular room: in the midſt of the cieling was fix'd a globe of light, bright as the ſun's ſhining: on a round altar on the floor, whoſe inſcription I cannot exactly remember, but in ſubſtance contained, how the author (having travell'd to Damcar in Arabia, and improved himſelf in all divine and human learning, after living above a hundred years without ſuffering any ſickneſs himſelf, or permitting others to be tormented by it) had made this epitome of the great world for his ſepulchre. Under the altar they found his corpſe fair and intire, with the little world of exquiſite workmanſhip; and in cheſts by the ſides of the room many other rarities, with his writings of nature's ſecrets; which having beheld with aſtoniſhment, joy, and reverence, they covered again and retir'd.

If the ſociety be ſtill continued, and ſuch wiſe and happy men are ſcattered about the world, with what devotion would I pray for their acquaintance! not in hopes to get the philoſopher's ſtone for my fortune, or a ſalamander for my lover, but to be eaſed of a torturing malady, which makes my life a burden to me, after having run the gantlet for ten years through all the great phyſicians hands in town. If there be ſuch remedies in nature, why do not the faculty find them out? at leaſt, if ſaving lives was as much

much their pleaſure as ſcraping up riches, they ſhould ſpend half their income in trying for them. If the Roſicrucians knowledge be ſo extenſive as they boaſt, they have reaſon to fear being known : I cannot ſee how they could eſcape a tyrant's power ; and to be forced to abet the maſſacres of a great and renowned murderer of men, would be worſe than death to men of their principles, which lead them to imitate their great maker in his diffuſive benefits over all mankind. To cover the earth with the bodies of men, cities, and all the affluence of nature, is power divine, to deſtroy them, a plague's, a famine's, an atilas's, or a Louiſe's. In our own country (if any where, methinks) they might appear with freedom and ſecurity ; but I deſpair of ſeeing them till it pleaſes the creator of men to annihilate their furious paſſions, and infuſe into their ſouls that wiſdom from above which St. James tells us, is firſt pure, then peaceable, gentle and eaſy to be entreated, full of mercy and good works. While they ſee us ſuch gold-adoring wretches, and ſo apt, through avarice, ambition, and revenge, to tear one another to pieces, with ſo little juſtice, gratitude, or publick ſpirit, amongſt us, the preſervation of ſuch creatures are not worth their care, and their love or praiſe can be no delight to them : they are in the right to

live

live in Jarchas's cloud; I would myſelf (if in their circumſtances) be hid from all the world but the ſpectator.

I am

Your moſt humble ſervant,

May 14. EMILIA LOVETRUTH.

[Nº 105.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

IT is a true ſaying, the pitcher never goes ſo often to the well but it comes home broke at laſt, ſo I, who have ever proteſted againſt being in love, am at laſt caught, I fear, by that blind puppy. It is a lady about ſeven years younger than myſelf that has conquered me: ſhe is extreamly agreable without one good feature in her face; has a curious ſhape, dances finely, and indeed, every ſtep ſhe takes is with an air of majeſty. She is modeſt without being baſhful, ſpeaks little, but always to the purpoſe; and the beſt-temper'd creature I ever heard of; and, to ſum up all in one word, all the recommending

mending qualities which are ſcattered up and down, and appear ſingly in other women, meet and unite in her: but ſtill I dare not marry her, knowing it is not in my power to keep her like my wife, having nothing but a ſmall commiſſion in the army to ſubſiſt on; for which reaſon, neither have I or will I ever declare my paſſion to her, though I cannot believe ſhe is ignorant of it; for if eyes can ſpeak, mine have ſeveral times acquainted her with the power ſhe has over me.

Now, Sir, I muſt deſire you to help me in ſo nice a point, which is, how to get rid of this unhappy affair, and to be once more able to call myſelf my own maſter. I have already done all that lies in my power, as forbearing to viſit her, though I have free leave whenever I pleaſe; have converſed with other ladies who are reckoned beauties, but, upon my ſoul, are Moors compar'd to my miſtreſs, (for ſo I muſt call her) but ſtill find that impudent dog Cupid is reſolved to be revenged on me for defying him; for though I do not viſit her, ſtill I cannot forbear dreaming of her; and what feeds my paſſion moſt, is her appearing to me in my ſleep more like an angel than a woman.

Now, dear Sir, publiſh this in your next ſpeculation, (if it is not too abſurd) and give me ſome advice which may cure me of this

bewitching diſtemper, for it is impoſſible to live long in the condition I now am.

I am

Your moſt humble ſervant,

Nov. 27. 1711. J. C.

[Nº 106.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE many attempts you have made to correct the indecencies in our devotion (not without ſome ſucceſs) encourage me to recommend to your cenſure one more, which is no leſs than bantering the moſt ſolemn part of divine worſhip: I mean, the ſending in ſham-notes to the reader. One of theſe came to my hands laſt faſt-day, Jan. 16, at the Temple-church, which was as follows:

Your prayers are deſired for a young gentleman who is very much indiſpoſed.

He prints poems in the news-papers; carries cat-calls to the playhouſe; and in a late lampoon

poon on the ——— club, hath theſe words of himſelf.

He might a bright example ſhine,
That wiſdom may with youth combine.

Jan. 29. 1711-12. JAMES DEACON.

[N° 107.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I MUST confeſs it gave me particular pleaſure to ſee the moving letter of Queen Anne of Boleyn taken notice of by you on Thurſday June the 5th, from a reflection of my own, ſeven years ſince, upon reading that letter in Dr. Burnett's reformation; and juſtly moved by that and a country-retirement, I turned it into metre, which without apology is left with you to uſe as you pleaſe,

From your humble ſervant

and admirer,

June 24. 1712. E. G.

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 397.

Queen ANNE BOLEYN's laſt letter to King HENRY.

Cotton Libr. Otho 6. 10.

UNhappy thrice! that fate ſhou'd on me bring
The dire diſpleaſure of my lord the king.
Your grace's will, ſuperior to the laws,
Dooms me a gaol, unknown to me the cauſe.
Mine enemies employ'd to work mine ill,
And ſeek ſiniſter means my blood to ſpill;
Willing me (by your order) to confeſs,
Deteſted crimes, oh! horror to expreſs!
By crafty wiles they trap my tender youth,
Nought but my guilt muſt be eſteem'd the truth.
Let ſacred truth its mighty dictates lay,
My guilt to prove, or innocence diſplay,
Then will I willingly my lord obey.

But never let your highneſs form a thought,
That your poor wife will e'er confeſs a fault,
Which heaven who knows my ſecrets will atteſt,
Ne'er once invaded my unſpotted breaſt.

To

To God and Angels I appeal my life;
May they appear and judge this fatal ſtrife;
Protect your Boleyn! ſave your injur'd wife!
Which name and place were yet a comfort ſtill,
If ſo it ſuited with your royal will.
Alaſs! my thoughts foreboded, too, too well,
The miſeries that ſince are on me fell;
Nor did I maze at the ſurprizing change,
Or think my preſent exigencies ſtrange,
When I reflect to whom my fortune's due,
How deſpicably low when ſeen by you.

Without deſert peculiar fancy choſe,
And rais'd me to the envy of my foes.
I cou'd not think it bound to me alone,
But that another might deſerve the throne.
But as I once found favour in your ſight,
I beg your grace wou'd now vouchſafe me right.

Let not malicious tongues my honour wound,
Nor loſe that princely favour I have found;
Let not foul plaints by impious wretches caſt,
Be made to blot your loyal wife at laſt:

At leaſt, your daughter may your pity move,
The infant princeſs ! offspring of our love !
For her ſake may this torrent be withſtood,
Leſt it ſhould mix and taint your royal blood.

Try me, good king, but let that trial be
With juſtice, mercy, and integrity ;
Let not mine enemies my judges ſit,
Sworn to condemn, but never to acquit.
In open court may I receive my blame,
For ſure my cauſe can fear no open ſhame :
Then will you ſee my innocency try'd,
And your unjuſt ſuſpicions ſatisfy'd.
The ſland'rous world convinc'd that I am true,
If guilty prov'd, 'twill ceaſe to cenſure you :
With freedom then you'll ſtrike the fatal ſtroke,
And quit yourſelf of this uneaſy yoke.
Take to your bed your ſpouſe, perform your vow,
The perſon for whoſe ſake I ſuffer now,
Whoſe name long ſince I could have pointed out,
And that I know her now, you make no doubt.

If you my death already have deſign'd,
Yet ſure 'tis cruel, barbarous and unkind,
That with it you my honour ſhou'd deſtroy,
To gain the happineſs you wou'd enjoy.
But if it muſt be ſo, I pray to heaven,
In mercy, that the ſin may be forgiven,
To you and thoſe confederate in the guilt,
By whoſe induſtrious arts my blood is ſpilt.
May not that God to whom you owe your throne,
Who ſits on one ſuperiour of his own,
Cite you to anſwer at his judgment-ſeat,
Where you and I e'er long muſt both repeat
The actions we have done in life, and where
My injured innocence will then appear.

I've done——with one requeſt, one only want,
The laſt that I ſhall ask, or you can grant;
And ſure, you cannot, will not, that deny,
My ſelf alone may be condemn'd to die:
On me let all your fiery wrath take place,
Mine be the ſorrow, mine the foul diſgrace.

O ſpare the ſouls of innocents! forgive
Thoſe you've impriſoned for my ſake let live.
If ever I have charm'd you in my life,
As ever I was once your tender wife,
So do I beg, grant, ſo I may obtain,
And let not Anna Boleyn ſue in vain.

But I'll no more——I ſhall your grace diſpleaſe;
Far be it from me to diſturb your eaſe:
To you may angels many bleſſings bring,
Direct and proſper you in every thing,
Preſerve the kingdom, and protect the king.

Your moſt loyal, and
ever faithful wife,

From my doleful Priſon
in the Tower, this
ſixth of May, 1536.

ANN BOLEYN.

Mr. SPEC-

[N° 108.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM a young man, that through misfortunes am forced at preſent to rely upon my relations for ſubſiſtance. I am but too ſenſible, that unleſs I ſhortly get ſome buſineſs, I ſhall be looked upon as an intruder; therefore I have propoſed to ſome of them, that if they would pleaſe to aſſiſt me with ſomething conſiderable at once, it might in all probability put me into a capacity of extricating my ſelf from my troubles, free them from the burden of my maintainance, and enable me to make them juſt returns for their favours: but to this the reply conſtantly is, that I am not to be truſted with money; that I ſhall not want for any thing (though all that live as I do, I think, really want for every thing) and that what I now coſt them is not felt, ſince it goes out by trifles; whereas, in truth, one year's expence will more than amount to the ſum that I intreat them to advance.

From this their refuſal, and ill-judged benevolence, my condition is like that of a man under ſentence of death, whoſe friends or relations expend as much in getting him daily or weekly reprieves, as would, if at once

once advanced, perhaps procure him a pardon: for at the long run, when I begin to be ſlighted, I ſhall be in ſo much a worſe condition, than when I firſt flung my ſelf into a ſtate of dependance, by how much more difficult it will be for me to get into buſineſs.

As my laſt refuge in this my diſtreſs I apply my ſelf to Mr. Spectator, not doubting, that if he will but ſay, that they that would ſave ſhould take the moſt probable and reaſonable methods, that my miſtaken friends will in following his dictates ſave,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

Dec. 21. 1712. T. B.

Mr. SPEC-

[N° 109.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOU being lately engaged in the ſubject of zeal, I thought it might not be an unſeaſonable requeſt to deſire you to direct your inſtructions to the fair publick, (with whom you have ſo much intereſt) by reprehending with all gentleneſs thoſe of them that are much buſied about the affairs of ſtate; for, I aſſure you, it grieves me to the heart to ſee the ladies daily dividing themſelves into parties about the minuteſt affairs imaginable, only becauſe one thinks ſuch an expreſſion is the moſt ſuitable and decent way of mentioning or accoſting her majeſty; and the other fancies the expreſſion ſavours too much of forced and affected complaiſance, to be becoming or convenient: for is it not unaccountable and unreaſonable, that becauſe two perſons do not conceive alike about this matter, that therefore they muſt differ about ſhoe-ſtrings, and be divided upon the point of head-dreſſing?

Mrs. Quieta was pleaſed the other day to give me an account of the behaviour of a

* *Vid. Spectators*, N° 57, 399.

com-

company caſually met at her houſe, which the good-natur'd world, I fear, won't know how to credit.

There were (if I remember) ten in number came upon this lady the ſame evening to diſcharge their viſits, of which Mrs. Quieta computed five tories and four whigs (one being ſomething a ſtranger both as to her perſon and opinion) particularly there was one Mrs. Linguacia, who by the abilities of her tongue had obtained great authority among the ladies of the former party, and one Mrs. Voluble, who by means of her female ſharpneſs had acquired a leading vote among thoſe of the latter: theſe two being ancient contenders, could not avoid a rencounter upon this accidental meeting, which however Mrs. Quieta took care to quaſh before they were too far engaged, by entreating their attention to ſome new knick-knacks which ſhe produced out of her cloſet. But they were not well ſettled after the firſt ſtorm, but Mrs. Linguacia began to expatiate upon the happy qualities of her parrot newly preſented to her; in the midſt of which argument ſhe was interrupted by Mrs. Voluble.

I love, ſays ſhe, my Italian greyhound, of all creatures; it has ſo many pretty winning ways of making much of one —— and it is ſuch a ſprightly thing——I could buſs it—— and then it ſhews ſo much ſenſe in all its actions;

actions; but a parrot is the dulleſt creature.

Dull creature! (replies Mrs. Linguacia) don't it imitate human ſpeech, which is counted a mark of diſtinction between men and beaſts? and truly I had rather hear impertinence talk'd by roat by a parrot than by human creatures; for in him, methinks, it is more odd and out of the way.

Mrs. Quieta perceiving Mrs. Voluble going to anſwer in ſome heat, puts in a word, if poſſible, to quiet ſo idle a contention.

Truly, Ladies, ſays ſhe, I cannot ſee the end of this diſpute, ſince this matter is no otherwiſe to be decided than by each particular perſon's fancy and humour; and no account is to be given for the affection of ſome to this animal, or antipathy to another.

I do not blame any one (replies Mrs. Voluble) that they have a natural antipathy to a dog, or that they do not love the creature ſo well as I do; but I think, any one of judgment muſt allow the greyhound to deſerve eſteem more than the parrot; for (continued ſhe) I know Mrs. Linguacia commends that idle, uſeleſs creature, only becauſe he bears his confinement with patience, and has not the leaſt guſt for liberty: upon which thoſe of this lady's party began to maintain what ſhe had advanced with ſome confuſion, till the five of the other ſide joined them,

them, and with equal clamour and noiſe kept up the diſpute, ſaying, that the grey-hound with all his liberty is never able to attain to half the ingenuity and ſenſe of a parrot, ſome producing one inſtance, ſome another, of Poll's having an aim to communicate his mind by his prating.

But I won't purſue the relation any farther, leſt we grow giddy as well as they.

But, who can now be ſo heart-whole, as not to be moved to expoſtulate with theſe and ſuch like ladies? Nothing, ſure, but the example of our ſex, could ſo bewitch them, as to engage them ſo ſtrenuouſly to contend in matters the moſt foreign to the firſt controverſy in politicks; for I cannot find the leaſt colour in defence of the ladies thus prophaning the tea-table, and removing all ſatisfaction and delight from their converſation.

Could the witty things ſaid by this or that lady have any influence upon the publick affairs, were it a way to their advancement, or a method of making that faction they approve, to appear ſtrong, powerful, and arbitrary, they were more excuſable: but ſince the ladies cannot maintain their families or ſo much as procure tea-money by theſe diſputes, and are not likely thereby to do much ſervice to thoſe in whom they have an intereſt of the other ſex, I cannot but judge, and I hope you will denounce theſe wrang-

wranglings unpardonable, at leaſt till her majeſty ſhall be pleaſed to call a female-parliament, and even then, though they ſhould find it convenient in publick to ſecond ſuch or ſuch a lady in whatever ſhe advances, and to be ſtubborn and noiſy in maintaining it, yet adviſe them to reſume their natural ſweetneſs of temper in their viſits and private converſation.

I am,

Your benevolent reader,

AMA QUIETA.

P. S. If you chuſe, you may ſubſcribe the letter W. W. and I will ſo order it that you ſhall bear no blame, nor be troubled with a challenge.

[N° 110.]

To Myra.

MOURN, all ye nymphs who us'd to ſing
About the Helliconian ſpring;
Rejoice no more in wanton ſtrains,
You that frequent Parnaſſus plains;
Deplore my fate, ye tuneful ſpheres,
And all ye clouds diſſolve in tears;
Now vows and tears I urge in vain,
Myra is deaf to all my pain.

Upon ſending *The Compleat Gamſter* to Myra.

(By the ſame hand.)

GO, happy book, and kiſs her tender hand,
A monarch would be proud of the command;
Go, and thy miſteries to her repeat,
She wants no other art to be compleat,
To win at ombre, or at dice to cheat.

But

But when fair Myra on thee caſts an eye,
My deareſt Myra, venture not too nigh;
Her eyes the hotteſt lightnings do impart,
And thou'lt in aſhes lie with Strephon's heart.

[Nº 111.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Recommend the 9th of June once more to your thoughts; and, to ſignify my ſentiments on the occaſion, I think you too ſevere, and believe moſt of the judicious part of your ſex would rather be diſtinguiſhed by us for being agreable, and would not be pleaſed to be denied our converſation for being ſo. The firſt thing taught to youth is learning, and the ſtudy of all the noble arts and ſciences, that can make them accompliſhed, polite and agreable; and when they arrive at ſuch perfection, they are a glory to the age: muſt we exclude and baniſh them our ſight, leſt they ſhould inſpire us with love?

I own my ſelf a Platoniſt (but not ſwell'd in the waſt) and think a man like a fine

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* *Vid. Spectator*, Nº 400.

proſpect, yet confeſs I admire you, and all men of ſenſe, and could ſit and liſten to you in particular, whole days, without the thought of love; for as your ſex has wrapt up that paſſion ſo cloſe, and tied it with the ſtricteſt rules of intereſt, I would have my ſex deſpiſe it, and turn their native ſoftneſs from them, like

Your

ADAMANTIS.

P. S. I do not expect this in your paper, it is unworthy, but hope you will ſay ſomething to me at the bottom of your paper.

[N° 212.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

IT muſt be allowed, the character you have given of Seig. Nicolini in your Spectator of Saturday laſt is very juſt; but I cannot agree with you, that the town in general is highly obliged to him: I am very ſure all the muſicians reſent his haughty

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 405.

carri-

carriage to them, having been ſuch as hath given juſt cauſe of offence to them, and more eſpecially to ſeveral maſters (who muſt be allowed by all true judges of muſick highly to excel him in the knowledge of that art) who have been directed by him at all publick practices of opera's in an imperious manner, as if they were novices, and he the only judge of true performance.

As to the nobility and gentry, I cannot think them at all obliged to him, for certainly he came not here to pleaſure them, but on proſpect of gain; and he has ſo well ſucceeded in his expectation, that he is bound in gratitude ever to acknowledge himſelf highly obliged to the Engliſh nation.

As to his applauding the Engliſh opera, it was baſe hypocriſy, for he, the contemptible eunuch that lodgeth with him, and ſome others, have often been heard to ridicule it; and he and ſome of his friends did, before it was publickly performed, ſtrenuouſly endeavour to blaſt its reputation; and finding themſelves unable to gain that point, by reaſon of the excellence both of the poetry and muſick, they have ever ſince by malicious and indirect practices endeavoured to ſuppreſs it, which it is hoped by all true Engliſh lovers of muſick they will not be able to accompliſh.

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The poem is ſuch, that Mr. Mainwaring (who muſt be allowed to be a good judge) was heard to ſay, there is more ſenſe in it than in all the Italian opera's that ever were written, put them all together.

The muſick, in my opinion, is not inferior to that of the beſt of the Italian opera's which have been preſented on our theatre; and take it all together, perhaps ſuperiour, it being not only judiciouſly compoſed, but moreover entire and all of a piece: whereas the Italian opera's have been miſerably mangled and unskilfully patched together.

I can conceive but two reaſons why ſome perſons have been prevailed on to diſlike this opera; either ſuch perſons knowing but little (if any thing) of muſick, and having been told much of the excellence of Italian muſick, are ſo much prejudiced, as to think no other can be good, or elſe they join with thoſe perſons mentioned in your Spectator N° 18. who have eſtabliſhed a rule, *That nothing is capable of being well ſet to muſick, that is not nonſenſe*, or (which is much one) in a language not underſtood by them.

But that an opera writ in a language underſtood by us is more proper, and muſt be more pleaſing to a rational audience, the ingenious author of this opera hath fully proved in his preface to it.

I hope

I hope this opera, notwithſtanding all the oppoſition it has met with, will at length have the approbation of a great majority of our nobility and gentry, and ſucceed ſo well, as to give the author and compoſer of it, and others, encouragement to provide more entertainments for us of the ſame kind.

If ſome perſons, who are extreme on the other hand (and think no foreigners ought to have any encouragement from us) ſhall object, that the compoſer and two of the ſingers in this opera are foreigners, it may be anſwered, theſe perſons having lived many years in this kingdom, daily converſant with the Engliſh, ſettled, and ſpending what they get amongſt us, (never remitting money into foreign parts, as ſome others have done) may well be looked upon as Engliſh: and certainly the ingenious gentleman who compoſed this opera, and Mrs. Margaretta and her ſiſter, very much deſerve encouragement from the Engliſh nation, and much more than ſome foreigners who have had the greateſt; their excellence in their ſeveral ways of performance, (particularly the two former of them) being not only to as great a degree as any that have been here, if not greater, but their endeavours to pleaſe the nation much more, particularly in learning the Engliſh language, and by conforming to the genius of the Engliſh nation in all reſpects as much as poſſibly they can.

As to what you object againſt our maſters, that they compoſe but little muſick on divine ſubjects, that defect proceeds from want of encouragement. Were ſuch muſick allowed to be performed in all our churches in like manner as in foreign parts, and competent maintainance given to the beſt compoſers and performers, I doubt not but we ſhould have many excellent pieces of muſick of that kind compoſed and well performed.

Sir, you ſeem in ſome of your papers to be very zealous for encouraging Engliſh muſick, and have juſtly expoſed the folly of introducing Italian opera's on an Engliſh ſtage; which gives me encouragement to hope you will agree with me in what I have advanced, and publiſh ſo much of the ſubſtance of this letter as is proper to appear in print, and add ſuch arguments as may tend to the advancement of Engliſh opera's amongſt us.

I am,

Your humble ſervant,

and admirer,

June 16. 1712. TRUEMAN ENGLISH.

Mr. SPEC-

[N° 113.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

HAVING an averſion to every thing which is immodeſt, I cannot but ſend you the following narrative.

I am a linen-draper, and therefore it is my province to ſerve many of the fair ſex with hollands, muſlins, &c. I have been extremely well pleaſed with ſeveral ladies converſations (whilſt we have been contracting for linen) whoſe modeſt behaviour and affable diſpoſition I cannot ſufficiently commend.

But of late I have had ſome cuſtomers which have tumbled over variety of hollands without any ſeeming probability of buying any. The laſt they bought (they ſay) was a choice-made holland, and waſhed wonderfully well, and will pull up at the necks of their ſhifts a quarter of a yard, and ask me to ſee the fineneſs: after I have given my approbation, they will add, nay, but pray feel again how nice and ſoft it is too; which puts me into a confuſion, and renders me incapable of officiating.

But laſt week a gentlewoman (which made a very ſplendid appearance) wanted ſome holland: I ſtrewed my counter over with various ſorts, but none would pleaſe her. I

heaped on more, gradually finer, till I had quite dreined my counter; but ſhe ſeemed to like none. I diſplayed one of the beſt pieces of bag-holland I had got, and applauded it for its being ſuperfine, even, thick, white, a holland of an excellent fabrick, and ſuch-like terms of drapery. She did not like it, ſhe told me, but immediately pulled up her petticoats, ſhews me the bottom of her ſhift, and told me ſhe would have it as good as that.

I was ſo aſtoniſhed at her unbecoming aſſurance, that I bluſh'd, and was obliged to leave madam, being unwilling to countenance ſuch immodeſty.

Remembring that in your Spectator of the 17th inſtant, about the wooden Madammoiſelle, when the pert maid told you, you had not ſeen her garters, which were tied all-a-mode, you declared you was more modeſt than to look under the petticoats, though a pair of ſticks were but placed there.

Your inſerting this may be a means of redreſſing this undecent practice; for if an immediate ſtop be not put to it, it will be a great detriment to the trade of,

SIR,

Your very humble ſervant,

Jan. 31. 1711-12. JAMES MODESTY.

P. S. If I am out in relating the ſtory about Madammoiſelle, or the date of your Spectator, pray rectify it.

[N° 114.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

ENcouraged by your invitation in your paper of the 28th of July laſt, I here ſend you an account of ſome oddneſſes, opinions, and prevailing cuſtoms, which I wiſh you could root out from this part of our country; and though the people here have but lately heard of your name, yet the polite amongſt them ſeem to have ſuch a fondneſs for your works, that I doubt not of their amendment upon the leaſt notice you ſhall take of them.

As I am the only perſon amongſt them that is lately come down from London, I have had various applications for preferments, (when I ſhall return back to the great Emporium) of which I was obliged by the ſeveral petitioners to commit theſe following memorandums to my pocket-book.

A John Jones, Eſq; poſſeſſed of 35 s. *per Annum* freehold, to be made (maſter of the

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 442.

horſe)

horſe) hoſtler as he called it, to ſome great gentleman.

Mrs. Joan Clumſie, who knows not how to ſtick a pin, to be firſt woman to a lady.

Mr. Ap-reece Jenkins, a broken taylor, to be head-ſteward to ſome lord.

And the reverend Mr. B———, who underſtands no language on the earth, but one made of Welſh and Engliſh, to be got into prieſt's orders, and preferred to a church in London.

They have conjurers here in every pariſh, who tell fortunes, help to loſt goods, and ſupply the places of doctors and apothecaries. I obſerved a poor weaver was one of them, and a cobler another.

I was at one market-town, where a carpenter makes wiggs, and a butcher ſupplies the place of a barber.

The faries dance in every mead, and haunt every houſe. Apparitions are very frequent, and all the attornies who have died round about here for above a hundred years paſt, have walked and been laid, ſome under bridges, ſome between trees and their barks, and the people ſhew you diſtinctly where ſuch and ſuch a ghoſt is confined.

My father is the moſt famous man in theſe parts for confining theſe wandring ſpirits; and it is ſaid I am to ſucceed him in the art and profeſſion of ſpirit-catching, and (will you

you believe it) to be conjurer-general to the country.

I had ſeveral informations here of corps-candles, which burn with a blue flame, and walk in a very ſolemn manner from the bed to the grave of every perſon before he dies; a piece of funeral-pomp vouchſafed by heaven, particularly to the Welſh, and the borders of two or three neighbouring counties round about.

The men rather bully than court their miſtreſſes into marriage, for they are of ſuch proud and fiery tempers, that even love it ſelf cannot ſubdue them. They generally ask but once, and if they are refuſed, they ſwear they will never ask again, and ſo immediately go and lampoon them; for you muſt know that all the common people are naturally poets.

I obſerved the effect of this method of addreſs in one inſtance:

A perſon of a conſiderable fortune came accidentally into a woman's company whom he liked, but had never ſeen before; and by ſwearing, that if ſhe denied him then, he would never ask her again, he had her conſent to get a licence in two hours courtſhip.

But I pity the hardſhip this ſevere form puts the women under.

They have a witch in every village, who is generally an old ugly woman, and ſuffers very

very much upon the account of her reputed power; for they are all of opinion, that the more kindneſs they do a witch, the greater force ſhe has over them, and that the more injury they do her, the leſs ſhe can do them.

Moſt of the people and the horſes are hag-rid every night: they often fancy that men, women, children, and cattle are bewitched; and then away they go to a charmer, whom they term a white witch, who is always a woman, and of which we have one in every other pariſh, who breaks the enchantment by twiſting and untwiſting of a ſtring, and ſome other ſuch-like meaſures.

The women are ſo fond of ſhewing their legs, that they wear no ſtockings or ſhoes, and their petticoats reach but little lower than their knees.

There is nothing more common than to meet gentlewomen in boots and buſgins, and riding aſtride: they are ſo great admires of tobacco, that a gentleman of my acquaintance told me, who courts a lady of ſeventeen, and fifteen hundred pounds fortune, that he carries her a pound of tobacco every viſit he makes, by way of a love-preſent.

This is a ſhort and true hiſtory of ſome of the rarities and manners of ſo conſiderable a people as the Welſh, the Herefordians and Salopians: but I would have you acquainted

ted too, Sir, that we have excellencies enough to compenſate theſe little ruſticities.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

S——s Aug. 24. 1712.

A. B.

[N° 115.]

Dulce eſt deſipere in loco.

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

AS you are confeſſed the tutelar of the tender ſex, I cannot think that females of high-life are the only perſons who are to be the better for your ſpeculations, which ſhould extend and diffuſe themſelves equally with love, the ſoft ſubject upon which they are formed, from the higheſt to the loweſt of the fair ſpecies.

Let Mrs. Betty therefore, in the room of the ſparkling Gloriana, be the heroine of a day's entertainment; and let little Mr. Dicky take place of both Strephon and Da-

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 423.

mon,

mon, as being a far more induſtrious lover, and a more aſſiduous deſerver of his miſtreſs.

Mrs. Betty is neither rich, witty, young, nor beautiful: ſhe is ſo rich, that her wealth is gathered up between the walls of no very ample, ſpacious or frequented coffee-houſe. She is ſo witty, that ſhe cannot help talking of this man perpetually to every cuſtomer ſhe has, and does not perceive how much ſhe ſhews ſhe is in love with him, while ſhe is ſo earneſt in declaring to every body that he is her averſion.

She is ſo advanced in age for a maid, and ſo far gone in beauty, that ſhe has left her bar, and reſigned that poſt of publick honour, which is crowned with bright, but brittle glaſſes, the emblems of each tranſitory reign, to pretty Mrs. Margaret, to whom ſhe hath ſo far given up all the right and title of that ſhining ſituation, that ſhe can now calmly hear her ſelf called by the name of plain Betty, while her maid has her name conſtantly laced with the anteceding title of miſtreſs.

Little Dicky is a funeral-man, and he too is of that age, that if they demur much longer, he may make a coffin, and give both their loves to the grave.

If this ſounds any thing like a pun, it will be pardoned by your ſpectatorial gravity, ſince in conſequence and courſe of thought it aptly introduces me into this relation, that

our

our lover, though he hath by manual operation ſhewn himſelf an undertaker, is by profeſſion of tongue a famous Johnnian, and an expert profficient in the art of punning, in which he hath been a perfect Swan: I ſay hath been, becauſe it is aſſerted by ſome, though vigorouſly denied by others, that his talent that way is extreamly impaired, if not utterly loſt, in the depth of his love.

Be that as it will, certain it is, that Dicky has avoided many opportunities of courting by word of mouth, and played the wooer in a cunning ſhew of ſeveral acts of good husbandry. How far his experiments have been ſucceſsful, and his ſtratagems lucky, I have learned from the mouth of his miſtreſs, from which they have the happineſs to be frequently delivered, with the moſt odd, and in the moſt extravagant turns of paſſion, that ever were known.

I give you the following recital, or moſt of it, from her own lips.

One morning early I happened to go by the door of the man whom you are pleaſed to call my ſweetheart; and though I do not love the man any more than I do you, or any body elſe, yet to be ſure I muſt needs ſay, I liked to find him ſo good a husband. He was as hard as could be at ſweeping clean the way which croſſes over to the door, that his cuſtomers might have eaſy acceſs; and what was more, he did not only

ſy do it himſelf to ſave the expence of a porter, but, to bear his ſtockings harmleſs, did it bare-legg'd.

Mrs. Betty ſaw two or three viſages ſtretch as if inclinable to a laugh, and began to think it too low a topick to praiſe her lover upon; when recovering from a ſilly affected bluſh, ſhe turned it into an awkard kind of raillery, and ſaid, I ſhall ſee him a ſcavenger ſoon, I ſuppoſe. But as I have ſomething that ſonds great in my voice, and never fails to awe my circle of auditors into an applauſe of what I ſay, I took all my preſence upon me, erected my head, and ſet my countenance, and then uttered ſententiouſly in a few words, thus:

It ſhewed a great deal of recommendable induſtry in your ſuiter.—— He has the advantage of my applauſe.

The three that were round me (for it was now low coffee-houſe) ſhewed a look of approbation and conſent.

She was pleaſed at the encouragement; but not knowing yet what to think, ſhe ſpoke with a ſilly look between jeſt and earneſt to me thus:

All the way I went down Drury-lane often I turned my head, ſtill Dicky was a ſweeping. I walked down all the Strand, yet ſtill when I returned, as ſure as you are alive, there Dick was ſweeping. I fetched a round in the Piazza of Covent-garden, yet ſtill

ſtill when I returned was Dicky ſweeping. At laſt I poſted my ſelf at a corner-ſhop, and often peeped, till at one peep I ſaw the back of the good husband and half the broom, which he trailed after him, march together into the ſhop. Upon that I ventured to leave my poſt; then looking often and earneſtly at it, paſſed over the clean work of his hands, and came my way home, pleaſed with the reflection, that one whom I had liked was ſo good a husband.

Whatever the love of Mrs. Betty may ſeem to ſome, I look upon it as certain it was the ſame paſſion which gave birth to thoſe beautiful lines which are pronounced by Mark Anthony in Dryden's *All for Love.*

How I lov'd,
Witneſs, ye days and nights, and all ye hours,
That danc'd away with downe upon your feet;
As all your buſineſs were to count my paſſion:
One day paſſed by and nothing ſaw but love;
Another came, and ſtill 'twas only love.
The ſuns were wearied out with looking on,
And I untir'd with loving.
I ſaw you every day and all the day,
And every day was ſtill but as the firſt,
So eager was I ſtill to ſee you more.

Dick hath a hundred ſuch little diſtant ways of courtſhip; ſometimes you ſee he lays the ſcene in a ſtreet, and can rake his miſtreſs's moſt favourable thoughts out of the very kennel.

He has more than once revived the paſſion, which Mrs. Betty has made a month's endeavour to ſtifle, out of a coffin, by ſhewing himſelf expert and nice in attiring the dead.

'Tis reported, that he once painted the cheeks of a dead relation of his, for whom he had pretended a more eſpecial kindneſs, and ſaid, the beauty of the corpſe proceeded intirely from his art in embalming.

He promiſes his dear coffee-woman, that that wonderful beauty, of which ſhe was miſtreſs in his eyes, ſhould be made to her immortal, though he hoped he ſhould die firſt; and then the ſecret ſhould be her's and heir heirs, who was to be the performer of that becoming obſequy.

Mrs. Betty hath informed me, that ſhe neither thinks him or herſelf witty or pretty: but ſome ſympathy, ſome wonderful ſympathy, hath cauſed this reciprocal affection.

Conſidering their circumſtances and humours, I am really perſuaded, Mrs. Betty had better be wedded to her coffee-houſe, and he to one of his coffins, than that they ſhould be the ruin of one another by ſo capricious a match.

Mrs. Bet-

Mrs. Betty tells me ſhe will die before ſhe will have him.

She was in love with him, ſhe owns, but pretends now to be totally indifferent; but it is with a great deal of ruſtick paſſion.

Mrs. Betty is ſtill in danger: pray inform her ſo.

Dick's is not a verboſe, but an active courtſhip.

The athletick lady's pretended paſſion againſt him is really for him.

Pray give her this warning; and in doing this you may do more good to womankind, as there are more Mrs. Betties than Gloriana's; more Dickies than Strephons.

Your moſt humble ſervant,

W. B.

[N° 116.]

* Dear SPECTATOR,

IN purſuance of your late invitation I ſend you the following letter, which you may either publiſh or conceal as you ſhall think fit.

My inclination led me the other day to my pariſh-church, where I was mightily diſturbed with the noiſy devotion of my next neighbour. I thought that I could not ſhew my deſire to have the common-prayer ſaid and performed as it ought to be, in a greater degree than by moſt earneſtly deſiring all the members of the church of England, for their own better edification (and that they hinder not others in their devotion) not to repeat the prayers aloud after the miniſter (unleſs in thoſe parts in which they are injoined) in that undecent manner too many do, for want of conſideration or due information.

I am not afraid to ſay, for their own edification, becauſe would they be prevailed on to make the experiment, I doubt not but they would certainly find, that when they ſilently attend to the parſon that officiates, and let their hearts go along with him (if

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 428.

they

they zealouſly, affectionately, and devoutly ſay Amen at the end of the petition, as they may obſerve the clergy (who are the beſt judges in this reſpect) conſtantly do, they will find they have better diſcharged their duty than by invading the prieſt's office, as too many unwarily do, though it were uncharible to ſuppoſe they deſign it.

However, I call it invading the prieſt's office, becauſe it is a very common thing to hear a large part of the congregation not only pronounce the abſolution, which no one but a biſhop or prieſt ſhould dare to do, but they do it aloud, though they ought not to do it at all. And there are not a few who read the exhortation, the leſſons,and the commandments aloud, which is needleſs, inſignificant, and troubleſome : but what is much worſe, they read the bleſſing and the conſecration-prayer in the communion-ſervice, which, as above, is the office only of a biſhop or prieſt, to the great offence of the more underſtanding part of the congregation. And this miſtake has prevailed ſo far, that in ſome churches it is not eaſy to hear the voice of the miniſter, for the noiſe of thoſe who read or repeat ſo loudly after him.

The deſign then of this letter being an endeavour to reform the error that has crept unaccountably into our church, and gains ground there daily, no one ſure will take

it in ill part, ſince it comes from one who has a regard to God's honour and the good of their ſouls, and who has obſerved this unwarrantable practice with great concern, and has himſelf often been diſturbed by thoſe who have been near him, and who has heard many others make the ſame complaint, and wiſh heartily for a reformation.

Let them peruſe with care the rubric in the common-prayer-book, and they will find that the people are required to ſay the confeſſion, the Lord's prayer, and the creed after the miniſter, and ſeveral other reſponſes, and amen at the end of every prayer, but no more belongs to them than reverence, attention, and devotion; ſo that I only beſeech them to obey the law of the land, as the rubrick is, to which they are in conſcience obliged, and to expreſs their duty to the Church of England, whoſe children they are, and to whom all honour and ſubmiſſion is due in ſo juſt and reaſonable commands.

Beſides, their reading the prayers in that manner, is not only an act of diſobedience to our church (whom one would not willingly offend) but is in ſome ſort a denial of the neceſſity of the office of a prieſt, who is the mouth of the people, to pray to God in their names, and to preſent their ſupplications to him.

The pretence of receiving advantage by it will hardly juſtify it, becauſe they thereby hinder

hinder the devotion of others, and a man ought not to deſire a benefit for himſelf, that will be at the ſame time prejudicial to another.

I doubt not in the leaſt, but many well-meaning people are guilty of this practice, and do it in the ſincerity of their hearts; but I hope that they who have this notice given them will forbear it for the future, becauſe the excuſe of ignorance is now taken off, and it will be looked upon leſs favourably than it was before.

This is of ſo great importance in relation to decency and order, with which all things in publick worſhip ought more particularly to be done, that I hope it will not be thought that I lay a greater weight on it than it may ſeem to deſerve: and no one can reſent this admonition being given him, as an affront to his underſtanding, unleſs he be peeviſh and ſelf-conceited, and had rather proceed in error than retract it upon conviction and better information, though every lover of chriſtianity ſhould encourage ſuch kind deſigns of ſerving the publick, ſince they are enough who diſcountenance all advances towards promoting virtue and religion, to which they have an averſion, and which they would moſt gladly baniſh out of the world.

I am

Your moſt humble ſervant,

R. T.

[N° 117.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

AMONGST the many uſeful ſubjects that you have celebrated, I do not remember that you have as yet taken any cognizance of the charity-ſchools erected in and about this city for the education and maintainance of poor children; a concern of ſuch publick benefit, that it ought not to be overlooked by the Spectator of Great-Britain: and ſince nothing (next to the exhortation of preachers) has done more towards liberal contributions than charity-hymns ſung in churches by the children of thoſe ſchools, I herewith ſend you a copy of the hymn ſung at St. George's-church in Southwark, on Sunday laſt, which I ſuppoſe you will think fit ſpeedily to inſert in one of your papers, becauſe of the great ſatisfaction it has given; having obſerved that none of your ſheets are more acceptable than thoſe wherein you have preſented the publick with ſome piece

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 430.

of

of poetry upon religious and moral ſubjects.

I am, with ſincere reſpect,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

Nov. 12. 1712. M. S.

A HYMN ſung at the Church of St. George, Southwark, on Sunday November the 9th, 1712. by the children of the charity-ſchool there.

The words by Mr. TATE, Poet-Laureat to Her Majeſty.

WHAT preſents to thy temple, Lord,
Can we poor infants bring?
'Tis thou that doſt the breath afford,
With which we pray and ſing.

'Tis

'Tis thou that doſt the grace convey
That gives a welcome there;
Thy grace prepares our hearts to pray,
And then accepts the prayer.

What though we can't reſound thy praiſe
Like them that are above,
Yet zeal may help our humble lays
To mount on wings of love.

Thoſe gifts that to the ſacred ſtore,
The wealthy brought was ſmall;
The widow's ſingle mite was more,
Becauſe it was her all.

Our all we give; therefore may ſing
(Though with inferiour art)
With choirs of angels, whilſt we bring
The muſick of our heart.

Gloria Patri, &c,

All glory to th' eternal three,
The God whom we adore;
As was and is, and ſo will be,
When time will be no more.

[N° 118.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

BY your exclaiming againſt our riding in habits, you have mightily offended us who take delight in that exerciſe, and who expected, that if you had taken any notice of that faſhion, you would have ſpoken in its commendation, and ſhewn (as you ought to have done) yourſelf proud that we women ſhould be fond of appearing like you men in any thing. As for my part, you ſhall never perſuade me but that either envy or fear occaſioned your writing that paper. You was either angry that we ſhould rival you in your own perſons, or elſe afraid that as we had already got all to the breeches, we ſhould in a little time, wear them too.

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 435.

But,

But, Sir, to let you ſee how little I regard your advice, I think fit to acquaint you, that I ſhall be in Hide-park to morrow in the evening, where, if I happen to meet you, I ſhall certainly repeat the affront before given you, and cock my hat in defiance.

July 22. AUDACIA.

[Nº 119.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

HOW much better would it become the great character you bear, to enquire into and expoſe thoſe ſecret follies that breed animoſities in private families, rather than thoſe publick abſurdities of impertinent coxcombs, which to men of ſenſe are ſufficiently evident? His charity is beſt beſtowed who makes it his buſineſs to enquire into the private exigencies of thoſe who by misfortunes are reduced to the utmoſt extremity of want, and are aſhamed, though ſtarving, to beg.

I am a young man about twenty two, juſt ſetting out in the world, and have before my eyes the melancholy proſpect of an age ſo corrupted, that nothing but impudence can have a ſhare of any thing deſirable in this life.

life. With what diſadvantage does a modeſt man enter upon this ſtage? how rarely (if ever) is he, though of the greateſt merit, encouraged?

I have two brothers both my elders: I am ſorry to mention the continual hatred which by my mother's partiality is grown up betwixt us. My eldeſt brother was ever from his minority a lad of an affable, eaſy temper, great ingenuity, ingaging perſon, and all his actions were agreable to reaſon. My ſecond was of an imperious temper, ſmall ſenſe, and little to recommend him but an original aſſurance, and a pretty ſmock-face: he my mother book'd down her boy. By her encouragement he domineer'd over the whole family. In ſeveral places my eldeſt brother ſtood up for his right of precedence, but was immediately told he muſt humour his younger brothers: then I thought to come in, but was ſent away with a good box and a ſevere reprimand for offering to take place of my elder brother. My father, who always carried himſelf ſo even towards us that none could claim the leaſt part of his affection more than the other, would frequently reprimand him for his inſolent behaviour, which would immediately put my mother into a fit of the vapours that would laſt at leaſt a week, nay, would never leave till ſhe vented it by telling my father he might do what he pleaſed

ſed with the other two blockheads, but her boy ſhould not be baulked. Not only ſervants were diſcarded for a contradiction, but even intimate acquaintance, if they could not bear his impudence.

I do not think this worthy your paper, but a diſcourſe from you on this ſubject will be very uſeful, and very much oblige

Your admirer,

Friday, Sept. 2. 1711. T. M.

P. S. You hardly go into any family where there is a number of children, but you find this wayward, this unhappy diſtinction made; from which the inſolent and ignorant of both ſexes are enabled to pride and lord it over the modeſt and the meritorious of their brothers and ſiſters, through the whole courſe of their lives.

Mr. SPEC-

[Nº 120.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOU have extremely affronted a moſt beautiful lady, by reflecting too ſeverely on the amazonian dreſs; and I am commanded to tell you, that whilſt you was a tatler no acceptions could be taken, for your title gave you authority to prate; but as ſpectator, you ought to hear, ſee, and ſay nothing, eſpecially in what regards the fair ſex. Neither does ſhe a little reſent your buſying yourſelf with ſo many peticoats, and thinks, if you look'd at home it would be more to the purpoſe and an old man's reputation. From you ſhe judges all men of your years envious: you all hate that youth ſhould ſo much as look at what was once your delight. If you are wiſe, regain the good opinion of my lady, who was ever an adorer of your ſpeculations till this tranſgreſſion.

By order of her ladiſhip, I do in all things (except in what relates to the amazon and peticoat) ſubſcribe myſelf

Your admirer,

TOM JOCKEY.

* *Vid. Spectator*, Nº 435.

[Nº 121.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE under-written lines, the work of a leiſure-hour, are ſubmitted to your diſpoſal, by,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient, &c.

R. D.

Upon ſending HORATIUS, a *Roman* Tragedy, to Mrs. H——.

WOULD every Briton an Horatius prove,
And every lady like Camilla love,
Our injured country ſoon would find redreſs,
And every fair be crown'd with happineſs.

To

To Mr. PRIOR.

THO' coy as Daphne, chaſte as infants dreams,
And hard as the obdurate rock ſhe ſeems,
Struck by thy verſe, ſhe'll ſparkle with deſire,
And like the flint betray an hidden fire.

An EPITAPH on ALEXANDER the Great.

WITHIN this little urn the bones remain,
Of him whom all the world could not contain.

[N° 122.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

WALKING upon the parade, and diſcourſing of the perquiſites which ſerjeants and corporals make *modis & vitiis*, a friend of mine pulled out your Spectator of the 2d inſtant, which I read with abundance of ſatisfaction. I muſt confeſs I would

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 442.

have indulged my ſelf daily with the pleaſure and benefit which naturally flow from your performances, but that I have been debarred from ſo much happineſs, by the want of that which you have propoſed for a theme.

As ſoon as our company was diſperſed, I retired to the canal-ſide, and I know not what ſtrange ſpirit poſſeſſed me; but if the following lines (the product of my ſolitude) be worth your reading, I think I need not be aſhamed of their appearing in print: if the contrary, as I have great reaſon to expect, I then deſire you would commit them to what uſe you judge moſt proper for them.

I am,

SIR,

Your very humble ſervant,

H. S.

—— Quid

——— Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri ſacra fames? ——— VIRG.

HAIL! potent deity, miſterious gold;
Who can thy various qualities unfold?
Thy innate virtues cauſe a panick fear,
And Proteus-like, in diff'rent forms appear.
Strange contrarieties in thee are found,
In thee, who at the time you cure, do wound.
Thou doſt commotions raiſe, and make 'em calm;
At once a poiſon and ſpecifick balm.

When other methods ineffectual prov'd,
And Jove cou'd not obtain the thing he lov'd;
To thee he had recourſe, aſſum'd thy ſhape,
And thus accompliſh'd his intended rape.
Acriſius's guards were always on the ſcout,
Yet guards nor brazen-gates cou'd keep thee out.

Let ancient Rome her elder Janus boaſt,
Thou art the Janus of the Britiſh hoſt.

Such is thy power, ſuch thy magick charms,
The animated coward cries, to arms,
And boldly dares, fired with the wars alarms.
Thus madmen do precipitately run,
And ignorant of danger, do no danger ſhun.

Offſpring of hell, from whom all ills ariſe,
Courted by fools, but laugh'd at by the wiſe,
Say, can weak man, can thought thy ways compriſe?
Biaſs'd by thee the ſtern judge partial proves,
And always toward thee his centre moves:
Thou art the North to which his needle tends,
His ſupple conſcience to his int'reſt bends.

Such is thy influence, with thee combine
The ſtateſman, politician, and divine:
To thee the cabinet is open laid,
And ev'ry ſecret is to thee betray'd,
For thee pluralities are lawful made.

Females, your charms give o'er, no longer prize
The tribute we have paid your conquering eyes.

Beware,

Beware, deluded fair ones, O, take heed;
The bearded arrows now from gold proceed;
In vain you boaſt how many hearts do bleed.
Think on the ſacred nine, in order plac'd,
With beauty, virtue, and with wit they're grac'd:
Yet ſee how they're deſpis'd, becauſe they're poor,
Clio's unchaſt, Melpomene a whore.

H. S.

[N° 123.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOUNG people have naturally young thoughts; and ſince theſe move in their proper ſphere, I know not why it ſhould be eſteemed either indecent or immodeſt to utter them: not that I entertain the vanity to ſuppoſe any intrinſick worth in the following eſſay, or diſcloſe my youth to enhance its eſtimation, but only in hopes, that what would otherwiſe doubtleſs be impertinence, may upon that account meet with a more

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 442.

favourable reception. I am ſomewhat above eighteen years of age, and the ſubſequent attempt has lain by me juſt as you ſee it nigh two years: it contains a few tranſient reflections on the celebrated clauſe in Virgil prefix'd to it, which though they are of themſelves inſufficient and unworthy, will be made deſervedly famous by your notice, and are therefore, as hereto adjoin'd, ſubmitted to you:

—— *Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,*
Auri ſacra fames? ——

A too great admiration either at the ſtupendous virtues or amazing vices of the ancients, ought by no means to make us inſenſible of our native country, or whilſt we willingly celebrate the former, neglect bewailing any diſmal conſequence of the latter. That copious proverb, *Fælix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum*, ought rather to remind us of continually inculcating any good inference deducive from a preceding revolution. The unconceivable benefit that would accrue from hiſtory, if whilſt we ſacredly recommended any antiquated patterns of virtue, we would as frequently mention their vices, ſo that by abſtracting all neceſſary cautions from one, a ſafer progreſs might be made in the other, elſe why were they

they both blended together in the ſame record, and with equal care tranſmitted to futurity by the nobleſt products of time?

Miſtaking leads on to perverting, and a too violent inclination for this, or antipathy againſt that, prove alike dangerous: none but a middle road is ſecure from the two extreams of Scylla and Charibdis.

Now though gold or money, whilſt innocently uſed, and as ſubſervient to neceſſity, does every way anſwer the end for which it was conſtituted; yet what ſtrange fury and unaccountable abſurdities the too eager purſuit of it will lead men into, is evident from the ſad cataſtrophe of lamented Rome. Out of a vehement deſire to avoid the gulph of poverty, they periſhed in that more ruinous one of luxuriant deſires; what was proof againſt all the force of an envying world, muſt fall a victim to its own ſons, and expire in the flames of civil diſſention, which when once kindled could never be extinguiſhed till the renownedeſt city under the ſun was laid in aſhes, and the mightieſt nation for valour between both the poles, ſcattered throughout the earth, and expoſed to the revenge of their mortaleſt enemies.

Nor can I help attributing (though I wiſh all pernicious effects far diſtant) ſome of their chief cauſes to too many of our own countrymen; for indeed, it ſeems as if all thoſe feigned illuſions of the Syrenes were

contracted into gold: it is the grand idol firſt and laſt in all our actions; to which is ſacrificed conſcience, honour, life, or any thing elſe, how dear or ſacred ſoever, that comes in competition. How many are there who promote their particular intereſt in ſuch a manner, as if there was no community but themſelves? or would be willing (if poſſible) to convert the well-being of the world to their own preſent ſiniſter advantage? who conſult not whether undertakings are laudable or honeſt, but only gainful or profitable. And oh! what pyramids of vice may be raiſed from ſuch foundations accordingly? the height of virtue the depraved age is fallen from, what would have ſhamed our anceſtors, and made our forefathers tremble but to hear, is now practiſed as a neceſſary ingredient of life, and little principles, below the grandeur of human nature, are thought neceſſary qualifications for men of ſenſe: our religion is made (not ſeldom) an harangue to diſſention: our law to perplex its votaries with jugling and deceit; we convert our politicks into circumvention and fraud, and the almighty himſelf is both frequently and ſolemnly invocated to known falſities; the quinteſence of our learning is made to conſiſt in uttering ſpeeches like the Delphic oracle, that will bear two interpretations, elſe why all theſe plauſible colourings and ambiguous phrazes, ſince they cannot help to

the

the advancement of truth, but are abſolutely neceſſary in the palliating of a lye.

The epithet by which God firſt made himſelf known, was, I am one, or the ſame; whilſt, inſtead of imitation, we practice the reverſe, and for the ſake of gold, treacherouſly ſooth, at the inſtant our intent is to ruin, and farther the moſt villainous deſigns with a friendly countenance. Our own memories may eaſily recount ſolemn oaths cancelled, friends betrayed, gratitude forfeited, conjugal ties diſſolved, murders perpetrated, and juſtice it ſelf reverted, where gold was in the caſe: for this, widows are wronged, orphans abuſed, kindred deſpiſed, old age perſecuted; and what other end is propoſed in ſmiling upon proſperity than gold? Adverſity in the ſame perſon will ſoon contract that ſmooth brow, and change the ſummer's ſerenity into a winter's tempeſt.

Gold does this and more; it turns great men into pimps, wiſe men into flatterers, dazzles honeſty out of its ſenſes, renders pride as pliant as poverty, and makes chaſtity a proſtitute: gold is the reward of virtue, and plea for vice; gold is the diſpenſer with and ultimate end of all things below, as if gold muſt recede nature, and force the very wheels of life. Love is frequently generated of this baſe original gold; who can expreſs it! it is the ſummary of evil: yet we purſue

ſue with our utmoſt faculties, and though to the deſtruction of our brethren, gold.

Horrible! ſhould God have dealt with us as we deal with one another, our reſidence had been long e'er now in the ſhades of darkneſs, and the cimmetry of the globe confounded in its primitive chaos. How repugnant are ſuch practices to the bleſſings of unity, and how inconſiſtent with the ſuggeſtions of love! Hail love! and I wiſh I could hail thee, thou perfect harmony, prop of the univerſe, immediate ray of the Divinity, Saviour of the world, offspring of heaven: how ſhall I acceptably invoke thee! Deſcend, revive thy image now loſt amongſt mortals. Curſed effects of gold! to render invalid the faireſt ornaments that can adorn the world, or advance us to any degree of real happineſs in this brittle life: curſed effects indeed! to introduce in their room helliſh perfidy and avaritious malice. If this is all the becoming knowledge, if this is all the wonderful improvement we can boaſt of, happy were the firſt mortals, happy was this iſle in its ſimpleſt age! And now the next thought unavoidably leaves me where I began: I will therefore, as in gratitude it is reaſonable I ſhould, thankfully return the poet his due, and at the ſame time make the propereſt concluſion to my theme I can think of,

——*Quid*

——*Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,*
Auri ſacra fames? ——

Your humble ſervant,

London, May 28.
1712.

N. M.

[Nº 124.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE invitation and encouragement you give your readers in your paper of Monday laſt, to correſpond with you upon any ſubject (for as for money, the theſis you there particularly propoſe, I am entirely a ſtranger to it) has induced me to give you the trouble of the under-written.

Cato the cenſor always repented of three things, viz. of living a day without improvement; of telling a woman a ſecret; and of going by water, when he might have travelled by land.

I agree with him in the firſt particular; but muſt always think, that if he had con-

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* *Vid. Spectator*, Nº 442.

verſed

verſed with Engliſh women, and ſailed with London-watermen, he would never have repented of the two latter.

I have ever obſerved thoſe men to have the leaſt religion or honeſty, who frequently turn up the whites of their eyes, and make the greateſt noiſe and ſhew about it; as mountebanks and quack-doctors uſe words inſtead of drugs, and the greateſt wh—— preach up modeſty and chaſtity moſt.

Good breeding is thought now to conſiſt more in the geſticulations of the body than in the accompliſhments of the mind. There are only two ways of deporting one's ſelf like a fine gentleman; the firſt is, by regulating our demeanour by all the common rules of mode and cuſtom: this guards a man from being thought a clown. The other is, by breaking through all ſlaviſh ceremonies, and converſing with an air of freedom and good humour, by ſaying nothing which may juſtly diſoblige, but every other thing which may excite either mirth, thought or agreable turns in converſation. This is undoubtedly moſt agreable to all polite reaſon and tempers; but then there is ſo much wit and vivacity of genius requiſite to make a man eminent out of the common road, that few dare attempt it: the former will never be offenſive, the latter will always be agreable.

The proverb of kiſſing the parſon's wife, to have good luck in horſe-fleſh, is peculiar to

to our nation, and had its original in the time of popery, when eccleſiaſticks were forbid marriage; intimating, that if a man was unfortunate that way, there was no remedy for it.

A perſon very forward in profeſſing friendſhip and favours, is leſs to be relied on, and oftener to be importuned, than one that is ſlower, as horſes who want moſt reins in the beginning, require moſt ſpurring in the end of a journey.

We ſupport our ſelves comically under the pleaſures and misfortunes of love, by interpreting a miſtreſs's affirmative and negative anſwer to be the ſame: if ſhe is doubtful, there is ſtill hopes. Thus Cupid is ſuperior to Jove, becauſe he reconciles contradictions.

The reaſon why phyſicians promote atheiſm is, becauſe if there was no providence, they would be the diſpoſers of life and death. As the caſe ſtands now, they are more liberal of the latter than the former.

Ambition and ſelf-intereſt have been the parents of all uſeful inventions and great occurrences. To talk of the general good of mankind is perfect cant, and a chimera in it ſelf, for no good is any otherwiſe valuable, than as it affects and conſiſts in particulars.

All the happineſs of love ariſes from our loving others, not from our being beloved by them.

Every

Every married man ſhould endeavour to convince his wife, that all men love and reſpect her, for that is the beſt method of guarding her virtue and honour; but he ought at the ſame time to perſuade her too, that no one loves her better than himſelf, becauſe it is the moſt likely way to engage her entirely to him.

One of the beſt human proofs of the verity of chriſtianity may be drawn from the conſiſtency of it, with the moſt exalted reaſon, and the ſmall conformity it has with ſenſe; whereas all other ſyſtems are calculated *ad humanum captum*, as the Turkiſh belief of the pleaſure of ogling ladies with ſawcer-eyes, and enjoying one carnal embrace for ſixty years ſpace.

I have a great value for the memory of our anceſtors; but nothing gives me a meaner opinion of their abilities than the trifling proverbs we derive from them. I am pretty well convinced, that the Engliſh fall ſhort of all other nations and language in this: what ran into an adagy then, would be forgot now before two glaſſes went round. I take it for one of the ſureſt ways of weighing the wit and parts of all times before us, for us to conſult what notices of this ſort they have taken care to convey to us.

I am the Spectator's admirer,

C. L.

[N° 125.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

THOUGH there has been a little paper-ſcuffle between a ſaucy predeceſſor of yours called the Tatler and myſelf, yet I do acknowledge a deference to Mr. Spectator. You know, Sir, I ſufficiently exploded that coxcomb in my puppet-ſhew, and with great applauſe of the town my punch kept the field after the enemy had knock'd him o' the head; but time makes all things ſtale: and as my audience grew thin, I ſet my thoughts on altering my ſcene, and new-dreſſing punch and the reſt of my puppets. To do this (though ſome have pretended to other notions) I ſtill think I have a paternal right, as being author of the puppet-ſhew. Beſides, Sir, I have licence from the maſter of the bears: but alas! ſuch is the envy of ſome of my own profeſſion, leſt I ſhould be before-hand with them, that they have *vi & armis* taken and carried away my innocent puppets, diſturbed my audience, and ſet centinels at every piſſing-poſt to pull down my bills; and all under pre-

* *Vid. Tatlers*, N° 44, 50.

tence

tence that they reſemble ſome of their cronies; therefore I take this method to let them know I will indict them for burglary and felony at next ſeſſions, unleſs ſatisfaction be made to your correſpondent,

Nov. 17. G. POWELL.

[N° 126.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE long wiſhed to find you touch upon the ſubject of contracting debts for the ſupport only of riot and ſhew, with but very little view, or perhaps the knowledge, of being entirely unable ever to pay them.

There are great numbers of people, who, for years together, laud it over the midling ſort, and ſet themſelves to ſhew on a foot with people of rank and condition, only by running deep in debt with all ſorts of tradeſmen; and when the firſt ſett are wearied out by fruitleſs promiſes and repeated attendances, then are they intirely thrown by, and by the force of a little ready-money to lay out at firſt, a new ſett of bubbles are taken in, from whoſe induſtry, labour, and property,

ty, the luxury and extravagance of another year or two is to be ſupported.

But when this ſpirit of deſtruction is in any one that by rank or cuſtom has a ſanction for perſonal ſecurity, the havock that it makes is dreadful: all tricks and artifices are uſed to draw in the unwary to ſollicite for the favour of being cheated, perhaps undone. The figure that is bore, the high ſounding name, and a number of ſervile ſycophants, are the ſpacious ſnares and traps laid out to allure and catch as well the needy, as the induſtrious and deſerving.

But how baſe, how wicked is it for any one to eat the bread of ſorrowful induſtry? how dearly muſt a man pay that has but a glimmering light of moral honeſty left, when he ſhall hear and ſee daily complaints and ſollicitations made for payment of his debts, on which a train of under-debts are contracted, which by the ſtop proceeding from him, the head, occaſions the ſtarving of all the ſtreams dependant on it?

Point out this in your beautiful way: inforce the crime, and give its oppoſite virtue its due praiſe; and as you are pretty univerſally read, your advice will be admitted, the ſting unknown, into the retirements of ſome of the ſplendid and diſtinguiſhed of this herd, who may perhaps, be rouzed thereby to a reflection on the ſevere, the

cruel conſequences ariſing from their wanton and ſuperfluous wickedneſs.

Yours,

J. M.

[N° 127.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

I CANNOT but own myſelf more than a little pleaſed to find by one of your late papers, that a ſett of people have not altogether paſſed your notice, who have the health and well-being of her majeſty's ſubjects ſo much at heart, as to publiſh their ſeveral abilities in maintaining to them ſo great a good in the news-papers, and in advertiſements handed about the ſtreets in black or red letters, in proſe or verſe. I have been myſelf at conſiderable pains in making a collection of their ſanatory manifeſto's, whereby I have had the opportunity of obſerving the grounds of their ſeveral pretenſions, and their particular arts in engaging the

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 444.

good

good eſteem of their readers, as alſo their ſucceſs as far as my acquaintance would carry me amongſt the people.

To have been a ſervant to Sir Kenelm Digby, or to the honourable Mr. Boyle, I have found to meet with regard amongſt the better ſort; and ſuch as are gone ſo far in learning, as to diſcern the uſefulneſs of philoſophy in phyſick, and to gain much credit with thoſe who deal in cephalick cordials, reſtoratives, or coſmeticks, although I think Sir Kenelm's ſympathetick powder, and his wart-water (which is an artful condenſation of the rays of the moon) through ſome late diſcouragements of that ſort of learning, are almoſt out of doors.

German and Hungarian doctors (as they have generally been great travellers, and wrought cures in moſt of the princes courts in Chriſtendom) ſeldom fail of ſomething to do alſo amongſt the firſt rank, eſpecially if they be ready at ſpeaking very bad Engliſh; but to have travelled as far as Moſcow or Iſpahan, to make any cures upon his Czariſh majeſty, or the great Mogul, ſeldom fails of carrying it with the whole town. For perſons of lower degree, there is great plenty of ſeventh ſons and unborn doctors to be meet with in the outer parts and bye-places of the town, by ſigns very ſignificant and expreſſive of their employ; as the blue or golden ball, the ſha-

king man, the brazen ſerpent, the twins, the hand and urinal, and the like, though theſe too ſometimes get in with very good citizens. And leſt the maladies of the female ſex ſhould go without relief, there are never wanting either the widows or relations of ſome great doctors, to whom ſome extraordinary receipts have deſcended by inheritance: and one of this kind I have met with more particularly, recommended not only by being ſiſter to Cornelius à Tilburg, but alſo by being the only true German gentlewoman in London.

But beſides theſe ſeveral advantages in the profeſſors themſelves, a great deal is in the particular contrivance of their publications: ſome of their advertiſements open with great ſeriouſneſs, Pray take notice: others with more authority, For the publick good, by a licenſed phyſician: ſome again with profeſſions of fair-dealing, No cure no money. A ſentence of Latin is of great ſervice, eſpecially if it be tranſlated into Engliſh verſe, and has ſomething ſatyrical in it upon the illiterate. Of this I have known an inſtance myſelf, with which the doctor got money ſo faſt, that within the firſt year he wore his own clothes, and bought a wig very little the worſe for wearing. His Latin was, *Medicina in manu imperiti, eſt inſtar gladii in manu furentis.* Engliſhed thus:

Phyſick

Phyſick the nobleſt art that is,
Abus'd by quacks and us'd amiſs,
That like raſh mad-men can't command
The ſword they take into their hand.

Some advertiſements I have ſeen compoſed altogether in metre; and as I remember at this time, there is one ſomewhere about Petty-france, who cures the moſt inveterate P— in rhime. A great many other ingenious conceits may be met with in theſe writings; but as for Venus and Cupid, they have been ſo far exhauſted, that I think it impoſſible to ſay any thing new about them: the latter has had his darts broke many a time without Mercury, and poor Venus has been entomb'd, unmask'd, and deceiv'd, and every thing that is poſſible to put upon her.

How far theſe profeſſors are allowed in other countries I am not acquainted enough to know, but in this their number is ſo great, that I have often wondred how a people who are ſo remarkably careful to preſerve their civil rights and advantages, ſhould yet leave themſelves open in the moſt valuable of their enjoiments to the attacks of ſuch miſchievous invaders. Some thoughts of this kind but the other day, put me in mind of a fable, which I remember when a ſchool-boy, to have

read in Phædra ; and whereof I here ſend you the ſubſtance in Engliſh.

A cobler whom ill-chance had made
A very bungler at his trade,
For want of work grew wretched poor,
And waſted ſoon his little ſtore ;
When leſt things might grow worſe and worſe,
Reſolves upon ſome other courſe.
He found it eaſy was to learn
To draw a tooth or cut a corne,
Why ſhould not then a doctor do ?
The world goes all by outward ſhew.
Aſſurance ſooneſt gains the ends,
And he gets moſt, who moſt pretends.
Thus fortify'd with reſolution,
He ſoon prepares for execution.
So falls to print, and advertiſes
Cures of various ſorts and ſizes,
The ſcurvy, jaundice, and the dropſy,
Meagrim, headach, epilepſy,
With many other dangerous ills,
Are cur'd by one ſmall doſe of pills.

Cholicks

Cholicks he expels in a trice,
And kills all vermin, worms and lice;
Encourages the old to marry,
Makes wifes to teem, and maids miſcarry;
Eradicates with one ſmall box
All fevers, agues, and the p——.
The crouded ſtreets his ſetters ply
With bills and other trumpery:
Which ſtrange and wond'rous cures proclaim,
And trumpet forth the doctor's name.
The fooliſh people take the bait,
Not able to diſcern the cheat;
'Till a wiſe burgher of the town,
Fearing what miſchief might be done,
Summons his neighbours to the hall,
And gives this caution to them all,
How can you think this blockhead knows
To cure your pains, who could not mend your ſhoes?

Yours, &c.

M. N.

P. S. Sir, if you think what is here ſent you worthy a place in what you daily give to the publick, in its preſent dreſs or with alterations, I ſhall be very well pleaſed for ſupplying you with the materials.

[N° 128.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

I DO not know what you mean, Sir, but I will aſſure you I take it very ill at your hands to be ſerved thus by you in a matter of ſo much conſequence to me, that inſtead of giving me your advice as a friend (as I conſulted you) only to publiſh my letter with telling me you would not loſe my good-will forſooth ; and I do not know what nonſenſe about your wiſdom, as if you was ſo much wiſer than other folks, I warrant ye ; but I'll tell you I don't care a fig for you nor your ſpectators neither, for I will have him in ſpight of your teeth ; and let my friends ſay what they will. I know you deſign to banter me out on't by all your ſtuff there before-hand, but I an't ſuch a fool neither ; for Mr. Shapely is a ve-

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 475.

ry

ry pretty man, and loves me dearly, and I don't care a pin what all the world can ſay, for I could live with him upon bread and water, that I could. Alaſs! you are not ſo mighty wiſe as you take your ſelf to be; for I am ſure if Mr. Shapely had a mind to it, he could make better ſpectators than you do a great deal, that he could; for he ſays the prettieſt things, and writes the ſweeteſt letters, better than ever you did in all your life, you old Put you: and now I think I am even with you; nay, more, I am not

Your humble ſervant,

B. D.

P. S. But hold, pray, what is it you mean by calling ſuch names as ſcribe, Sir? I do not underſtand your calling a lady ſcribe, Sir. Now if you were not an old fellow, Mr. Shapely ſhould challenge you for— O! he's below! I won't write another word.

Mr. SPEC-

[N° 129.]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

HAVING a competent fortune and dangerouſly pretty, moving in my proper ſphere with agreable freedom, am beſet with admirers of the ſuperficial appearance, pretenders to love, accoſting me with the air and grace of aſſurance politely agreable, aſſuming from the attractive aſcendant embelliſhments of chance the pathetick ſtrains of ſincerity in their addreſſes, propoſing in the religious barter of the ſacred tie for an ample reward, as more than the juſt equivalent of liberty and property, the joint poſſeſſion or rather the ſurpluſage of their goods of fortune; in pretenſion to which, having by odds the accidental advantage of me, yet finding none amidſt them that deſerves a diſintereſted eſteem, not deſigning myſelf a ſervile victim to paſſion to me obedience in any other view than to merit, having a formidable aſpect, diſmiſſing the mercenary tribe worſhiping their idol ſelf in courting me, am ſtill with the neutrality of apithy, a demurrer in the important concern of marriage. So ſhall continue till yourſelf or experience aſſures me there is diſengaged yet ſo eligible a piece of humanity, whoſe

whoſe permanent virtues of your * natural and † moral good-natur'd man can affect and ſubdue with its ſovereign touch of profuſe generoſity of ſoul, the firm powers of my mind, to compliance, generoſity, gratitude, and obſervance of the beauteous form of exiſtence. Your diſtinguiſhing marks of theſe potent charmers would be a ſingular inſtance of generoſity and goodneſs to the yielding fair, and to

Your moſt humble ſervant,

F. L.

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 169.
† *Vid. Spectator*, N° 177.

Mr. SPEC-

[N° 130.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

I WAS mightily delighted in reading yours of the 8th inſtant, wherein your correſpondent has ingeniouſly contrived a repoſitory for departed faſhions; and conſidering with the reverend Dr. Swift, That the faſhions of this world paſs away, I could not but look upon this deſign as the beſt way of tranſmitting to poſterity the different habits of preceding ages, and the ſuperior inventions of our own; and however light this intention may appear to the unthinking, it might be of uſe in the conduct of our lives, for it would ſhew us (as in a ſcene) the trifling inconſtancy which is apt to give interruption to every good purpoſe of our minds.

Theſe reflections dwelt ſo much upon me, that I could not get rid of them even in ſleep: methought I was conducted into a magnificent temple, the roof was ſupported with cariattides in Eaſtern-habits; and the ſides were adorned with pilaſters of the Ionick order. The painting of the roof was very beautiful, and, as my guide inform'd me, comprehended the religion of the age in which it was built. He told me that

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 478.

part

part of the temple in which I ſtood, was of great antiquity, and had been dedicated to an ancient deity that had long ſince forſaken the earth: his worſhippers called him Decency. He farther informed me that it was at preſent inhabited by a modern goddeſs, whoſe votaries had rebuilt great part of it, into which he would lead me. I had not gone many ſteps before I found that the building (though it retained much of the ancient form) was very much altered in its embelliſhments. The capitals of the pilaſters, inſtead of the eggs and anchors, were carv'd into the reſemblance of watches, tweezer-caſes, and ſnuff-boxes. The ſcroles bore the likeneſs of rolls of ribbon, and the feſtoons were not unlike a modern tippit. The roof was caſt into circles of different ſizes, which were filled with glaring colours. In the largeſt were repreſented aſſemblies, balls, and maſquerades: the leſſer contained little parties of tea-drinkers, picquet-players, with other modern amuſements. The cariattides were all of the female ſpecies; and, as my guide informed me, there had not been a remarkable dreſs for many ages which was not repreſented by one of thoſe figures. The firſt I obſerved had her neck ſurrounded with a prodigious ruff, and her peticoat extended to an immoderate bigneſs. The habit of the next was like that of a man, differing only in the lower garments. I ſtriv'd hard (for the emolument of your fair

d iſc-

diſciples) to remember the particular dreſs of every figure; but ſo ſlight are the impreſſions dreams leave upon the mind, that I can only acquaint them in general, that their garments were ſet off with fringes, furbeloes, and flounces; and moſt of their peticoats were french'd at the top. I was mightily ſuprized when I came near, to find that their faces, which were of the moſt tranſparent marble, were diſguis'd with colours: ſome were whiten'd, and others touch'd with vermillion; and moſt of them had their eye-brows lengthned with black. My guide directed me to turn my eyes towards the altar, which was filled with mirrours of the largeſt ſize, and loaded with images and veſſels of a beautiful painted earth. Theſe (ſaid he) are ſacrifices the goddeſs moſt delights in, though they are broken with every puff of wind, and often purchaſed at the ruin of her votaries. He had ſcarce ended, when methought, my ears were ſtruck'd with ſounds of the ſofteſt muſick, and ſuddenly a great folding-door flew open and diſcovered the appearance of a very beautiful woman: ſhe was careleſly reclin'd upon a couch under a canopy of various colours, and was ſupported with ſix pillars, gradually leſſen'd. She had on a looſe flowing garment, which ſometimes fell upon her breaſt, at other times left her neck behind uncover'd. Her hands ſeem'd white as ivory, one held a lap-dog,

the

the other was employed in pulling up her tucker. I turned to my guide to know by what name I might addreſs the charming creature: he informed me ſhe was the goddeſs Vanity, to whom the temple was dedicated. I fix'd my eyes ſtedfaſtly upon her, and methought ſhe made a ſign for my approach. When I came near, I heard her ſpeak both in French and Italian; which being languages I am unacquainted with, it put me into ſo great confuſion, that I awak'd.

Mr. Spectator, what I intend in ſending this, is to recommend myſelf to the place of chief architect to the ſociety mentioned in your paper before quoted, which I do not ſo much pretend to upon account of my skill in architecture, as for the more ſubſtantial reaſons ſet forth in my petition, which I deſire you to publiſh in the following words:

YOUR worſhip's intereſt, vote and poll (if needful) are deſired for the author of the above eſſay, to be chief architect to the ſociety for the preſervation of faſhions, which office he humbly preſumes himſelf perfectly well qualified for; he having ſuffered very much in play, and is almoſt ruined with ſupporting an extravagant wife, and the expence of bringing up twelve children, not one of which he does verily believe is his own.

And your petitioner (as in duty bound)
ſhall for ever pray, &c.

[N° 131.]

Eaſtcourt is now no more.

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

I CANNOT reſiſt the giving you thanks for the mournful pleaſure I received from your paper of laſt Wedneſday; you do your ſelf juſtice in doing it to the memory of our friend, our companion, and benefactor. Suffer me to join in your ſentiments of him, tho' after what you have ſaid, I can be but an echo. He was a critick in the beſt and trueſt ſenſe of the word, and intirely free from the ill-nature which commonly attends them. He had the art of preſerving a due reſpect and modeſt regard to our ſex, though when ſo elated, that it could hardly be expected from him. He was merry without ſcurrility, and ſatyrical without offence, the beſt comforter upon any melancholy accident, not by ſet ſpeeches ſo often ill-timed, but by firſt entering into our paſſions he led us inſenſibly into his own. As to his acting, the leaſt of his good qualities, he could, like the poet in Scarroon, have acted a whole play himſelf:

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 468.

I have

I have heard him on the ſtage in Dublin, in the compaſs of one ſcene, ſpeak in the key of all the eminent actors in this town. He obliged me with this, while moſt of the audience knew not what to make of ſuch a ſudden (though entertaining) whim. You have followed him to the grave: there only wants you to write his epitaph; till when this ſentence of a modern roman will remain in my mind.

Il noſtro amico ha ſuſciato nel mondo un gran deciderio di ſe.

Go on, Sir, be as great as you are good: and that proſperity may for ever follow ſo much deſert, is the wiſh of

Yours,

ELIZ. M.

[N° 132.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

ON reading the letter of Chezluy to Pharamond in your paper of the 10th inſtant, I could not but let you into my thoughts of it, that this letter and moſt of the writings of the wiſe on the ſubject of abſtinence from honours and publick employments carry the matter a little too far to be of a good uſe to the community.

I know very well the reaſon why all inſtructors in morality endeavour rather to over than underdo the ſubject they would enforce; it is becauſe they conſider the biaſs that human nature has to the other extreme, and therefore, in the end they aim at, they wiſely make an allowance for it, knowing, that after they have ſaid all they can, there will be too much practiſed to the contrary, or at beſt very ſhort of what they exhort.

And if you (who, without a compliment, I believe have wrought upon the world as much as ever any man did) ſhould go on to inſinuate never ſo much a contempt of ho-

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 480.

nours,

nours, riches, and publick employments, there would ſtill be too many left to court and diſturb mankind for them: but give me leave to ſay, they would be of the very worſt ſort; for allowing your writings to have (as they will have) all poſſible effect, yet it cannot be hoped they will on this ſubject make impreſſions to the purpoſe, on any but thoſe who are naturally the moſt modeſt and leaſt inclined of themſelves to be ambitious or rapacious.

They who are naturally inclined to ſuch vices, are ſuch adamants, that no ſuch tool as a pen is will touch them. So that all the fruit, if any, that can be expected from teaching, that titles and preferments to places of great truſt are unworthy the purſuit or even the acceptance of a great mind (which, as your text out of Horace means, is only to turn on it ſelf, and ſtudy its own approbation) is to make thoſe, under whoſe government and care the world would be happieſt, to abſtain from all power and opportunity of doing much good; and ſo leaves us to the conduct of thoſe beaſts of prey, who would not be one jot the leſs ravenous if you ſhould write to them of abſtinence to the end of your life.

Therefore preſerving the courſe and practice of the wiſe, I before-mentioned, on other ſubjects, let me deſire you on this, at your own time, and in your own words

(which are a great advantage to every thing they recommend) to write nearer to practical truth, and let the world know from your ſpectatorial wiſdom (what generally ſpeaking they will always think) that riches, honours, and power are very good things, and that they who deſire them deſire good things.

And farther, that they are, in reſpect of the common good of mankind, and many reaſons more that might be given, fitteſt for the good and wiſe to acquire and poſſeſs if they can, by means conſiſtent with their wiſdom and goodneſs.

That it is highly praiſe-worthy to uſe all poſſible induſtry and pains in an honeſt way for the procuring them.

That it is lawful to uſe them even as additional motives to the leading a moral and good life, in order to preſerve ſuch a character as may help to the attaining them.

That it is pity to ſee knaves go away with all of them, though they will ever I fear have the greateſt ſhare: however, that honeſt men ſhould endeavour to make their party good with them, and to turn the ballance if they can in their own favour.

For, as in ſome of your papers you have wiſhed, that there were no parties but between the virtuous and the vicious.

Ariſtole ſays expreſly, the greateſt diviſion in a ſtate is that between honeſty and knave-

knavery: Μεγίζη μὲν διάζασις ἀρετὴ καὶ μοχθηρία. (Pol. l. 5.) that the higher any one's virtues are placed, the more benefit they are to the world, in reſpect of their example, as well as other influence.

In ſhort, to convince your readers, that it is poſſible (I aſſure you it is) for a man to have as hearty a reliſh of riches and honours as any one, and yet not think them worth the doing, or ſuffering the leaſt ill for the procuring them, but be perfectly contented without them, when the conditions of having them become too hard for an honeſt and brave mind to comply with.

To illuſtrate my meaning by a ſingle and plain inſtance; if I know my own heart, I could dig for riches chearfully, provided it became my condition, when at the ſame time I would not be a knave to be owner of the whole mine.

I know you will naturally think here, that my notions are as little practical as thoſe I write againſt, and that if one ſtrictly adheres to this rule or condition, he is as firmly excluded from being what they call great in the world, as if he renounced all greatneſs at firſt daſh and upon principle.

But I believe, it is not quite ſo bad with us yet, and that there are happy conjunctures in all ſtates, when true wiſdom and goodneſs do ſometime take their turns to be the uppermoſt party: and my reaſon is, that

unleſs there had been now and then by the providence of God among thoſe in power, ſuch happy relapſes into ſomething like that ſtate of innocence, true knowledge and goodneſs which he created us in, and intended us for, there would by this time have been no footſteps left of good order, government, and true religion among mankind.

And from this opinion I would not deſpond of ſeeing ſo good times (ſince we are already good enough to allow your endeavours ſome collateral encouragement) as that one of your extenſive knowledge and benignity to your fellow-creatures may be ſet in a ſtation, wherein you may do the publick as much, and your ſelf a great deal more good than you now do by racking your invention for matter to ſupply your moſt ingenious and inſtructive papers.

I am,

Your moſt faithful

friend and admirer,

Sept. 15. 1712. R. MIDDLE-THOUGHT.

[N° 133.]

The HAPPY PAIR.

THERE was a pair, whom none could juſtly ſay,
Which of them rul'd, or whether did obey.
He ruled, becauſe ſhe would obey,
And ſhe in ſo obeying rul'd as well as he.

[N° 134.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Remember you told us in a late paper, that when any of your ſpeculations happen to hit the general taſte of your readers, they uſually furniſh you with a throng of letters. I am ſure, if that which you ſometime ſince preſented us with, concerning dreams, had pleaſed the reſt of your readers as well as it did me, you would have had

* *Vid. Spectators*, N° 482, 487.

ſuch diſcoveries of it, as would have ſufficiently encouraged you to proceed on ſo agreable a ſubject: and the expectation of this was indeed the principle cauſe of my ſo long deferring to give you this trouble.

Dreams is a topick ſo nice in it ſelf, and ſo peculiarly adapted to your ſpeculative deſign, that I and ſeveral of your admirers have often wondered that it hath ſo long eſcaped the diſquiſition of your pen; but much more, that when you had once touched upon it, you ſhould think it deſerved no larger a ſhare in your thoughts than one paper would comprehend.

A whimſical gentlewoman of my acquaintance was wont to lament, that ſhe ſhould ſpend almoſt half her time in thinking, and all to no purpoſe; that is, her dreams were ſo wild and incoherent, and upon circumſtances ſo light and trivial, that they left no ſerious or ſolid impreſſions upon her; and from thence would argue the ſtated temper and diſpoſition of her mind: ſo that if ſhe was in town, ſhe would, I preſume, be a conſtant cuſtomer to your learned correſpondent in Moorfields.

Your general notion of a dream, that it is the relaxation or amuſement of the ſoul, when its charge is laid at reſt, is very pleaſing, but not altogether ſatisfactory. The chief difficulty that occurs to me is, how that ſtrange jumble of circumſtances that will crowd into one

one nocturnal viſion, which are ſometimes ſo confuſed and abſurd, that it is impoſſible any thing in real life can be met with to reſemble them, can be accounted for.

The ſolving of this difficulty does ſeem to lie, in conſidering which of the faculties of the ſoul do ſleep with the body, and which do not. But then it will be enquired why ſome are utterly unactive, whilſt others are more vegete and lively than when the body is awake. The fancy we find wants not the aſſiſtance of the ſenſes to furniſh it with idea's; the paſſions (I think you aſſert) act with greater force and vigour; the memory, though unfaithful, yet not quite uſeleſs: and why the intellect ſhould be ſo intirely ſubject to the incumbering matter, though laid in ſilent reſt, as to be quite dorment whenever the ſenſes are ſo, is to me unaccountable.

I have ſometimes thought, that in thoſe days when a ſort of intercourſe was maintained by dreams with the upper world, and that part of the inhabitants of this, that have been allied to thoſe regions, the ſoul was in ſleep more abſtracted from the body than now it is; the faculties were not ſo clogged, at leaſt, the intellect did in ſome meaſure act in order to the reception of thoſe divine communications, unleſs we will ſuppoſe the whole tranſaction entirely miraculous.

I am

I am far, Sir, from aſpiring to Mr. Honycomb's ambition: but if my letter may have the honour to lead your thoughts to the conſideration of what I have been upon, and to make it the ſubject of one of your papers (though I muſt own it will endanger the entailing of the trouble of a correſpondent upon you) it will extreamly oblige,

SIR,

One of the greateſt

of your admirers,

Octob. 11. 1712. S. T.

[N° 135.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE a long time been ambitious of doing my ſelf the honour to write to the ingenious author of the Spectator; but have hitherto omitted it, from the want of what I thought a ſuitable topick to entertain a perſon ſo honourably and uſefully employed.

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 502.

A friend

A friend of mine, who, by living in a corner of the town where the people called Jews abound, having imbibed and indulged a too inhoſpitable temper, thought you dealt too favourably with them in a late paper, therefore importuned me to acquaint you with my obſervation of their playing at back-gammon on Friday-evening by the light of their lamp, which I preſume, you know is the ceremony deſigned to uſher in the ſolemnities of the enſuing day. But this I declined as a theme too inſipid; till peruſing your Monday-paper, I was thinking how great a ſhare our vicious theatre contributes to the general debauchery of the nation; and the Spectator's obſervation hereupon did not a little confirm me in my opinion.

As you are, Sir, juſtly eſteemed the patron of religion and virtue, you ſeem to be the only proper perſon to whom complaints of this nature can be made. I have often wiſhed it was as much your intereſt (the ſecurity of which I ſhall ever have at heart) to expoſe the inconſiſtency of the ſtage as now managed, with that regularity and diſcipline that ſhould adorn a chriſtian land, as it is to unveil its luſtre and divulge its beauties.

But methinks, from your own conceſſion, how great ſoever the difficulty would be to rob our gentry of ſuch an idol, and to contrive amuſements and diverſions to ſupply its place, it evidently appears, that they ought

to

to be quite ſecluded from the theatre, till it is diveſted of all thoſe repreſentations that have any tendency to excite the paſſions to a rebellion againſt the dictates of reaſon and religion, and till you have refined the taſte of an Engliſh to an equal pitch with a Roman audience. For to me it ſeems irreconcileable to expoſe and lament the degenerate and brutiſh reliſh of a people, and yet indulge and juſtify the uſe of ſuch entertainments as are deſigned to feed it.

Permit me, Sir, to acquaint you, that it is and will be accounted no ſmall argument in the proof of the Engliſh ſtage's illegality, that the Spectator hath ſaid, that he hath ſeen the whole houſe in ſo proper a diſpoſition, that he trembled for fear of, &c.

I am

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

Oct. 9. 1712. T. S.

Dear

[N° 136.]

* Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

I COME juſt now from the moſt agreable tea-table in the world, where there was beauty without affectation, wit without ſcandal, and good nature without weakneſs, and where, to ſay all of it, the Spectator never failed of being a welcome gueſt.

After reading your paper of this day, the diſcourſe fell firſt upon thoſe uſeful and harmleſs ſports queſtions and commands, pictures and motto's, &c. and it was urged you ought not to have called in queſtion the polite part of our country-education, which without other helps has qualified ſo many worthy perſons to appear as repreſentatives of their country, and to act in very conſiderable ſtations. Every body joined with you in a deteſtation of punning; and there was no quarter given to that vile race of inſects the biters: but a lady ſtarting up, ſaid ſhe could never forgive the Spectator, crying down a vice he at the ſame time impoſed upon the whole world; and while he pretended teeth-outwards to rail at a ſet of men, had bit all

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 504.

his

his readers with the ſtory of the Newgate-criminal. Upon this a warm debate aroſe concerning the fact, and many favourable things were ſpoke of you by the faireſt mouths in the world: at laſt it was reſolved to refer ourſelves to Jack Ketch for a farther information as to the truth of this matter, and I was appointed to ſend him the following note.

Mr. KETCH,

I HAVE been informed, that the perſon who killed the Newgate-officer, and who was afterwards by your management corrected for his inſolence, did after conviction commit a ſecond violence in biting an innocent perſon, who came only to diſcourſe him concerning his after-ſtate. I beg you would let me know if the fact be true, it being of concern to,

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

J. DAPPER.

I received the following anſwer.

SIR,

SIR,

THE perſon you mention, who was lately under my hands, and is now at liberty, ſeemed to take his leave of us with great peace of mind; and though after his conviction there was perceived great weeping and gnaſhing of teeth in him, I never ſaw, nor could upon enquiry learn, that he proceeded to the extravagance of biting.

I am,

SIR,

Your friend to ſerve you,

J. KETCH.

Upon the receipt of this, Mr. Spectator, I was deſired to write to you to vindicate the truth of what you had wrote, leſt the ill-natured world ſhould ſay, you ſpare neither the dead nor the living.

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

J. DAPPER.

[N° 137.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

HAVING with abundance of pleaſure read your paper of the biters, I take the liberty of informing you of one circumſtance which was then omitted.

As ſoon as the condemn'd criminal had bit the Surgeon, by telling him he was to be hang'd in chains, he added, that though he could not oblige him with his own body, he would yet be ſo juſt to him as to give him that of the female criminal who was to be executed with him, which accordingly he had. I doubt not but you are a man of honour, as well as wit, and that you will do ſo much juſtice to the memory of the deceaſed as to let this find a place in your paper.

I am, SIR,

Your conſtant reader,

and very great admirer,

Octob. 21. 1712. TOM. TELL-TROTH.

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 504.

Mr. SPEC-

[N° 138.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOUR freedom in cenſuring perſons of all ranks, and their taking it in good part, has made me long hope for ſomething from you upon a ſubject which moſtly concerns ſuch as are of ſome condition in the world, and wherein I fear the generality of them may deſerve your cenſure: I mean that common practice among them of being denied to be at home, when they are not willing to ſee company: in excuſe of which, what is uſually alledged of a new ſignification that cuſtom has put upon the words of this denial, aims at vindicating the practice only with reſpect to the perſons denied, while the poor ſervants who perform this office for them, are left wholly without excuſe, only becauſe they are not caſuiſts enough to be able to ſay what they know to be falſe without telling a lye; for that is the notion they generally have of this cuſtom, and ſome of them ſcruple it on that account; and if the generality of them do it without ſcruple, thoſe who have

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 507.

taught them thus readily to lye for others, would do well to conſider if they will not be as ready to do it for themſelves; and what may be the ill conſequence of this to the maſters and ladies as well as to the ſervants? Were it not much better for them, who know they are often denied to one another when at home, and are ſo far agreed that this may be done as not to take it ill though they do know it; at leaſt for the ſake of their ſervants, to go one ſtep farther, and agree to own what they all know, and know to be as neceſſary as it is uſual, and ſo direct their ſervants, inſtead of telling lies for them, and lies which no body will believe, to ſay plainly (as is already the practice in ſome caſes) that they deſire to be excuſed from ſeeing company?

There is no body, Sir, that can preſs this upon them more effectually than you, if you happen to be of my mind in this particular; nor, if you ſhould be againſt altering this practice, can any one, I believe, give better inſtructions how it may be innocently continued. Either way you will do a conſiderable ſervice to the publick, and in particular very much oblige,

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

B. T.

[N° 139.]

* Dear SPECTATOR,

ON peruſal of your ſpeculation wherein you relate two ſtories communicated to you by your airy correſpondent Will. Honeycomb, of the cuſtom, in Perſia and China, of expoſing women to publick ſale, I was ſurprized to find a perſon of his experience in the female trade of this nation (when on that topick) omit ſome domeſtick inſtances not unlike the deceitful markets of China, where a female was to be bought like a pig in a bag (as the ſaying is). Be it therefore known to you and all whom it may concern, that there are in this town places alſo where females are expoſed to ſale, who (the more to engage their youthful chapmen) encourag'd by the diſcordant ſound of ſome harſh ſcrapers, buſily trip it about to inſinuate they are ſound wind and limb, like horſes which, to recommend them, exerciſe all their paces in preſence of the buyer, and after ſhew their gentle temper in ſuffering him to handle them and mount them quietly. In another circumſtance the ſimile holds, for as in Smithfield the purchaſer often finds his ſteed not ſound, (though

* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 511.

in his paces he diſcovered no infirmity) ſo in the trade of love, notwithſtanding the agility diſplayed by the females, they often deceive their purchaſers, as to the ſtate of their health.

To keep you no longer in ſuſpence, theſe are called maſquerades, where, by reaſon of the masks, the chapmen are as much diſappointed as at China, for on the beauty or deformity of the face, depends the whole fate of the bargain, for you know that moſt livelily ſtrikes the fancy of the Spectator.

It frequently happens in theſe revels of love, that inſtead of an imagin'd beauty, which a gentleman flatters himſelf with, and which he thought lay concealed under the mask, to his great aſtoniſhment, after much addreſs, he diſcovers a wither'd, toothleſs, wrinkled, face.

I am informed this trade has prevailed time immemorial, and will, in all probability, to the end of the world. Having ſo ſtrong a ſupport as human nature, the only good I can inferr from this myſtical way of managing it is, that it ſhews they are not ſo abandoned, but have ſtill grace enough to be aſhamed of coming bare-fac'd to theſe licentious places; and in doing an ill thing, it is better to play the hypocrite (which is only to put on a mask) than do it publickly, for the latter gives ſcandal: and becauſe the trouble of this is a preſumption in me, being

ing unworthy your acceptance, and conſequently bad, I will ſhew ſome ſhame, and not diſcover my name, but conclude myſelf

Your unknown friend,

J. M.

P. S. What encourages me to hope for the admittance of this in one of your papers, is the ſucceſs I had in a former epiſtolary trouble I gave you, which you were pleaſed to communicate to the publick.

[Nº 140.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

HAVING read your paper of yeſterday, I am ſorry to find upon you ſuch bad ſymptoms as threaten you with a more ſpeedy diſſolution than the Poſt-boy ſeems to apprehend for his beloved Dauphin or Pretender: for, if I am informed right, it was an unfortunate touch of politicks that ſlew you when a tatler. Indeed, it was more pardonable in you to meddle with ſtate-affairs under that title, becauſe our modern politicians are nothing but mere tatlers;

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* *Vid. Spectator*, Nº 384.

but your revival and new name of ſpectator made me hope that your friends who brought you to life, had alſo given you ſome of the doctor's eye-water to clear your ſight: but now either your eyes are grown dim again, or your ſpectacles miſlaid, otherwiſe it were incredible that while you juſtly enough reprimand the author of the Poſt-boy for his impertinent reflections, you ſhould introduce and eſpouſe with ſuch encomiums a piece that reflects as much odium as durſt be expreſs'd on her ſacred majeſty, and her preſent meaſures and miniſtry.

To repeat the words, even without a comment, muſt needs convince you, that Abel Roper's treatment of b—— B——— and the Republicans, (ſince republican is no diſgraceful name in Holland, from whence the article is written) comes infinitely ſhort of the indignity offered to her majeſty in this paſſage of your favourite author. "We "were then, as all the world imagined, "juſt entring on the ways that promiſed "to lead to ſuch a peace as would have "anſwered all the prayers of our religious "queen, the care and vigilance of a moſt "able miniſtry, the payments of a moſt "willing and obedient people, as well as "the moſt glorious toils and hazards of "the ſoldiery. When God for our ſins "permitted the ſpirit of diſcord to go forth, "and by troubling ſore the camp, the city, "and the country; (and oh! that it had

"alto-

" altogether ſpared the places ſacred to his " worſhip) to ſpoil for a time the beautiful " and pleaſing proſpect, and give us in its " ſtead, I know not what.—— Our enemies " will tell the reſt with pleaſure, &c.

As I have the higheſt veneration poſſible for the holy order whereof this right reverend author is, and a very great eſteem for your excellent ſpeculations (eſpecially on moral ſubjects) it is with the greateſt concern imaginable, that I find either of you capable not only of entertaining, but publiſhing ſuch ſentiments as are plainly inconſiſtent with that profound reverence and duty which we owe to that ſacred head whom God in his goodneſs has placed over us, whoſe heart is in the hand of the lord, and he turneth it whitherſoever he pleaſes. Who then are you that with an invidious apoſiopeſis (of I know not what) vilify and reproach her preſent councils, and laudable endeavours for peace.

Had not the Spectator himſelf been ſtrangly blinded with prejudice, you muſt have perceived that this author and yourſelf have run into a worſe extream than the news-writer, who really did not deſerve your notice, and may now more juſtly wander if you eſcape with impunity. You cannot be ignorant that truth lies in the medium; and if a ſpeculation came out on the following motto, it may attone for this

ſtrange overſight, and adjuſt the miſtaken notion of moderation.

Eſt modus, &c.

I am

Your moſt humble ſervant,

A. B.

[Nº 141.]

Tranſlated from the French original of Monſieur DES BARREAUX, in Spectator 513.

GREAT God! thy judgments we confeſs,
On whomſoe'er they fall,
To be the laws of righteouſneſs,
And equitable all!

In acts of mercy to delight,
Does ſtill to thee belong!
But, ah! to ſin of my ſin's hight,
'Twould do thy juſtice wrong.

My

My crimes, O God! are too immenſe,
To leave free choice to thee;
They ſeem to force Omnipotence,
To puniſh guilty me!

Thy very wiſdom's attribute
Muſt lay forgiveneſs by;
E'en clemency it ſelf ſtands mute;
So vile a wretch am I!

O! ſatisfy thy glorious will,
As honour does require;
And, from thy wrathful vial, ſpill
Intollerable ire!

The ſtreams, which from my eyes I pour,
Too late to recommend;
Let 'em from thee no grace exore,
But let themſelves offend!

Thunder, O God! 'tis more than time;
Confound this head accurſt!
Denounce eternal war on him,
Who dar'd proclaim it firſt!

The ſum of my departing ſpeech
Shall bleſs the vengeance-ſtroke;
And own the cogent reaſons, which
My Maker did provoke!

Yet, O my injur'd Lord! what place
Can thunders dart upon;
But where th' attoning Blood thou'lt trace
Of JESUS CHRIST, *thy Son!*

[N° 142.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

READING yours of the 27th of October, I was highly pleaſed with the account you give of a perſon in the greateſt ſorrow. Among the various fine thoughts in that paper, give me leave to remind you of one; which is, I baniſh her the room, and weep aloud, that I have loſt her mother, and have her. There is ſomething in this kind of grief not very common among men: I could wiſh the unuſualneſs of it might prevail on your goodneſs to teach us to bear it.

I allow that grief of this kind does make his captives not outragious, but gentle as the

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 520.

ſheep

ſheep before the ſheerers; and I find that the juſtneſs of our cauſe does in ſome meaſure juſtify our grief: but this is not ſufficient; the terrible forever farewell of all that is deſirable, is what the greateſt of men in all ages have endeavoured to eaſe.

I wiſh I had power, I would conjure you to ſearch all nature for our relief, that ſo we might hear ſomething beſides: it is the will of God, and you muſt be content; and if after this we ſeem to have no reliſh for the world, we appear to them to be without God. Now that this may be the more powerful with you, I muſt tell you, mine is of a much longer date, and that of a mother for her child: the grief of a reaſonable being ought to bear ſome proportion to the value of what we have loſt.

That mine may appear juſt, though long ſince, give me leave, by way of apology, to give ſome ſhort account of her. She was the moſt perfect of womankind; when you deſcribe any beauty of face or body, I immediately find it in what ſhe was; ſo when you paint out the perfections of the mind, there is not one ſtroke that ſhe might not claim. Had the men ſuſceptible of love and beauty beheld her, they would have given the world ſuch idea's as it never knew before: but fired with an ambition not to be in mind inferior to ſo perfect a body, ſhe applied herſelf to learning with a genius that promiſed all that could

could be wiſh'd, and ſo the world loſt the pleaſure of ſeeing one of the moſt finiſh'd pieces of the creation.

I will not trouble you with her death, and my ſorrow: I ſhall only ſay, that dying could not ruffle her ſoul, nor take from her beauty. I hope you will not think much to relieve ſuch diſtreſs as this. When you touch on immortality, then my ſoul ſeems to feel ſome joy. There is nothing I wiſh for ſo much, as to have ſeen what Cicero had ſaid on the like occaſion. Now I am perſuaded you can ſay whatever he could.

SIR,

I ſubſcribe my ſelf,

your admirer,

A. W.

[N° 143.]

* Mr. SPECTATOR,

WHILST I was reading the letter in thy paper of the 14th inſtant, and thy anſwer, or rather reflections upon it, I could not help conſidering the miſery our father Adam had plunged himſelf and all his poſterity into, by eating of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and how naturally and juſtly he brought himſelf into that ſtate

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* *Vid. Spectator*, N° 222.

which

which was before threatned him of dying, *thou ſhalt dye*, or, *in the day thou eateſt thereof thou ſhalt ſurely dye*.

The Philoſophers were altogether ignorant of what is revealed to us, which made them ſo much at a loſs to account for that wretchedneſs we are ſubject to, of being able to preach ſo finely, and practice nothing; and we were all made worthily ſubject to that curſe for the intollerable pride our firſt father and all of us have ſince been guilty of, in preſuming or deſiring to know more than our Creator foretold was good for us, or we were capable of. Solomon ſaw this plainly, when he pronounced, that *in much wiſdom is much trouble*, and *he that increaſeth knowledge increaſeth ſorrow:* for it muſt neceſſarily befal us, when by our diſobedience we depart from God, the fountain of life and wiſdom, that in ſeeking for that happineſs in ourſelves, which we are altogether void of, we weary and tire till we periſh in our ſo great vanity; becauſe we muſt remember, that we were created perfectly innocent and not wiſe, but as we were capable of it by communication from our creator, which we ſhould have perpetually enjoyed by the means of the Mediator, if we had ſtood in our firſt ſtate, which we being altogether fallen from, the true wiſdom can now come to us by faith and good works only, which is to the world fooliſhneſs. We may therefore underſtand

it

it to be true what Moſes told the Jews when he had publiſhed the law to them, that the man who does theſe things ſhall live in them, and alſo it is true, that by the deeds of the law, as Paul tell us, no fleſh can be juſtified; for to fulfil the law, requires an inherent perfection, which we never had nor can attain to by our own works. But God would have continually communicated wiſdom to us, and which would have made us immortal, if we had retained our firſt innocency; whereas now it comes to us by his promiſe, which we receive by faith only, and which is the ſubſtance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not ſeen, and which we can only poſſeſs when this corruption ſhall put on incorruption, and death ſhall be ſwallowed up alive.

In the mean time 'tis evident, that he is in this life both the happieſt and wiſeſt man, who knowing that the whole race is ſubjected to the ſentence of getting their bread by the ſweat of their brow, does therefore chearfully and contentedly labour in his calling, becauſe ſuch is the ordinance of God, and to ſuch a one it ſhall be given to eat and to drink, and to rejoice in all his labour, and to be able to do good in this life, which is the eſpecial gift of God, as Soloman pronounces. Now by doing good in this life, I underſtand doing to others, as we would be done to; and he to whom it

is

is given to rejoice in his own labour, is only capable of communicating any happineſs to others: and this is the only wiſdom I deſire to poſſeſs in this life, and by which I propoſe to attain to any content in my calling, which has hitherto been, and is like to continue, to be a ſojourner on the ocean to all parts of the world; and wherever I go, I ſhall carry thy works with me, which I account inimitable, except when thou meddleſt with religion, for there I find thee an idolater, worſhipping thy beloved Socrates, who ſeems to be the moſt excellent of the corrupted race, and yet plainly bewrays his own wretchedneſs in the ſentence thou haſt lately quoted, that he ſhould ſay, whether or no God will accept of my actions I know not; but this I am ſure of, that I have endeavoured at all times to pleaſe him, and I have a good hope, that this my endeavour will be accepted by him. Now I anſwer this with what God ſaid to Job, *wilt thou condemn me that thou mayſt be juſtified.* For it is plain to me, that Socrates thought himſelf righteous by his endeavour, which his conſcience would not conſent to, and that was God's faithful witneſs. Let us from hence learn the neceſſity of a redeemer, whereupon to fix our faith, and confeſs that there is no other name under heaven given, but that of Chriſt, whereby men can be ſaved; for all without him, however learned and wiſe, die in doubt,

which

which is but a ſort of deſpair, and they muſt therefore needs periſh, unleſs he ſecretly gives the knowledge of himſelf to them.

See here the vanity of Eraſmus in crying out, O holy Socrates; and I would wiſh our modern Divines to conſider well, and have a care how they preach up Chriſt another Moſes, leſt their faith fail: for all Juſticaries, Philoſophers, Scribes, and learned of this world, are under the old covenant, in which the law was given, and in which God tells us by the prophet Jeremiah, that he regards us, not becauſe we continue not in it, nor indeed can do, foraſmuch as it depends on our will, which is wholly corrupted and inclined to evil. But under the covenant of Chriſt is given to us what God ſo juſtly requires, to love him with all our heart, all our mind, and all our ſtrength, and our neighbour as ourſelves; or, as it is expreſſed in the New Teſtament it ſelf, to believe in him whom God has ſent, and love one another: but before we can receive this, we muſt humble our ſelves as little children, and ceaſe from all our own works and wiſdom. I am, &c.

A. M.

DIONYSIUS LONGINUS on the ſublime: or, the ſovereign perfection of writing.

——*Brevis eſſe laboro.*

Brevitas autem laus eſt interdum in aliqua parte dicendi, in univerſa eloquentia laudem non habet.

Tul. de Clar. Orator.

THE ſovereign perfection of good writing conſiſts in the ſublime, which has given immortal glory to the moſt celebrated authors of antiquity. The Sublime rather raviſhes than perſuades, and creates in us a certain tranſport and admiration, mixt with aſtoniſhment and ſurprize, which is altogether diſtinct from barely pleaſing or perſwading. It gives writing a peculiar nobleneſs and vigour, which elevates the ſoul of every one that hears it: it bears all before it like a hurricane, and preſents at one view the orator's whole collected force.

Phraſes embarraſſed with unnatural ideas, are bloated and bombaſt, and ſerve rather to ſpoil the diſcourſe than to elevate it.

To ſwell extravagantly out of ſeaſon, is an inſupportable fault. Such authors, inſtead of thundering, trifle. Bombaſt and tumour are as vicious in writing as in the body. Their too eager endeavours after a figurative ſtile betray them into the groſſeſt affectation. Thoſe orators, who ſuffer themſelves to be hurried away with paſſions, which have nothing to do with the buſineſs in hand, but which are proper to themſelves, ſeldom fail to render themſelves odious. They bluſter and rave without occaſion before ſuch as continue unmoved. There is alſo a ſtarved pueril ſtile, and even Xenophon and Plato let ſomewhat of this kind eſcape them in their writings.

Too great a deſire of finding out ſuch thoughts as are new and unobvious, is the common miſchief of moſt writers: and thoſe very things which conſtitute the beauty and grandeur and grace of elocution, have ſometimes quite different effects; which may be eaſily obſerved in Hyperboles, and thoſe figures which we call Plurals. To know the true Sublime, muſt be the effect of long experience, and the laſt fruits of a finiſhed courſe of ſtudies.

A multitude of big words crouded together, are often only noiſe and vapour: but the

the true Sublime elevates the ſoul, makes her conceive ſomewhat greater of herſelf, and remains with us ſo as hardly ever to be effaced. That is truly ſublime, which pleaſes in all its parts, and which pleaſes every body.

There are five principle ſources of the Sublime, all which preſuppoſe a talent for ſpeaking, as their common foundation, without which all the reſt is nothing.

The firſt is, a certain force and ſuperiority of genius, which prompts a man to think happily and greatly.

The ſecond conſiſts in the Pathetick, that natural rapture and vehemence which affects and moves.

The third is no other than Figures turned after various manners, which regard either the Thought or the Diction.

The fourth is the nobleneſs of expreſſion, which conſiſts in elegant and figurative diction.

The fifth is the art of ranging words in all their magnificence and dignity. There is nothing which more elevates diſcourſe, than a beautiful moving touch, or a well-wrought paſſion, if properly introduced, which is a kind of enthuſiaſm and noble fury, which animates an oration, and gives it a fire and ſpirit truly divine.

We ſhould innure our minds to great things, and keep them conſtantly poſſeſſed

with noble ſentiments. The firſt qualification in a great orator, is not to have a groveling ſpirit, but to entertain elevated conceptions and ſublime thoughts, which Homer is remarkable for. The Sublime marches on in one equal pace throughout the Iliad, and never ſtops or ſinks: a variety of turns and paſſions, and lively images heaped one upon another.

As nothing can happen, but what muſt be attended with ſome circumſtances, we ſhould chuſe the moſt conſiderable, and ſo judiciouſly cement them together, as to form them all into one body: for the choice of circumſtances, and the throwing them together when choſen, bear very forcibly upon the imagination. Thus, when Sappho would deſcribe the rage of love, ſhe collects from all quarters the accidents which attend that paſſion, chiefly ſuch as expreſs the violence of it, and then artfully unites them. When Homer gives us the deſcription of a tempeſt, he expreſſes every thing which can appear terrible in a tempeſt, and imprints every word and ſyllable of danger. To dwell too much upon little things, is like heaping rubbiſh and ſtones one upon another, in order to build an houſe.

When the ſubject one treats of, or the cauſe one defends, requires periods longer than ordinary, and compoſed of more clauſes, one may ſo riſe by degrees by Amplification,

that

that one word ſhall conſtantly refine upon another. And this art may be very uſeful, either for enlarging upon any paſſage of a diſcourſe, or for exaggerating, or for confirming, or for placing facts in a clear light, or for managing a paſſion. But none of theſe Species can be perfect without the Sublime, unleſs when one would move pity, or depreciate any thing. It no ſooner becomes deſtitute of that ſupport, than it languiſhes, and looſes all its force and power of moving. Amplification is an additional increaſe of words, that may be drawn from all the particular circumſtances of things, and from all parts of an oration, and which fills and fortifies a diſcourſe, by inſiſting upon what has been already ſaid.

Demoſthenes is ſublime, in that he is cloſe and conciſe: Cicero in that he is diffuſed and extenſive. The former, by reaſon of the violence, rapidity and force, with which he ravages and bears all before him, may be compared to tempeſt and thunder; and the latter, like a great conflagration devours and conſumes all he meets with a fire which is never extinguiſhed, which he exerts variouſly in his words, and which in proportion to the advances he makes, continually gathers new ſtrength. The ſublimity of Demoſthenes is undoubtedly moſt valuable in warm exaggerations and violent paſſions, or when the audience is to be aſtoniſhed; but the copious

ner is preferable, when one has a mind to diffuſe a gentle agreable dew over the ſpirits. The diffuſive ſtile is likewiſe much more proper for tracts of places, perorations, digreſſions, and moſt diſcourſes in general, that are of the demonſtrative kind, as alſo for hiſtory, treatiſes of phyſick, and other writings of the ſame nature.

The imitation of thoſe illuſtrious men, who have gone before us, and the keeping of them always within our view, will conduct us to the Sublime. The excellencies and beauties which we obſerve in the works of the Ancients, are as ſo many divine fountains, from whence ariſe thoſe happy exhalations which diffuſe themſelves through the ſouls of their imitators, and ſo animate even thoſe who are naturally leſs vigorous, that from that moment they glow with the warmth of other men, and ſeem to inherit their tranſports. Thus Plato imitated Homer. Men improve by noble emulation. Nor ought this to be looked upon as a theft, but as a beautiful idea, which a man has formed upon the morals, invention, and work of another. When we are therefore writing, we ſhould ask our ſelves, how would Homer have expreſſed this? What would Plato or Demoſthenes have done to render the ſtile ſublime in this place? what judgment would they paſs upon what we are ſaying, if they heard

heard us? or what judgment will poſterity form upon our labours?

There are other images, by ſome called paintings or fictions, which give diſcourſe magnifice and weight. The word Image is taken in general for every thought that is proper to produce an expreſſion, and that creates in the mind a picture of ſomewhat, be it in what manner it will. But it is received in a more particular ſenſe, for thoſe diſcourſes we make, when through any extraordinary tranſport of mind we ſeem to view the things we ſpeak of, and when we place them in ſuch a full light before thoſe who hear us, that they in a manner ſee them. But ſome, through too ſtrong an ambition for the Sublime, fall into rude, groſs, uncultivated thoughts. Poetical Images are for the moſt part fabulous accidents, and ſuch as are utterly incredible: whereas in rhetoric the beauty of images conſiſt in repreſenting the thing as it happened, and ſuch as it is in reality. Images therefore in rhetoric animate a diſcourſe, ſo that being artfully interwoven with their reaſonings, they do not only perſuade, but overcome the hearer, by ſtriking upon his imagination, and and ſurpriſing him with the luſture which brightens the diſcourſe. But enough of the Sublime, which conſiſts in the thoughts, and proceeds from a ſuperiority of genius, imitation or images.

Figures do not conſtitute the leaſt part of the Sublime, if they have a proper turn given them. Demoſthenes ſometimes changes the natural air of proof into the great and pathetick manner of affirmation by oaths, and thus draws the audience over to his ſide. There is no figure ſo excellent as that which is entirely concealed; and there is no way ſo effectual for the concealing of it, as making uſe of the ſublime and pathetick: for when art is ſhut up and undiſtinguiſhed in the midſt of things ſo great and dazling, it has all it wants, and cannot be ſuſpected of deceit. As leſſer lights vaniſh when the ſun ſhines forth, ſo all theſe little ſubtilties of rhetorick diſappear at the ſight of the Sublime, which ſurrounds them on all ſides. The ſublime and pathetick, by their light and brightneſs conceal the art of figures, and caſt them into ſhades. Can any thing give more force and vehemence to an oration, than queſtions and interrogations, and anſwering one's ſelf, as if it were another perſon, which renders what is ſaid more forcible, more plauſible and likely? Then the pathetick no where moves ſo much as when the orator does not appear to affect it, but it ſeems to ariſe naturally from the occaſion before him; nor is there any thing repreſents the paſſions ſo well as theſe Queſtions.

Remo-

Removing the Connections alſo gives great vehemence to a diſcourſe, which makes it march along and run as it were of it ſelf: As, *they puſh'd, they combated, they kill'd, they dy'd.* Theſe periods thus curtail'd, and yet pronounced with precipitation, are the marks of a lively ſorrow, which at the ſame time that it forces him to ſpeak, is an obſtruction to his ſpeech.

Nothing is of greater force to move, than the conjoining of ſeveral figures together: for when two or three are thus blended, they enter into a ſort of ſociety, and communicate their reſpective force and beauty to one another. *Every man*, ſays Demoſthenes, *who abuſes another, does many things by his geſture, by his eyes, by his voice, which it is impoſſible for him who has been ſo abuſed to deſcribe.* Then, leſt the diſcourſe ſhould flag in the ſequel; and knowing, that as order is the property of a compoſed ſedate ſpirit, ſo diſorder is the mark of paſſion and emotion in the ſoul; he goes on to purſue the ſame diverſity of figure. *Sometimes*, ſays he, *he ſtrikes him as an enemy, ſometimes inſults him, ſometimes with his hands, ſometimes upon his face.* By this violence of words, thus confuſedly thrown one upon another, the orator moves and affects the judges as much as if they had ſeen the man abuſed.

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He returns to the charge, and goes on like a tempeſt.——*Theſe affronts are provoking; theſe affronts make a man of ſpirit, and who is not uſed to injuries, directly mad: no words can expreſs the enormity of ſuch an action.* By ſuch a continual change, he preſerves through the whole the ſpirit and character of thoſe turbulent figures. There is in his regularity a kind of diſorder, and a wonderful regularity in his diſorder.

Now were we to ſmooth and lay every thing level, by means of connecting particles, the oration would ſink from a pathetick, violent, and lofty manner, into a poor preciſeneſs of expreſſion, without life or ſoul.

To embarraſs a paſſion with particles and connections, is to take from an oration the freedom of its courſe, and deſtroy the native impetuoſity by which it marched like an arrow darted out of a machine.

An Hyperbaton is a tranſpoſition of thoughts or words out of the natural method of diſcourſe: and this figure implies violence and ſtrength of paſſion. Thoſe who are moved with anger, fear, jealouſy, or any other paſſion, are under a continual agitation, in a perpetual flux and reflux of oppoſite ſentiments, change their thoughts and language every minute, and obſerve no order in their diſcourſe. Skilful writers, therefore, to expreſs theſe turns of nature, make uſe of Hyperbatons. And art is never in a more

more high degree of perfection than when ſhe reſembles nature ſo nearly, that one takes her for nature it ſelf: nor does nature ever ſucceed ſo well as when art is couched under her.

Polyptotes are figures, ſuch as collections and gradations, which carry in them extreme force, and help to adorn diſcourſe. The changes of caſe, tenſe, perſon, number, and gender, are all proper to diverſify and reanimate the diction. Sometimes there is nothing more magnificent than Plurals, and many of them accumulated one upon another, gives us a much greater Idea of the things they expreſs. But this muſt be done only when it is neceſſary to amplify, or multiply, or exaggerate, and that too in paſſion.

To reduce Plurals into Singulars has alſo ſomewhat great in it.

All Peloponeſus was at that time divided into factions. The whole theatre diſſolved into tears.

The compriſing many things in one, gives a body to diſcourſe. When you change Singulars into Plurals, and of one thing make many, or a plural into a Singular, and of many make but one, ſuch an unexpected change is ſtill a ſign of paſſion.

It is the ſame thing in the change of time, when one ſpeaks of what is paſt, as if it were tranſacting at the preſent: becauſe it is

is not a relation when you make it, but an action doing at that inſtant.

A ſoldier falling under Cyrus's horſe, and being kicked, runs his ſword through the horſes belly; the wounded horſe flounces, and ſhakes off his maſter; Cyrus tumbles.

The change of Perſons is no leſs pathetical, and often makes the hearer imagine himſelf in the midſt of danger.

When you are gone out of the city, you march to an eminence; from thence you deſcend into a plain; when you have croſſed that, you may, &c.

Thus the orator carries you along with him, and conducts you through all theſe different countries, rather preſenting them to your ſight than your ear. By awakening the audience with theſe Apoſtrophes, you render them more vigilant, more attentive, more full of the thing of which you are ſpeaking.

Sometimes a writer diſcourſing of another perſon, all of a ſudden puts himſelf in his place and acts his part: which figure ſhews impetuoſity of paſſion.

The herald commands the deſcendants of the Heraclides to retire: I am no longer able to protect you; I might as well be out of the world, &c.

Demoſthenes uſes the ſame figure, though in a different way, yet with extreme force and pathos.

Is there not one to be found among you, whoſe heart burns with indignation, to ſee an audacious wretch commit violence on all things ſacred? A villain, who— O thou moſt flagitious of men, can nothing reſtrain thy unbounded impudence? I do not ſay theſe gates, I do not ſay theſe iron bars, for thoſe another man might break through.

The orator leaves his thought imperfect: his anger keeps him in ſuſpence, and divided upon a word, between two different perſons.

A villain, who— O thou moſt flatigious of men! Then by immediately reaſſuming the diſcourſe he ſeemed to have dropped, he affects infinitely more than he would otherwiſe have done.

The Periphraſis often forms a certain conſonance and harmony very beautiful in diſcourſe, by the peculiar relation which every part of it bears to the main thing, or the chief and proper expreſſion.

We have paid the laſt offices to them, and now they ſet forward upon the voyage of mortality, and march on ſurrounded with all that magnificence with which the whole city in general, and their parents in particular, have conducted them out of this world.

A naked ſimple diction may be wound up into a kind of concert and harmony, by means of this figure, melodiouſly diffuſed through the diſcourſe. There is nothing of more extenſive uſe than the Periphraſis, if

diſ-

diſplay'd with judgment and moderation. And ſo much of the uſe of figures, ſo far as they regard the Sublime, and animate and give Pathos to diſcourſe.

Since the thought and phraſe explain one another, let us ſee what is obſervable in that part of writing which regards the expreſſion. What charms ariſe from proper and noble diction? whence do orators draw more of grandeur, elegance, delicacy, vigour? Beautiful expreſſion is the true light of our thoughts, and gives things a kind of vocal life and ſpirit. But to be continually affecting tumour and oſtentation of words, and to expreſs things of a low nature in great magnificent terms, is unpardonable. Simplicity and plainneſs are often better than pomp and ornament; and the moſt unaffected manner of ſpeech is the apteſt to create belief.

Some will admit of but two or three Metaphors for the expreſſion of one thing: but more may be uſed at one time, when the paſſions, like a rapid torrent, bear them after them neceſſarily and in multitudes.—— Theſe wicked wretches, theſe baſe flatterers, theſe furies of the common-wealth, have cruelly dilacerated their country, &c. By this crowd of Metaphors pronounced in paſſion, the orator ſilences the traytor at once. But to excuſe the boldneſs of ſuch figures, ſuch migitations as theſe may be proper.——

If

If I may expreſs my ſelf in this manner; if I may be allowed to make uſe of this term; to ſpeak thus; if the phraſe be not too bold.

Such apologies are ſome reſtraint upon too great a licentiouſneſs in the uſe of figures. But the beſt remedy againſt this luxuriance, whether of Metaphors, or other figures, is, not to uſe them but in great paſſions, and in the ſublime: for as the Sublime and Pathetick, by their violence and impetuoſity, naturally bear all before them; ſo they neceſſarily ask ſtrong expreſſions, and do not give the auditor time to amuſe himſelf with cavilling at the number of Metaphors, becauſe at that very moment he feels one common warmth with him that ſpeaks.

In tracts of places likewiſe, and in deſcriptions, nothing better expreſſes things than a multitude of continued Metaphors. But theſe figures, and all other elegancies of diſcourſe, may be carried to exceſs, by affecting hard extravagant Metaphors, and a vain pomp of allegory.

Sublimity, above the ordinary rate, will not admit of that accuracy which the middling vein of writing is capable of. In poliſh'd and correct diſcourſes, there is danger of falling into ſomewhat mean: and it is with the Sublime as with immenſe wealth, where, in ſpite of all the care a man can take, ſomething or other muſt be neglected.

He

He who writes in a low way, cannot commit many faults: as he never attempts to riſe, he runs no hazards. But the Sublime is of itſelf, and by its own natural force, lubricous and full of danger: yet it carries the day from all the reſt, though ſome faults and errors ſlip; and it does not ſupport itſelf with an equal grandeur and elevation through the whole. A divine ſpirit hurries Sublime writers away, and which they cannot command if they would. Sometimes in the midſt of their greateſt violence, while they lighten and thunder (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf) their fires ſuddenly become extinct, and they unhappily fall.

But if one ought to judge of the merit of a work by the number, rather than the quality and excellence of its beauties, Hyperides is ſuperior to Demoſthenes; for he is more harmonious, and comprehends more parts of the orator. He has imitated Demoſthenes in all his beauties, except the diſpoſition of his words, wherein he has the turns and graces of Lyſias. He knows how to ſoften the rudeneſs and ſimplicity of diſcourſe, and does not, like Demoſthenes, ſpeak every thing with the ſame air. He excells in deſcribing the manners. His ſtile, though ingenious and ſimple, is yet florid, and has in it a certain agreable ſweetneſs. There is abundance of pleaſantry in his works:

works: his manner, when he is jocular, is very delicate, and has ſomewhat of the noble. He has a wonderful facility in the management of irony. His raillery is not cold and far-fetch'd, but lively and preſſing. He is very dextrous in eluding the objections that are made to him, and in rendering one ridiculous, by enlarging upon them. He has a great deal of comic pleaſantry, and is ever full of jeſts and points of wit, which never fail to ſtrike; all which he ſeaſons with inimitable grace and turn. He ſeems form'd by nature to move pity and compaſſion. He is extenſive in fabulous narrations. He has a wonderful flexibility for digreſſions, winds himſelf about, and takes breath when he has a mind. His funeral-oration is embelliſhed with ſo much pomp and ornament that no body has equalled him in that point.

On the contrary, Demoſthenes is but indifferently skill'd in deſcribing of the manners: he is not copious in his diction: he has ſomething hard: he has neither pomp nor oſtentation: he has hardly any of thoſe things we have been ſpeaking of: if he endeavours to be pleaſant, he makes himſelf ridiculous, inſtead of making others merry; and the nearer he tries to approach to it, the more diſtant he is from it. Yet, ſince all thoſe numerous beauties in Hyperides

have nothing of the Sublime, and one obſerves in him the orator ever hungry, and poſſeſs'd with a certain languor of ſpirit, which never rouzes itſelf, which never moves the ſoul of others; whence it is that no body has ever been tranſported by reading his works: whereas Demoſthenes having collected all the qualities of an orator truly form'd by nature for the Sublime, and thoroughly perfected by ſtudy; that tone of majeſty and grandeur, thoſe lively perturbations, that fertility, that addreſs, that promptitude, and, which is chiefly to be admired in him, that force and vehemence in which none ever came near him; Demoſthenes, I ſay, by all theſe divine qualities, has eclips'd whatever was famous among orators in all ages, leaving them overwhelm'd and ſtruck blind with his thunderings and lightnings; for in thoſe parts, wherein he excels, he is ſo far ſuperior to them, that he makes full amends for thoſe in which he is defective: and certainly it were more eaſy to confront the thunder which falls from heaven, with fix'd and open eyes, than not to be touch'd with the violence of thoſe paſſions which reign in multitudes throughout his works.

Great ſouls overlook nicer elegancies, and aim only at ſublimity in their writings: the whole world is not capacious enough for their extenſive contemplations; their thoughts

ſoar

ſoar above the heavens, and penetrate even beyond the boundaries which encircle and terminate the univerſe! We do not admire little rivers, though clear and uſeful, but are ſtruck with amazement at the view of the grand ocean: we expreſs no wonder at a little fire, though pure and ſplendid, but are filled with admiration when we contemplate the two great fires of heaven, tho' ſometimes darkned and eclips'd.

Whatever is eaſy and obvious, has nothing ſurprizing in it; but whatever is above the ordinary rate, great and magnificent, infuſes into us wonder and admiration! Though ſuch authors are not exempt from faults, they have ſomething in them ſupernatural and divine! And one ſingle beautiful ſtroke, one of thoſe ſublime ideas, which are in the writings of thoſe excellent men, makes ample amends for all their defects! In ſhort, to a perfect harmony between art and nature, is owing the ſovereign perfection of good writing.

Parables and compariſons come very near to metaphors, and differ from them but in one point. Of this nature is the following Hyperbole, *If you carry your brains in your head, and not under your heels.* But thoſe figures are the beſt, which are the neatlieſt couch'd, which carry in them the leaſt appearance of an Hyperbole, and ſeem to riſe naturally

from the fact itſelf. Hyperboles may be uſed to diminiſh as well as amplify: for exaggeration is common to both, and the Dyaſirme, which is a ſpecies of Hyperbole, is the exaggeration of ſomewhat low and ridiculous.

Of the five parts which produce the Sublime, the laſt is the diſpoſition and ordering of words. Harmony is not merely a charm which nature has placed in human voice to inſpire pleaſure, but even inanimate inſtruments have a wonderful tendency to move the paſſions. The ſound of the flute affects the ſouls of all that hear it, and fills them with a ſort of extaſy which drives them beyond themſelves. Its changes and cadences being imprinted in their ears, oblige them to accompany it, and conform the motions of their bodies thereto.

This is true of almoſt all other muſical ſounds: thoſe of the harp have the ſame effect: for though they do not immediately denote any thing of themſelves, yet by that diverſity of tones which crowd one upon another, and that agreeable mixture of their reſpective harmonies, they create in the mind the moſt raviſhing delights. And yet theſe are but mere images and imitations of a voice, which neither mean nor enforce any thing, being but baſtard-ſounds, and not the real effects of nature. What then may we not

ſay

ſay of diſpoſition, which is the true harmony of diſcourſe, that is in itſelf natural to man, which does not ſimply ſtrike the ear, but the mind, which moves all at once, as well by ſo many different ſorts of thoughts and things, as of beauties and elegancies, to which the mind bears a kind of relation and affinity, which inſinuating itſelf into the ſoul by variety and mixture of ſounds, inſpires the hearers with the paſſions of the orator; which raiſes upon this noble collection of words, that divine ſuperſtructure of the Sublime; it enhances the grandeur, the majeſty, the magnificence, and every thing that is beautiful in diſcourſe; and the abſolute empire it has over our minds, gives it a continual power to charm and elevate them? The ſole turn of the period often renders it ſonorous and emphatical; and of ſuch prodigious force is this harmony of words, that we ſee ſeveral poets and orators, who touch the Sublime pretty well, though they are not at all form'd by nature for it: this muſical manner of ranging their words, ſupports them, and ſo ſwells and aggrandizes the voice, that the meanneſs of their thoughts is not obſerv'd, but they are rendered in ſome degree noble.

If, hap'ly, round he winds him, reſtleſs, ſtrong,
The tree, the rock, the nymph, he trails along,
Obſequious to his motions——

The thought is here undoubtedly very noble, yet the numbers marching on ſo majeſtically, without hurry or precipitation, is what gives it its chief force. The words ſupport one another, and the pauſes are admirable. In ſhort, pauſes are as ſo many ſolid foundations which prop up and elevate diſcourſe.

Nothing more debaſes the Sublime, than broken numbers haſtily pronounc'd: they never inſpire the mind with thoſe paſſions which ſhould properly ariſe from diſcourſe, but barely make an impreſſion upon the ear by the movements of their cadence.

The ranging of one's words in too great formality, the uſing too many ſhort ſyllables, and the connecting the parts in an awkard manner, very much weakens a diſcourſe. To curtail one's ſtyle, is to put a ſtop to the imagination, and to lame and mangle the Sublime; but a tedious circumvolution of words renders all dead and languid.

Lowneſs of terms diſhonours works of eloquence: they are ſo many blemiſhes and ſpots which deprave and ſully the expreſſion: the

the words ſhould be every way anſwerable to the things they treat of: and herein we ſhould imitate nature, who in the formation of man has not expos'd to view thoſe parts which are indecent to be named. But we need not particularize thoſe things which depreciate eloquence, ſince we have ſhewn what ſerves to ennoble it: for the contrary is what generally renders it groveling and mean.

FINIS.

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PAG. 2. Lin. 4. for *rith'ining* read *rith'ming*. p. 5. l. 12. for *poſſible* r. *impoſſible*. p. 15. l. 26. for *in favour* r. *in your favour*. p. 17. l. 26. r. *from*. p. 94. l. 1. for *this* r. *its*. p. 134, l. 10. for *chaſtity* r. *charity*. p. 147. l. 1. for *quit* r. *quite*. p. 165. l. 7. for *now* r. *none*. p. 178. l. 24. r. *millener*. p. 209. l. 12. for *viſitants* r. *viſitant*. p. 232. l. 20. for *high in birth females* r. *females high in birth*. p. 233. l. 7. for *exceſs* r. *ſucceſs*. p. 234. l. 26. for *reze* r. *rouze*. p. 267. l. 24. for *mean* r. *me an*.

Collated & Perfect
J.R
1764.